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THE NEW YORKER

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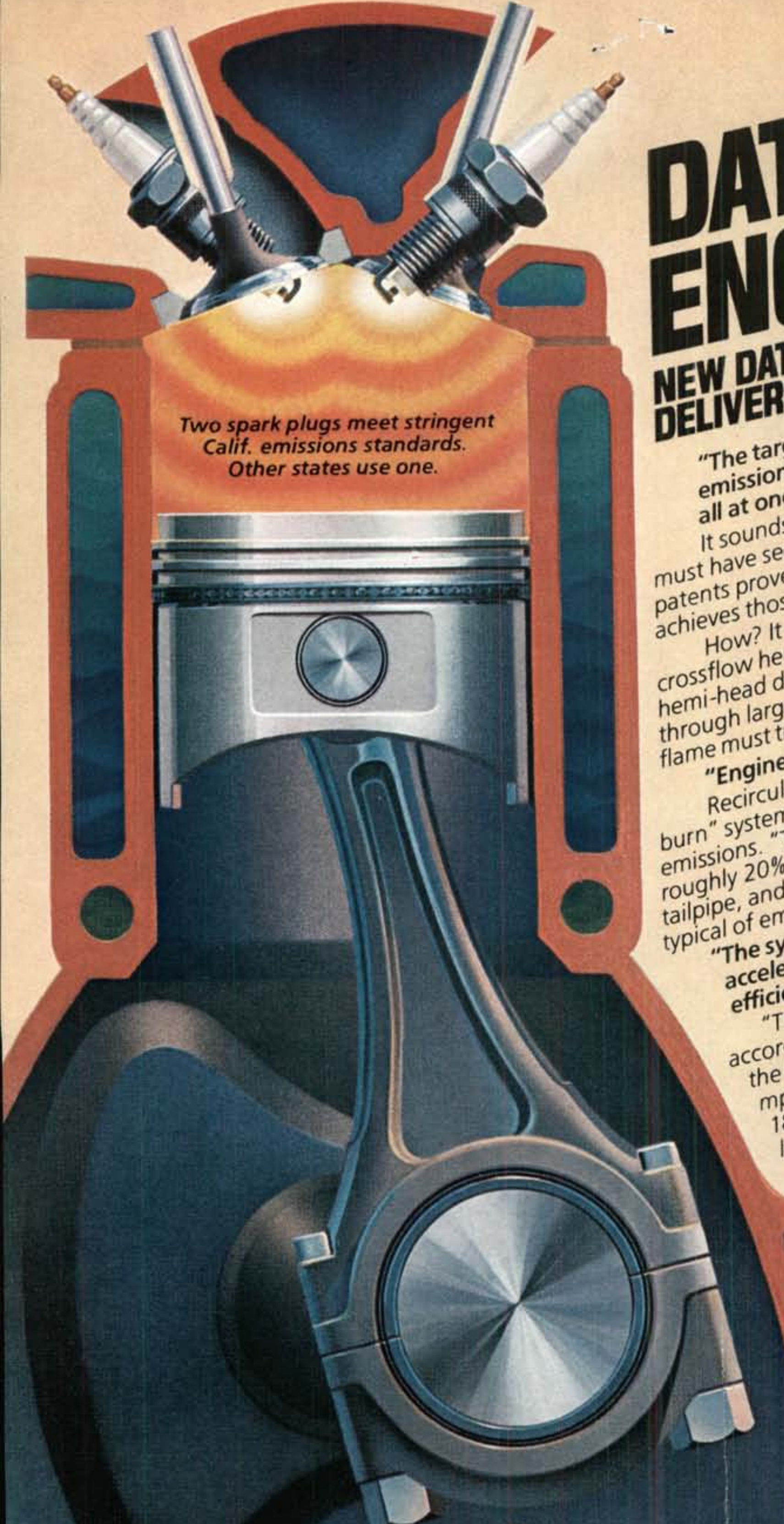
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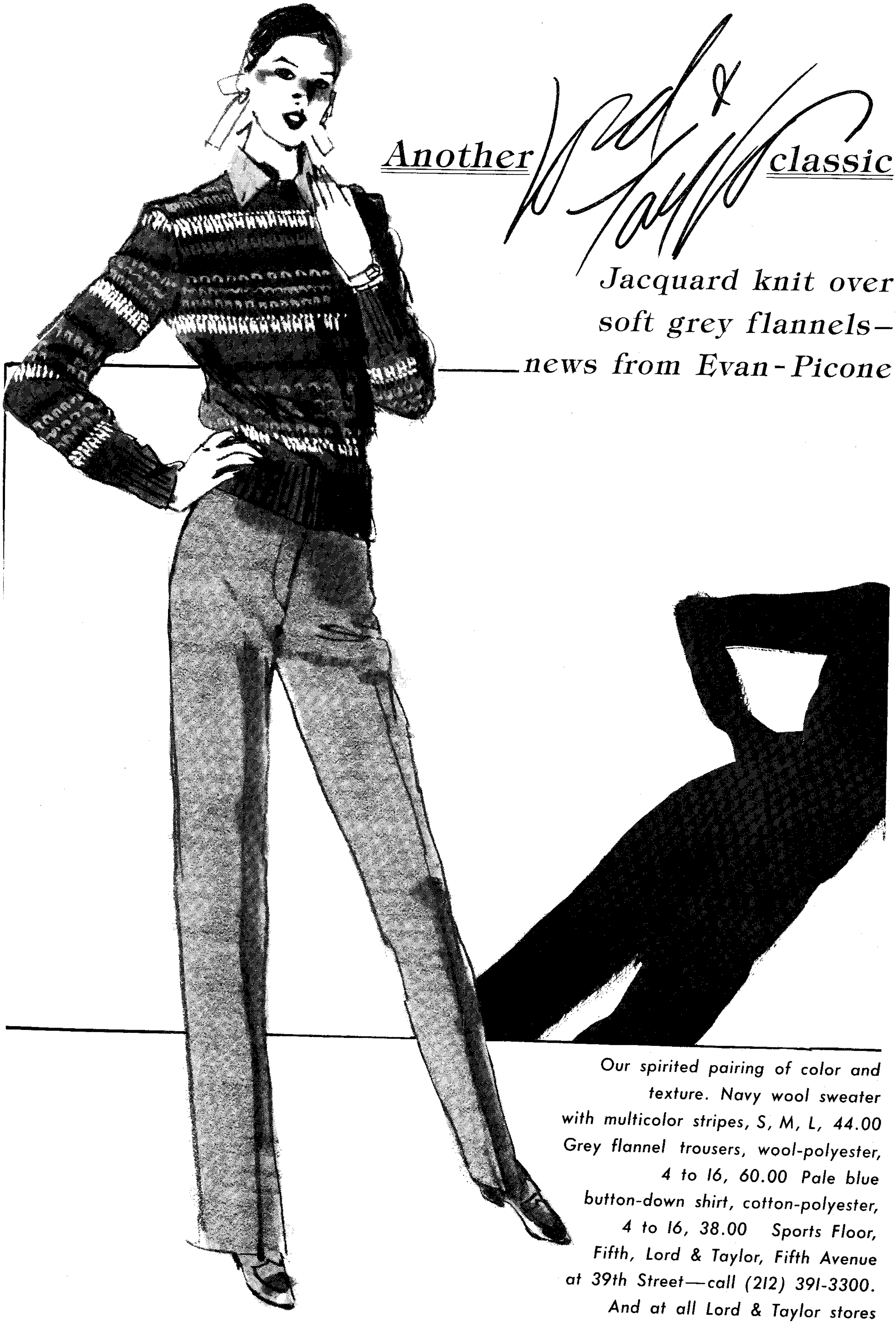
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bent—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Michael York and Jeffrey De Munn head the cast. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 28.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. Cedric Smith fills in for Mr. Peterson at the 10-o'clock show on Saturdays and at Sunday matinées. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Blackstone!—A superlatively clever magic show. Harry Blackstone is not quite as witty a performer as he appears to think, but he is an excellent magician. (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cassatt—Carlin Glynn is Mary Cassatt, and Tony Musante is Edgar Degas in a play by Dorothy Louise. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 586-5334. Wednesday, June 25, at 8 (preview); Thursday, June 26, at 6:45 (opening); Friday, June 27, at 8; Saturday, June 28, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 29, at 3 and 7.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, **the woolgatherer**, is the final presentation of the season. Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig make up the cast. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 13.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, except June 27, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, June 27, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dialog/Curious George—Christopher Knowles and Robert Wilson are not only the creators but the cast of a new theatre work inspired by a series of children's books written by Margret and H. A. Rey. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Wednesday through Friday, June 25-27, at 8; Saturday, June 28, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 29, at 3.)

Directions to Servants—A play that Shuji Terayama adapted (very loosely) from Swift's essay. In Japanese, but essentially a visual show. A translation is available ($3) at the door. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

Fearless Frank—Niall Toibin, playing the turn-of-the-century editor and womanizer Frank Harris, is the only reason to attend this curious little musical. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FOB—David Henry Hwang's original, lively comedy, with tragic undertones, about Chinese immigrants in California, past and present. The title is an acronym for "fresh off the boat." Fine performances by Ginny Yang, Calvin Jung, and John Lone, under Mako's direction. The charming musical direction is by Lucia Hwong. (6/16/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Extra performance Friday, June 27, at 11.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 29: **the pirates of penzance**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, July 2-6: **the mikado**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"PATRIOTIC SPOT (60 SECS.)" . . . . *Ellis Weiner* 31
"THE SCAN OF ILLYRIA" . . . . *James McCourt* 32
"ENDLESS GREETINGS" (POEM) . . . . *Vickie Karp* 34
"A GAME CALLED FEAR" (POEM) . . . . *Linda Gregg* 40
A REPORTER IN EUROPE (FRANCE) . . . . *Jane Kramer* 42
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 55
THE ART WORLD . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 56
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 63
RUSSIAN JOURNAL (PART I) . . . . *Andrea Lee* 72
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 88
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 92
BOOKS . . . . *Helen Vendler* 96
BRIEFLY NOTED 105

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Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A revival of the George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play, with Ellis Rabb in the title role. Stephen Porter is the director. Previews Wednesday, June 25. Opens officially on Thursday, June 26, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 7. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. Milo O'Shea is, as usual, splendid as the priest, and Eric Roberts does well as his pupil. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—Anne Twomey is tall and slender and, in her role as a possibly murderous hooker, riveting. A courtroom melodrama by Tom Topor. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ister and Miss Lexie—Brenda Currin in a one-woman show adapted by Mark Kaplan and Miss Currin from the writings of Eudora Welty. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursday through Saturday, June 26-28, at 11.)

jgar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ble Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney (who have replaced Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins) play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all n ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

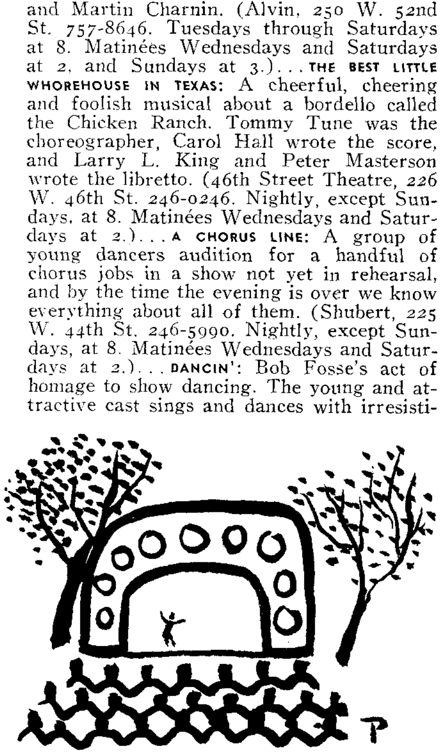
To Bury a Cousin—A play by Gus Weill, with Harry Goz. Opens Wednesday, June 25, at 6:45. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, June 26, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Was It Good for You?—A musical diversion written and directed by Susan Rice and based on the drawings and captions of Edward Koren. In a series of sketches and blackouts, the show charts the progress of a pair of lovers in this city who speak pure or amended Korenese to each other. There are many funny moments. Alexandra Borrie and Sam Schacht are the actors, Amy Rubin wrote the score, and Lenny Cowles is responsible for the most ingenious setting. (Cubiculo, 414 W. 51st St. 582-1978. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has translated the Gospel According to St. Matthew into contemporary black street language, not altogether to its advantage. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA**: A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,384 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, July 2, at 2.) . . . **PETER PAN**: Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEENEY TODD**: Many remarkable songs by Stephen Sondheim ornament this grisly melodrama, which now stars Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)



MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. Opens Monday evening, June 30. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 25, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Thursday, June 26, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack." ...¶ Friday, June 27, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in Three Movements."...¶ Saturday, June 28, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Robert Schumann's Davidsbündlertänzer," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."...¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Agon."...¶ Sunday, June 29, at 1: "Square Dance," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Union Jack."...¶ Sunday, June 29, at 7: "Square Dance," "Robert Schumann's Davidsbündlertänzer," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 25; Thursday and Friday evening, June 26-27; and Saturday matinée and evening, June 28: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Monday evening, June 30: "Theme and Variations," "Rendezvous," "Dark Elegies," and "Miss Julie."...¶ Tuesday evening, July 1: "Pas de Deux," "Dark Elegies," "Le Retour," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 2: "Theme and Variations," "Dark Elegies," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."...¶ Thursday evening, July 3: "Concert Waltzes," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Etudes."...¶ Friday evening, July 4: "The Tiller in the Fields," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Little Improvisations" (première), and "The Leaves Are Fading." ...¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 5: "Coppélia." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 12.)

Pearl Lang Dance Company—Wednesday, June 25, at 6:45; Saturday, June 28, at 8; and Sunday, June 29, at 3: "The Possessed," a full-length work based on Ansky's play "The Dybbuk."...¶ Thursday and Friday, June 26-27, at 8: "Shore Bourne," "Icarus," "Piece for Brass," and "Ladino Songs." (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Charles Moore Dances & Drums of Africa—A program including "Moon Dance," "Fast Agebekor," "Dogon Masque," "Dahomey Court Dance," "Sacred Forest," and "Tyiwara." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, June 26; Saturday, June 28; and Sunday, June 29, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred and fifty seats—rock palace. The Brains and the Necessaries Wednesday, June 25; the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND**—bassists **EDDIE GOMEZ** and **MIKE RICHMOND**, trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER**, pianist **HUGH LAWSON**, and drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND**—and the **STEVE KUHN-SHEILA JORDAN** group Thursday, June 26; **JOSH WHITE, JR., BOB GIBSON, MIMI FARIÑA**, and **TOM PAXTON** Friday and Saturday, June 27-28; Ronin, an L.A. rock band, Monday, June 30; and Roomful of Blues Friday and Saturday, July 4-5. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, June 28; pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** beginning Monday, June 30; and guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **HERB BUSHLER** every Sunday. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

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Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays hot chord solos on his beautiful-sounding seven-string guitar with his trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, home of vigorous interpretation of show, movie, and pre-punk popular music, **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays piano to the accompaniment of bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBY SCOTT** at ten and midnight through Saturday, June 28. Then, while Mr. Short and company take their summer leave, pianist **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and *her* trio will move in; they'll start on Sunday, June 29. The Café will be closed on Friday and Saturday, July 4-5. Dining.... ¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country through Saturday, June 28: Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, as demure and elegant a piano player as ever, is the star at this bar and restaurant, which is located behind Carnegie Hall and which is decorated in chic dark browns. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This downtown rock-and-roll club, with its exposed rafters and weathered, splintery wood posts, looks like the interior of a ramshackle barn. The musicians: Bobby Stewart & the I.D.'s, Johnny Supreme & the Immortals, and the Wild Ones Wednesday, June 25; Levi & the Ripcords and the Mundanes Thursday, June 26; Bloodless Pharaohs and the Method Friday, June 27; and Neighbors & Allies and Thin Ice Saturday, June 28. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An acceptable place to break in a new pair of cowboy boots. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings obscure songs and well-known songs by prominent composers of show music and, for the most part, non-rock-and-roll popular music. He accompanies himself on piano, and **JACK SIX** accompanies him on bass. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**HELEN HUMES**, who gestures and smiles a lot in an old-fashioned but charming manner, and who is a really fine blues and ballad singer, performs with a trio Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE**, a delight of a singer-pianist, goes on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A less-than-authentic New Orleans-style restaurant. (In New Orleans, the air-conditioning seems at least ten degrees cooler and the outside temperatures seem about thirty degrees hotter.) Pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, plays some of the finest dinner music around, from six to eleven Mondays through Fridays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, June 29, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor saxophonist who plays with a full-bodied, swing-era sinuosity, will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** performs with pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, and drummer **PETER DONALD** through Saturday, June 28; on Tuesday, July 1, tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** will bring in his quartet. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—**JOHNNY HARTMAN'S** gentle, deliberate, luxuriantly full baritone voice is being backed up by trumpeter **CLARK TERRY'S** band Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Sunday, June 29, at nine. Also on Sunday, June 29, **SAM & DAVE** will be present, singing some high-energy sixties soul music at six and eleven; and on Monday, June 30, Terri Klausner will sing at eleven.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Singer Fred Farrell is on hand Wednesday, June 25; the Kip Kaplan trio will alternate with the Jeff Berman trio Thursday through Sunday, June 26-29; Alison Stewart will sing on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 1-2; and Fourteen Karat Soul, an a-cappella soul quintet from East Orange, will take charge on Thursday, July 3 Music nightly after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are al present Wednesdays through Saturdays fron ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays from five to nine, stride pianist and singe **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten be long to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER'S** trio, and Tues day to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** Nightly, except Sundays, pianist Loumel Morgan and a bassist hold sessions from sev en to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289 3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually litle spiffier—of a West Side hangout. Thi one brings in jazz pianists; the other is silent **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who can translate just abou anything into an impressive stride styl works through Saturday, June 28; on Tues day, July 1, **SAMMY PRICE**, a blues and boo gie-woogie specialist, will move in. Mus Tuesdays through Thursdays from nir to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from te to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the Worl 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (93 1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for table by the windows. Pianist Lou Forestieri trio performs for listening and dancing fro seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesda through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a piani and composer, alternates with them aft nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probab the most comfortable place to hear—a dance to—late-breaking developments in ro and roll. Resident DJs select—with the lo ing care of curators arranging an exhibit and play rock records from nine to elev and between sets. The live sounds: the Dan and Bush Tetras Wednesday, June 25; Pyl

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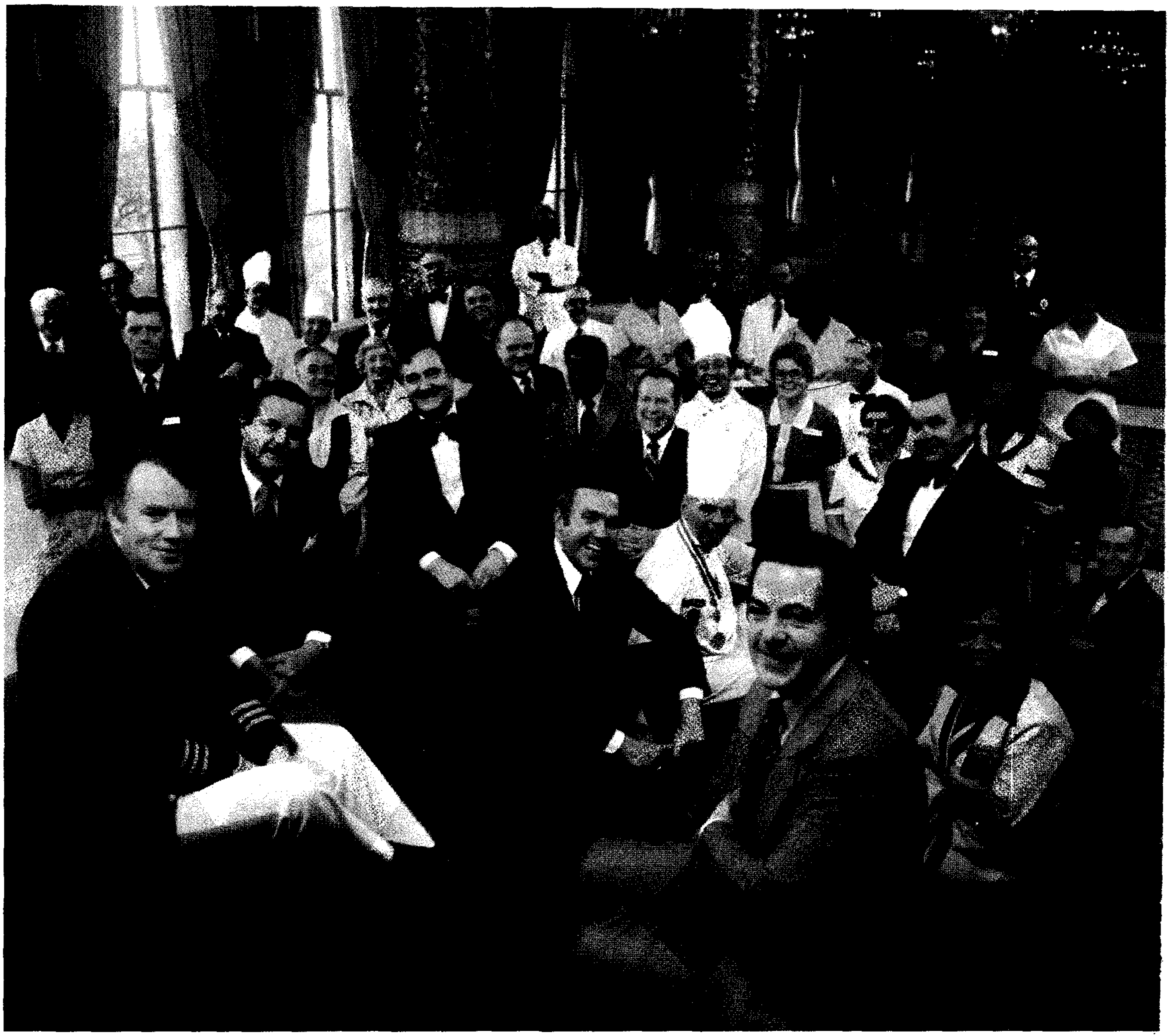

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

and Bound & Gagged Thursday, June 26; Los Microwaves and Our Daughter's Wedding Friday, June 27; B-Girls and Alley Cats Saturday, June 28; and Manhattan Project Tuesday, July 1. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, couches, air-conditioning, and live jazz—it is worth the four-flight climb. Trombonist Ed Byrne heads an octet on Wednesday, June 25; on Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, singer and guitarist Amaury Tristão will lead a Brazilian band; on Sunday, June 29, Guanabara, a young, enthusiastic Brazilian-jazz septet, will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will lead a combo that will back up vocals by **JOE (BEBOP) CARROLL.** Music from eight on Wednesdays; from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; and from eight-thirty on Sundays. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, July 2-3.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. They're here to listen to **ROLAND HANNA** and **SAM JONES**, through Saturday, June 28. Then, on Tuesday, July 1, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA**, will take charge. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** form the Sunday and Monday duo. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas in the summer is some 267,339 square miles of T-shirts, Bermuda shorts, and sockless loafers—and there are a lot of T-shirts, Bermuda shorts, and sockless loafers in here in the summer, too. The schedule includes guitarist **LARRY CORYELL**, on Wednesday, June 25; Steppenwolf, the rock band, on Sunday and Monday, June 29-30; rock singer and guitarist Elliott Murphy, on Tuesday, July 1; and Kinky Friedman, the Texas Jewish cowboy, on Thursday, July 3. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. **DELLA REESE** is singing here through Saturday, June 28; on Monday, June 30, **ANITA O'DAY** will return. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, June 25, Gang War; Thursday, June 26, Joe Bidewell Group and Coma-teens; Friday, June 27, Colors and Pandemonium; Saturday, June 28, Stimulators and Pure Hell; Sunday, June 29, Violators, Hot Bodies, and Spoilers; Monday, June 30, Tom Dickey & the Desires; and Tuesday, July 1, Soft Goods and Bobby Stewart & the I.D.'s. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ADELAIDE HALL**, who starred in "Blackbirds of 1928" on Broadway, sings with pianist **DILL JONES** and his quartet through Saturday, June 28. On Tuesday, July 1, the New Orleans Heritage Hall Jazz Band will begin paying tribute to Louis Armstrong. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. **YOSHIAKI MASUO**, a fine bluesy guitarist who used to work with Sonny Rollins, is a famous jazz musician in Japan—in fact, this club itself is famous in Japan. Masuo and his energetic rhythm-and-blues quintet are on the bandstand on Wednesday, June 25. Thursday through Saturday, June 26-28, has been reserved for rhapsodic electric violinist Noel Pointer and his band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club. At the moment, though, the management has brought in jazz guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** and his trio; they'll be present through Saturday, June 28. On Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, **MIKE BLOOMFIELD**, who, for many listeners is the consummate rock and blues guitarist, will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; and on Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Bob January's band handles the music duties Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—The King Cole Room offers brass bannisters, a Maxfield Parrish painting, and a tribute to Rodgers and Hammerstein, the tribute lasting only through Saturday, June 28. The performers are Martha Wright, Steve Elmore, Catherine Cox, and Laura Waterbury, and the showtimes are Wednesday and Thursday at nine-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Beginning Monday, June 30, **HAZEL SCOTT** will perform vocal solos and piano solos with her trio from eight to eleven. Dining and, after Miss Scott arrives, dancing, too.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Thursday through Sunday, June 26-29, pianist and composer **CEDAR WALTON** will lead his quartet; and Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, pianist Charlie Smalls, who wrote the music and the lyrics for "The Wiz," will perform. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

THRIFT SHOPPE
ANTIQUES

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents the **PHIL WOODS** quartet from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. Tuesdays through Saturdays, tenor saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** leads his quartet. On Sunday and Monday, June 29-30, pianist **BILL O'CONNELL**, bassist **CALVIN HILL**, drummer **HORACEE ARNOLD**, and saxophonist **ALEX FOSTER** will collaborate. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Thursday through Saturday, June 26-28, pianist **CONNIE CROTHERS** and saxophonist **LENNY POPKIN** play swirling, thoughtful, Tristano-influenced music; on Sunday, June 29, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will team up with bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 1-2, will belong to drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS**; and on Thursday, July 3, trumpeter Dr. Leonard Goines will bring in a quintet. The music begins after nine-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—It's not the tattered awning around the side of the building or the dreary surrounding streets but the wonderful jazz on the inside that makes this place palatial. The schedule: drummer Edgar Bateman will head up a quartet on Thursday, June 26; Friday through Sunday, June 27-29, will be claimed by saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL**'s sextet; on Tuesday, July 1, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON** will lead a quartet; Wednesday, July 2, has been set aside for drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY**; on Thursday, July 3, saxophonist **CHARLES ROUSE** and trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER** will co-pilot their bebop quintet; and on Friday, July 4, tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will arrive with a quartet. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup. The blues standouts include **J. B. HUTTO & THE NEW HAWKS** on Friday, June 27, and **BIG MAMA THORNTON** on Friday and Saturday, July 4-5. Shows most nights at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, June 25, Manhattan Project and Circus Mort; Thursday, June 26, Jim Carroll and Blues Band; Friday, June 27, VHF; Saturday, June 28, the Nails; and Tuesday, July 1, Monte Farber. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs outsized quarters: solo guitarist **JOE PASS** trades sets with the **DEXTER GORDON** quartet Friday through Thursday, June 27-July 3; and Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, **DEXTER GORDON**'s crew will share the stage with trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** and *his* quartet. On Monday nights, the room is given over to Salsa bands. Up in the Top of the Gate, **JOE PASS** will set up shop Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, and **JAZZ À CORDES**, a hot-jazz quintet, plays every Saturday. Music from nine on Mondays, from ten-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays and on Sundays, and from twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Meanwhile out on the sidewalk lounge, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. **ILLINOIS JACQUET**, who after some four decades of performing is still a flame-throwing tenor saxophonist, leads a quartet that features **SLAM STEWART** on bass through Sunday, June 29. On Tuesday, July 1, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will join forces with **IRA SULLIVAN**, who plays soprano sax, flugelhorn, and flute. On Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. John Weiss

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday pianist; Robert Condor has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Trumpeter Franc Williams leads his quartet through Thursday, June 26; Friday through Sunday, June 27-29, will belong to saxophonist George Kelly and his Jazz Sultans. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Newport Jazz Festival—Herewith an abridged schedule of ten days of concerts that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga. Stanhope is a fifty-five-minute drive from New York: Exit 25 from Route 80. For Saratoga listings, see page 14, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate, on Friday, June 27, at 5: Jaki Byard, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 7 (at Carnegie Hall) and at 8 (at Avery Fisher Hall): Two concerts, with the same personnel, entitled "The Year of the Bird—A Tribute to Charlie Parker," featuring such notables as Stan Getz, Lee Konitz, the Heath Brothers, Zoot Sims, and about thirty-five others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at midnight: The Art Ensemble of Chicago. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 5: "Piano Parade," with Dick Hyman, Tommy Flanagan, Jay McShann, and others, assisted by Warren Vaché, Milt Hinton, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 5:30: Dardanelle, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8 and midnight: "Puttin' on the Ritz: A Jazz Tribute to Fred Astaire," with Mel Tormé, Gerry Mulligan, Sylvia Syms, Ruby Braff, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8 and midnight: Angela Bofill, with Rodney Franklin's trio. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at noon: Parke Frankenfield's Swing Band, the Dick Sudhalter quintet, the Bob Wilber quintet, the Ralph Sutton trio, Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, Buddy Tate, Bucky Pizzarelli, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 8: Gato Barbieri. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 8: "New York Scene," with Beaver Harris/Don Pullen and the 360° Music Experience, James (Blood) Ulmer, and Abdulah Ibrahim. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 8: The Dave Brubeck quartet and Carmen McRae and her trio. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 30, at 5: Leroy Jenkins, solo violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 30, at 9: "Celebration of Swing," with Lionel Hampton and his All Star Big Band, and Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans. (Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 5: Hilton Ruiz, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 7:30 and 11:30: Herbie Hancock, Arthur Blythe, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 8: Sarah Vaughan. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 8: "Jazz on Film"—Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong, Erroll Garner, John Coltrane, Billie Holiday, and others. (Town Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Vocal Jazz Incorporated—Eight vocalists with Eddie Daniel's Morning Thunder Band, in a program of new and standard jazz works. Also David Chertok showing film clips of famous jazz singers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, June 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2055.)

Frank Sinatra—With Sergio Mendes and Brasil '88. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26, at 8:30.)

Genesis—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, June 29, at 8.

The Blues Brothers—With a band. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Tuesday, July 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers—Palladium. Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, at 8.

Bea Benjamin (Sathima)—With the Onaje Allan Gumbs trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, July 5, at 8:30.)

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Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26: Clifford Jordan quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 27-28: Louis Hayes and James Spaulding quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29: Barry Harris trio. . . . ¶ Monday, June 30: Kenny Barron trio. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1: Mark Morganelli quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2: Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3: Bill Hardman and Junior Cook quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 4-5: Bob Berg and Tom Harrell quintet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine-thirty.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, June 26, at 8:30: Ustad Z. M. Dagar, in a program of North Indian classical music. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8:30: Andrew Cyrille and the Ladji Camara African Music Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: Ed Blackwell duo, Michele Rosewoman, and Kelvyn Bell. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 2: A ten-hour-plus program during which different groups appear every two hours. . . . ¶ Monday, June 30, at 8:30: Mari Okuba, Becky Friend, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 9:30; New Rican Village—Libre & Friends. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2, at 8:30: Fred Frith and Massacre. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society and the Mandingo Griot Society. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Allard K. Lowenstein Memorial Concert—A benefit evening, with Pete Seeger, Peter Yarrow, David Amram, Floyd Westerman, Leon Thomas, Suni Paz, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Sunday, June 29, at 3:30.)

ART

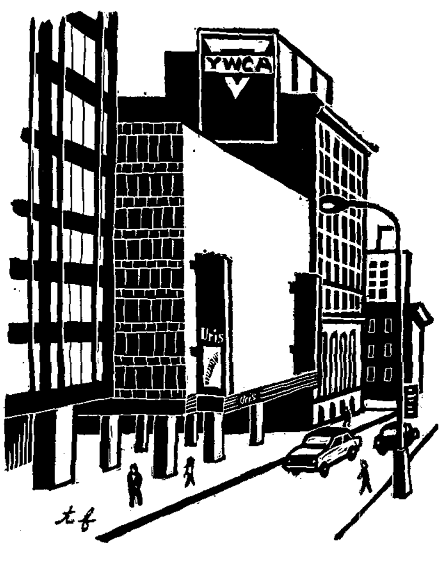
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Balthus—About a dozen pencil drawings of (what else?) young women—stepping out of the bath, posed before a fireplace, lolling on a sofa. Through Monday, June 30. (Gallery Gertrude Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Saturdays.)

Maureen Connor—Constructions of starched white organdy, designed with the gallery space in mind. Most of them look like giant blossoms, either freestanding or hung on the wall. Through Aug. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Saturday, June 28.)

Robert De Niro / Robert White—Fresh, lighthearted drawings done with colored pencils, mostly of figures and still-lifes. / Medium-sized representational sculptures. Through July 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)



George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through July 19. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Gaylen Hansen—This artist from a small town in Washington, having worked through classical, Cubist, abstract, and various other styles, has evolved a style unquestionably his own, and put it to work depicting the fish and birds and bears and deer and frontiersmen of his own private dream world. Through Saturday, June 28. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. In a new gallery addition, on the fourth floor, a showing of new talent includes a large canvas crowded with tiny figures taking part in the siege of Leningrad by Robert Donley; a heroic painting of a blue-spotted dog by James De Pasquale; and a pastel of a partly imaginary New Mexico landscape by John Wenger.)

Walter Hatke—Realist paintings; i.e., a barely furnished interior filled with sunlight. Through Thursday, July 3. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michio Ihara—Hanging stainless-steel sculptures, plus models and other works. Through July 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Three shows in recognition of the artist's eightieth year: Environmental sculptures at the Whitney Museum (through the summer); fifteen wood constructions from the sixties and seventies, and two dozen recent wood-and-paper collages, at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; and several large-scale welded-aluminum sculptures, and models for monumental outdoor sculptures, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (The latter two shows run through Friday, June 27.)

Marilyn Perlman—The gallery floor has been covered with white sand as a setting for relatively small abstract sculptures in bronze marble, and polyester. Also figure drawings Through Saturday, June 28. (Bodley, 106 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)—A benefi showing of more than sixty oils and watercolors that the artist did primarily for famil and friends. Through Friday, June 27. (Kerr 49 E. 82nd St.)

Judith Shea—What seems to be unfinished gar ments—bodices, stockings, underwear, al made of organza, copper foil, felt, taffeta paper—hanging from the gallery walls a decorations. The title of the exhibit is "Cloth ing Construction as a Sculptural Theme. Through Wednesday, July 2. (Willard, 29 E 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Sperakis—Chaotic figure painting done in an extraordinarily heavy impasto an in wild, raw colors. Through Saturday, Jun 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., a 75th St.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—A display of hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishe and the like, made by coastal Indians of th Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bell Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Be las. On loan from the Museum of Natur History. Through July 27. (Center for Inte American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68t St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At **cordier & ekstrom,** 417 75th St.: Gallery artists, among them Anto van Dalen, Romare Bearden, Margaret I rael, and Varujan Boghosian. Through Ju 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **elkon,** 1063 Mad son Ave., at 80th St.: Representative wor by gallery regulars, including an angular w sculpture of painted aluminum tubing Nigel Hall; lyrical abstract paintings Jean-Pierre Péricaud; and enamelled flo tiles and an arrangement of painted string David Roth. Through July 15. . . . **graha** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show symbolist art by more than twenty artist nearly all American and English, of the lat nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries typified by Pinckney Marcius Simons' "Cou tesans Dancing to Doom" (doom being monster in a pool). Through Aug. 8. . **lefebre,** 47 E. 77th St.: Current paintings Pierre Alechinsky, Juan Martinez, and W

Chez Renault

Profiles from the Paris Factory/One of a series

"'Less is more' seemed for a long time an exclusive pre-occupation of European car-makers...born of the necessities of life here. Suddenly 'less is more' has become the rallying cry of car-makers all over the world—even in America."

Pierre Tiberghien
Director, Automobile Research
and Development/Régie Renault

Pierre Tiberghien has spent all of his 29-year working career in some phase of engineering at Renault, the last five years as head of Renault's Research and Development Center. Despite his lifelong association with things mechanical and automotive, questions about horsepower, CX factors, precious metal shortages, front-wheel drive and inevitably, fuel economy, more often than not elicit answers that have to do with people and their ever-changing needs.

◆

Though it's apparent Tiberghien has thought a lot about cars, it's even more apparent that what really fires him is the car's multi-leveled relationship to people and to the world. His talk is peppered with phrases—"social needs," "polyvalent vehicles," "cars as an invading phenomenon in everyday life"—that testify to the fact that his head and his heart are very close together.

◆

When Tiberghien was graduated from the prestigious Ecole Centrale thirty years ago, European car-makers were responding to the immediate post-war needs of Europe. "Affordability" was the primary consideration; with the evolution of post-war Europe, European needs also evolved. The "two-box" concept is a case in point. Basic car configuration had traditionally been "three-box": motor "box" plus passenger "box" plus luggage "box." In the 60's, Renault engineers, responding to the changes in French and European life, began pioneer work on a "two-box" configuration. The passenger and luggage "boxes" were combined into one adjustable area; this new configuration—soon to be popularly called the "hatchback"—revolutionized basic car design. Here was a car equal to the rigors of the city but, come Friday, ready to serve as a kind of mini station wagon. *Faire plus avec moins*, indeed.

Portrait by Marie Cosindas

◆

"To do 'more with less' you must innovate not only on the object," says Tiberghien, "but also on the public's perception of an object. The 'something new' that you come up with can be shocking to people's expectations. But only by taking that risk can you succeed. The key is people's needs, not their expectations. Their expectations are based on the past; their needs, on the present and the future."

◆

One of seven children, Tiberghien himself is the father of five, ranging in age from 10 to 23 years old. He is also a recent grandfather. Tiberghien and his wife live in a modern Paris apartment with a varying number of their brood. Long week-ends can find them in the small village of Muids in Normandy.

Quite a different holiday took place last summer when all seven of the Tiberghiens motored through the American West. Not only was it a unique vacation, it also enabled Tiberghien to experience American driving at first hand. He came away convinced that Renault cars uniquely answer many present-day U.S. driving needs.

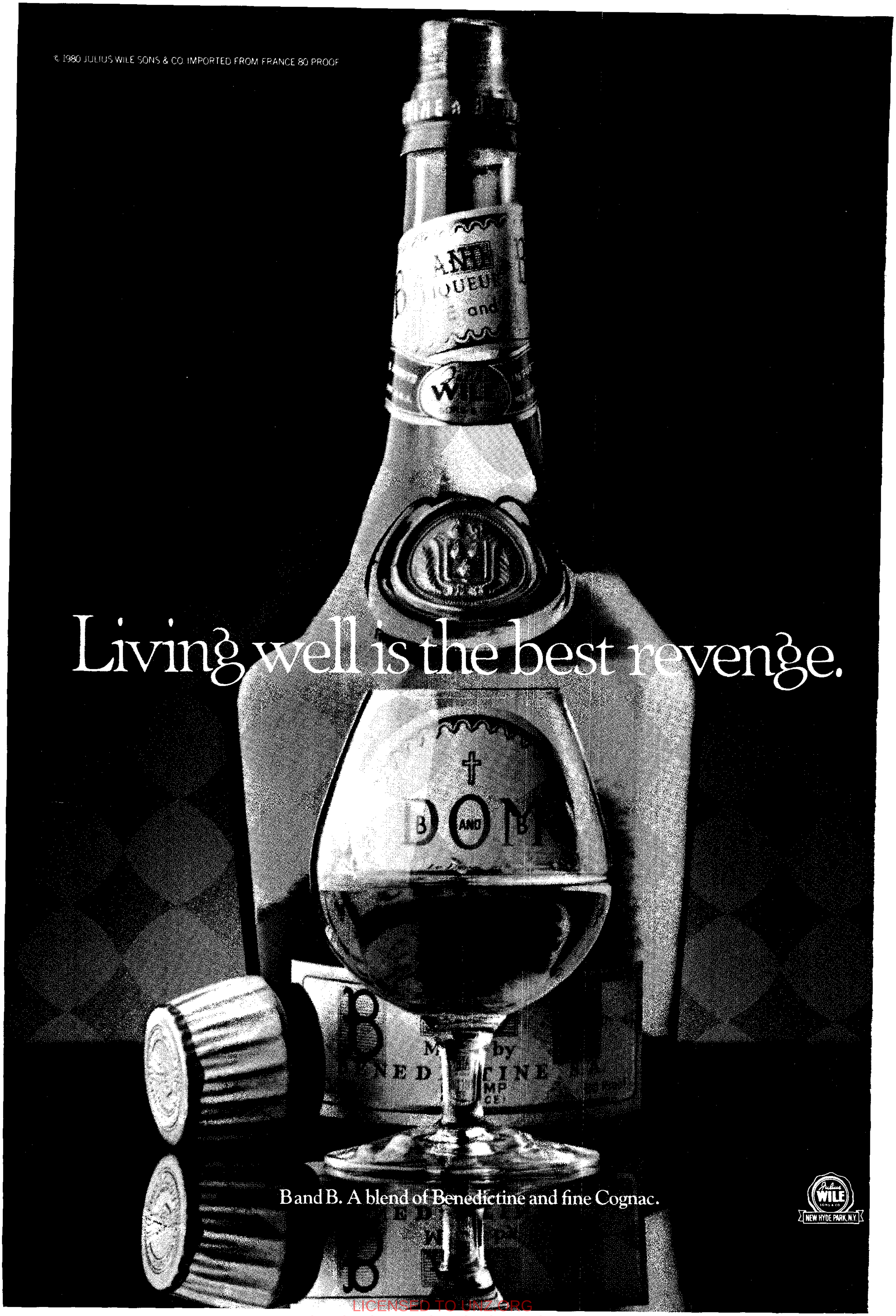
◆

The car is a phenomenon that has shaped the look and manner of the 20th century just as bronze tools and sailing ships shaped other eras. The other great 20th century phenomenon is the apparent shrinkage of the world: some occurrence in what once would have been a distant, exotic place now affects us right in our own backyard garage. Tiberghien is very sensitive to the new role of the car—and what a car should be—in this new "small" world. "We must be conscious of social responsibilities... to make cars that are adapted to man's needs... that include safety factors beyond the legislated required ones... cars that cautiously husband the use of increasingly more precious metals and that are economy-intensive. We reduce and reduce and then come up with something different that, surprisingly, is something 'more.'"

◆

We welcome your comments, questions or thoughts about any of the above. Write to: Renault, U.S.A., Inc., Corporate Group, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

RENAULT
the car company of France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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

lasse Ting. Through Thursday, July 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani and a Léger depicting four heavy-duty butterflies. Through Friday, June 27. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Manzù and Calder, plus a small show of drawings and paintings by Henry Moore, Marini, Matisse, Hopper, and others. Through Aug. 29.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Leonard Baskin—Bronzes, wood carvings, and watercolors, many of them incorporating the eagle-headed figures he is noted for. Through July 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jack Brusca—Outsize studies of stylized, metallic-looking flowers in high-key colors. Through July 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ron Gorchov—A two-gallery exhibit of shield-shaped works of handmade paper. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St. Through Thursday, July 3. . . . ¶ Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St. Through July 31. Closed Mondays.)

Ken Greenleaf / Peter Reginato—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. / Freestanding welded-steel sculptures in a range of sizes. Through July 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 28.)

Oliver Johnson—Oils, pastels, and drawings by a young artist whose talent began to develop while he was in prison. Through Friday, June 27. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

Louis Legrand (1863-1951)—Prints of music-hall dancers, Parisian night life, etc., by a contemporary of Toulouse-Lautrec. Through Saturday, June 28. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Karl Mann—Large, rich collages in which utterly mundane objects are given new status as elements in a composition. This work is an avocation for the artist, a widely known fabric and furniture designer. Through July 18. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 28.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings from throughout her exhibiting career, which began around 1938, and three ceramic tiles. Through Friday, June 27. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

William Sommer (1867-1949)—Watercolors by an artist who lived on a farm near Brandywine, Ohio, claimed Cézanne as his idol, and painted in the manner of Demuth. Through Aug. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michael Steiner / Kenneth Noland—Large, freestanding bronze and Corten-steel sculptures that have something of the aspect of altars. / Colorful reliefs created from molded pieces of handmade paper. Through Monday, June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Cynthia Carlson, Don Dudley, and Sarah Canright. Through Thursday, July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 28.) . . . **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by gallery artists. Through Thursday, July 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The summer show here includes a whole wall covered with small papier-mâché conceits by Claudia DeMonte; large line drawings in ink and oil by Nancy Dwyer; and drawings of architectural forms on heavy rag paper by Andrea Blum. Through Aug. 6. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by seven artists, including Elisa D'Arrigo, Sidney McElhenney, and Ursula von Rydingsvard. Through July 31. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Aug. 15. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by four newcomers to the gallery—Grace Hartigan, Rafael Ferrer, Austé, and Richard Hennessy. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: The summertime show offers models of swimming pools, hung on the wall, by Bruce Monteith; retouched photographic enlargements of Kennebunkport beach-club lockers by Russell Drisch; views of English Channel beaches by Alexander Hollweg; and canvas tote bags decorated with abstract emblems by Giancarlo Neri. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St.: Among the twenty-two artists in the current show are Burgoyne Diller, Richard Yarde, and Jacob Kainen. Through Aug. 28. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists Isabel Bishop, William Thon, Margit Varga, and others. Through Sept. 5. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works on paper (as well as sculptures) by gallery artists, among them Winifred Lutz, Bernard Chaet, and Clinton Hill. Through Aug. 8. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by five artists—Stephen Brown, Dina Gabos, Ann Chernow, Diana Kurz, and Grace Graupe-Pillard. Through Friday, June 27. . . . **SUMMIT**, 101 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by contemporary artists (John Dobbs, Judith Shahn) shown alongside works from the thirties and forties (Byron Browne, Joseph Solman). Through Friday, June 27. (Opens at 12:30.) . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Eleven artists, among them Sol LeWitt, Agnes Denes, and John Baldessari, are included in a show of works dependent on various systems—mathematical, musical, grid, semantic. Through Saturday, June 28. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Early American portraits by John Singleton Copley, William Johnston, Ammi Phillips, Joshua Johnston (one of the first black artists in the country), and Joseph Whiting Stock. Through Friday, June 27. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, pastels, and sculptures by, among others, Dee Shapiro, Tony Bechara, and I. Rice Pereira. Through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 4:30.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dennis Ashbaugh / Ronald Davis—Large abstract paintings with a Constructivist bent, done in clamorous oils. / Abstract paintings in which a checkerboard pattern is prominent. Through Saturday, June 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Mon Levinson / Melvin Edwards—Large-scale colored-paper works. / Abstract steel sculptures. Through Saturday, June 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Milton Resnick—Works on paper that amount to a mini-retrospective, ranging from straightaway portraits done in the thirties to the wholly abstract color mélanges of recent years. Through Saturday, June 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Arthur Weyhe / Tino Zago—A single large cedar-pole sculpture, plus maquettes for and photographs of other works. / Semi-abstract paintings. Through July 12. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

The Italian Wave—A show organized by the Italian critic Francesca Alinovi. It includes a large, freestanding cutout figure by Bruno Benuzzi which parodies classical sculpture; another takeoff, by Luigi Ontani, of the traditional Cupid; and a ribbony wall piece, clutched by two metal hands jutting from the wall, by Marcello Jori. Through Saturday, June 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **BOONE**, 420 West Broadway: Six artists, among them Ross Bleckner and Louise Fishman, showing abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, June 28. . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Abstract works by Susan Weil, Nancy Brett, Ellen Phelan, Ted Stamm, Nancy Haynes, and Johnnie Ross. Through July 18. (Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 28.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine emerging artists who first emerged at this artistic proving ground. Included are preparatory sketches for a mural on undersea life by Frank Moore; abstract forms in acrylic on paper by James Zwaldo; and lively pencil drawings inspired by music by Maryam Zafar. Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Ten artists have been invited to show their paintings, wall reliefs, and photographs. Through July 11. (Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 28.) . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: Contemporary American and European paintings and sculptures. Through July 31. (Open Wednesday through Saturday, June 25-28, from 10 to 6; and Tuesday through Thursday, July 1-3, from 11 to 4.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here, entitled "Exaggeration," includes an eleven-foot orchid made of painted-industrial plastic by Eric Appel; a painting by David True of a fish leaping toward a cloud; and a sort of Pointillist figure painting in reds by Fangor. Through July 31. (Opens at noon, including Saturday, June 28.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Oded Halahmy—Twenty bronzes, a number of them models for larger works. Through Sept. 30. (Hebrew Union College, 1 W. 4th St. Closes at 4.)

Karen Shaw—A cryptographer-artist who uses hand-painted signs and a code to demonstrate her theory that less (12+5+19+19) is more than more (13+15+18+5). Through Aug. 5. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Battery Park City—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Laura Gilpin (1891-1979)—Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Charles Harrison—Black-and-white photographs, together with paintings, drawings, and tapestries adapted from them. Through Friday, June 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Horst—A retrospective of photographic portraits dating from the thirties to the present; the sitters include Bette Davis, Yves St. Laurent, and Gertrude Stein. Through Saturday, June 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Juro Kubicek (1906-70)—Nearly fifty photocollages from the forties and fifties by a German Surrealist. Through July 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Rena Small—Photographic representations of such slang expressions as "In the pink" and "Have one's back up." Through July 11. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Judy Tomkins—Photographs of people in Hell's Kitchen. Through Saturday, June 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Group Show—Photographs of the nineteen-fifties by thirty-one photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Lotte Jacobi, Irving Penn, and Cornell Capa. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Portraits of Picasso by Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, Arnold Newman, and others. Through July 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The northwest corner of the museum is the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

location of the newly opened American Wing: a glass-enclosed sculpture court and an adjacent three-story structure of period rooms and galleries. In addition to the sculptures, decorative objects, furniture, and so forth, there is a special exhibition of about two hundred drawings, watercolors, and prints from the museum's collections. The exhibition runs through Oct. 5; the American Wing is, of course, permanent. . . . ¶ A showing of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through July 27. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective, about which there seems to have been some talk of late. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art, sixty of them—by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Brancusi, and others—installed in a new gallery off the fourth ramp of the museum's spiral. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. Complementary exhibits (ending Friday, June 27) are at Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St., and at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Twenty works by Charles Burchfield, the majority of them landscapes in watercolor. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by *Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the* Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Notable nineteenth-century landscapes—the Hudson River Valley, the New England coast, and the White, Sierra, and Rocky Mountains—recorded in paintings and drawings by Albert Bierstadt, *John F. Kensett, Asher B. Durand, and others.* Through July 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor, Henri van de Velde, and Léon Spilliaert. Through Sunday, June 29. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth *floor. Through Sept. 28.* . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "Photographic Surrealism," a show that ranges from nineteenth-century photomontages to twentieth-century advertising prints. Among the photographers are Man Ray, Brassai, Lucas Samaras, and Deborah Turbeville. Through July 13. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5. On Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Photographs of Pacific Northwest Indian tribes by Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Through Aug. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, from 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

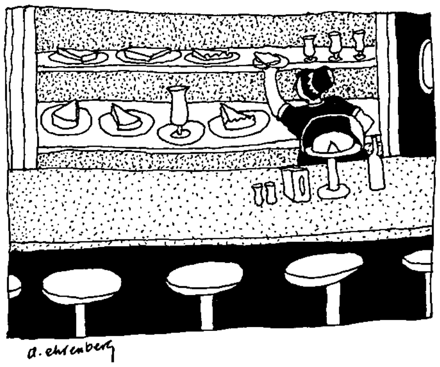
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. . . . ¶ A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6. Closed Friday, July 4.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)



National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two exhibitions tied to American architecture: a group of two dozen drawings (dated 1885 to 1935) by architects rooted in the beaux-arts tradition, among them Charles McKim, Grosvenor Atterbury, and William Delano, and another group of drawings by seventeen contemporary architects, all of whom teach and none of whom is over forty. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays and Friday, July 4, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles artist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through Sunday, June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in a program of music by Charlie Morrow. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, June 25, at 8.)

Christiane Edinger—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, June 26, at 8.)

Orchestra of New York—Brian Bruman conducting, with Alexandr Katsman, piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 26, at 8.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a lieder program. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Friday, June 27, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 24—Thursday, June 26, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with the Tokyo String Quartet and Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 8:30: Jon Vickers, tenor, in a performance of Schubert's "Die Winterreise." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: A baroque musical recital from Aston Magna. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 7: Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Dvořák-Verdi program, with Mr. Vickers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Aaron Copland conducting the Boston Symphony in a program of his own works, with Harold Wright, clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: Mr. Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Ravel program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, June 26, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Carrol Anne Curry, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a Mozart-Haydn program, with Sharon Moe, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 5:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Ida Kavafian, violin, and David Oei, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Miss Curry. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program of baroque music, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 5:30: Ruth Laredo, piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 25, at 7: Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8:15: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the New York Philharmonic in a Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8:15: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the orchestra in Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture and Mahler's Fifth Symphony. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 7: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes and the Good Rats. . . . ¶ Monday, June 30, at 7: Genesis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 7: The Allman Brothers Band and the Henry Paul Band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 7: The Blues Brothers. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the **NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Saturday, July 5, at noon: Sarah Vaughan, Tommy Flanagan, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, John Abercrombie, Spyro Gyra, Chick Corea, Linda Hopkins and the Classic Jazz Band, Ronnie Laws, the Dave Brubeck quartet, and the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band. . . . Sunday, July 6, at noon: Mel Tormé, Herbie Hancock, the Heath Brothers, Phil Woods, Elvin Jones, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, Stéphane Grappelli (with Larry Coryell and Ruby Braff), Angela Bofill, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, the Manhattan Transfer, and Dizzy Gillespie. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets through July 4, call 977-9020, in New York. For information about tickets to the Newport concerts, call 787-2020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by the Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday, July 1, at 8, a benefit performance; Wednesday, July 2, and Friday, July 4, at 8:40; Thursday, July 3, at 3; and Saturday, July 5, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Wednesday, June 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, June 29, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Tuesday, July 1, at 8:05, and Wednesday, July 2, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Thursday, July 3, at 8:05; Friday, July 4, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 5, at 7:05.

FENCING—National Championships—Wednesday, June 25, at 8 A.M.: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 2: Men's sabre team. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 8 A.M.: Women's foil team. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 2: Men's individual épée, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8 A.M.: Men's Under-19 individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8 A.M.: Men's épée team. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 10 A.M.: Men's Under-19 individual sabre. (Manhattan College, Manhattan College Parkway and West 242nd St. Admission is free.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The Fashion, Wednesday, June 25; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 28; the Tidal Handicap, Sunday, June 29; the Suburban Handicap, Friday, July 4; and the Dwyer, Saturday, July 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except July 4, between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Friday, July 4, at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. Post time will be 6 on Friday, July 4. The Longport, Thursday, July 3, and the Matchmaker, Friday, July 4. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 19. . . . **WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 28.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 2, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Wednesday through Saturday, June 25-28, at 8:15, and Monday through Saturday, June 30-July 5, at 2:15. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

YACHTING—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport. Through Saturday, June 28.)

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Friday, July 4, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.) Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 2: Musical instruments, among them concertinas, brass wind instruments, and nineteenth-century French and modern Italian cellos. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 2: Persian, Chinese, and European rugs. . . . ¶ Monday, June 30, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental miniatures and manuscripts and Islamic works of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, July 1-3, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese and other Asian works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, June 27. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. Thursday, June 26, at 10 and 2: Russian works of art. The final sale of the season. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 25, from 10 to 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store. **FRIDAY, JULY 4**: The festivities will begin at eleven with a fifty-gun salute at Battery Park, followed by a parade of marching bands, floats, Army vehicles, and antique fire trucks that will proceed from the Battery up lower Broadway to City Hall. . . . ¶ From noon to five, a street fair will be held along Broad and Water Streets. . . . ¶ At one, Martin Josman will direct the National Chorale in a program of works from the American musical theatre, at Castle Clinton, Battery Park. . . . ¶ At three, as many as two hundred canoes will race down the Hudson, from the boathouse at Baker Field to 44th Street. This may be more exciting for the canoeists than for the spectators. . . . ¶ At five, Jens Nygaard will conduct the Naumburg Orchestra, with Phillip Smith, trumpet, and Lee Schwartz, baritone, at Castle Clinton. . . . ¶ The windup, at nine-fifteen, will be Macy's half-hour fireworks display, from barges on the Hudson River between 50th and 72nd Streets. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 5**: Nine o'clock will be the starting time for a 6.2-mile running race across the George Washington Bridge to Baker Field. . . . ¶ At eleven, off the Battery, there will be a one-mile lifeboat race between a dozen international teams. . . . ¶ At one-thirty, Argentina's square-rigged ship Libertad, the Navy destroyer Claude Ricketts, and the square-rigged sloop Young America will lead four hundred sailboats and power boats down the Hudson River from 20th Street to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge.

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Final performances—**VAN CORTLANDT PARK**, Bronx: Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Mario Sereni, and Dalmacio Gonzalez; conducted by David Stivender. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 27, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "Carmen," with Mignon Dunn, Patricia Craig, Guy Chauvet, and Lenus Carlson; Thomas Fulton.

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, June 27, at 8: L'Arema Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8: New Manhattan Brass Quintet. (East River at Fulton Street.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band (formerly known as the Goldman Band) in this summer's series of concerts, which will start on Wednesday, June 25, and run through Sunday, Aug. 10. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first in a series of five productions, this one, a performance of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." (Thursday, July 3, at 8:30; rain date, Tuesday, July 8.)

WOLLMAN RINK—Cleo Laine and John Dankworth, in the opening concert of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 30. (Tuesday, July 1, at 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 26. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

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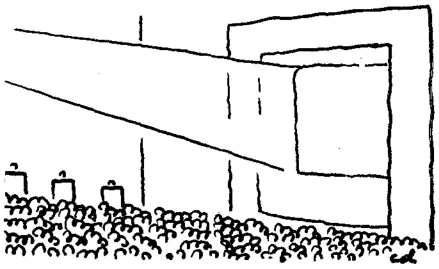
THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTINGS.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 29: "Pastoral Hide and Seek."
June 30: Theatre closed.
From July 1: "Hair."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Last of the Blue Devils."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 26: "All That Jazz" and "The Turning Point."
June 27-July 3: "Coal Miner's Daughter" and "Dracula."
From July 4: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Brubaker."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Urban Cowboy."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Blues Brothers."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Bronco Billy."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Shining."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Fame."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Brubaker."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Brubaker."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 1: "The Outsider."
From July 2: "Airplane."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rough Cut."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Canterbury Tales."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Blue Lagoon."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Blues Brothers."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through July 1: "The Island."
From July 2: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 26: "Roadie."
From June 27: "Superman."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Wholly Moses!"

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Urban Cowboy."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 3: "All That Jazz."
From July 4: "Kramer vs. Kramer."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through June 26: "The Island."
From June 27: "Superman."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bronco Billy."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Shining."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Fame."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: "The Blues Brothers."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"In a Year of 13 Moons."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Island."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 26: "Roadie." From June 27: "Mary Poppins."
Theatre 2: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."
Theatre 3: "Wholly Moses!"
Theatre 4: Through June 26: "Wholly Moses!" From June 27: "The Long Riders."

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 25: "The Rain People" and "La Strada."
June 26: "La Strada" and "Rancho Deluxe."
June 27: "Rancho Deluxe" and "Two Rode Together."
June 28: "Two Rode Together" and "The Passenger."
June 29: "The Passenger" and "The Grapes of Wrath."
June 30: "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Thunder Road."
July 1: "Thunder Road" and "White Lightning."
July 2: "White Lightning" and "Death Race 2000."
July 3: "Death Race 2000" and "Vanishing Point."
July 4: "Vanishing Point" and "North by Northwest."
July 5: "North by Northwest" and "Sullivan's Travels."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 26: "The Black Stallion."
From June 27: "Mary Poppins."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Can't Stop the Music."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Carny."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Blues Brothers."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Come Have Coffee With Us."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Brubaker."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Blue Lagoon."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 1: "Carny."
From July 2: "Summer Showers."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Apocalypse Now."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 26: "Kramer vs. Kramer." From June 27: "The Long Riders."
Theatre 2: "Brubaker."
Theatre 3: "The Shining."
Theatre 4: "Wholly Moses!"

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through June 26: "Bronco Billy."
From June 27: "Mary Poppins."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 26: "All That Jazz" and "Magic."
June 27-July 3: "Coal Miner's Daughter" and "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."
From July 4: "Kramer vs. Kramer" and ". . . And Justice for All."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Long Riders." (†)
Theatre 3: "Humanoids from the Deep."
Theatre 4: "Return of the Dragon" and "Game of Death."
Theatre 5: "Bronco Billy." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Brubaker." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Friday the 13th." From June 27: "Mary Poppins." (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 26: "Roadie." (†) From June 27: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz." (†)

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through June 26: "Mad Max."
From June 27: "Friday the 13th."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 1: "Wholly Moses!" (†)
From July 2: "Airplane." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Urban Cowboy." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
June 25: "Up the Academy."
June 26: Theatre closed.
From June 27: "Superman." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Rough Cut." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through July 1: "The Island." (†)
From July 2: To be announced.

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Blues Brothers." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Fame." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through June 26: "The Consequence" (1977), in German, directed by Wolfgang Petersen, with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Sebastiane" (1978), in Latin, directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress.
June 27-28: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
June 29: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "Punking Out" (1978), a documentary about punk-rock.
June 30: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
July 1: "Zatoichi and the Fugitives" (1968) and "The Human Tarantula" (1968), both films in Japanese, directed by Kogi Yasuda.
July 2: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "The Milky Way" (1968), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel.
July 3-4: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.
July 5: "Trash" (†); and "Flesh" (1968), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 25: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "The Clowns" (1971; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
June 26: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
June 27: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
June 28: "The Innocent" (1976), in Italian,

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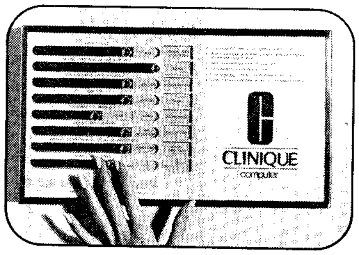

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directed by Luchino Visconti, with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.

June 29: "The Band Wagon." (†)

June 30: "Children of Paradise." (†)

July 1: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

July 2: "Rebel Without a Cause." (†)

From July 3: A program of fourteen Cole Porter films—six a day—will be shown during the next week. For information about titles, dates, and times, our best advice is to call the theatre.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 26: "Little Orphan Sammy" (1977) and "The Little Blue Box" (1980).

June 27-28: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977), directed by John Landis, with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Tunnelvision" (1976), directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel, with Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor.

June 29-30: "Wifemistress" (1979), in Italian, directed by Marco Vicario, with Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli; and "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

July 1: "Secret Agent" (†); and "Rich and Strange" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry.

July 2-3: "The Tenant" (†); and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.

July 4-5: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 26: "Gorilla at Large" (1954), directed by Harmon Jones, with Cameron Mitchell, Anne Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, and Raymond Burr; and "Inferno" (1953), directed by Roy Baker, with Robert Ryan, Rhonda Fleming, and William Lundigan. Both in 3-D.

From June 27: "Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 25: "Charade" (1963), directed by Stanley Donen, with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Darling Lili" (1970), directed by Blake Edwards, with Julie Andrews and Rock Hudson.

June 26-28: "A Song to Remember" (1945), directed by Charles Vidor, with Merle Oberon, Cornel Wilde, and Paul Muni; and "Song Without End" (1960), directed by George Cukor and Charles Vidor, with Dirk Bogarde, Capucine, and Geneviève Page.

June 29-July 1: "A Tale of Two Cities" (†) and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (†)

July 2-5: "Topper" (1937), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Cary Grant, Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "It Happened One Night." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 25: "Rififi" (1955), in French, directed by Jules Dassin, with Dassin, Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, and Carl Mohner; and "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

June 26: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Paris When It Sizzles" (1965), directed by Richard Quine, with Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, Noël Coward, and Marlene Dietrich.

June 27-28: "Macbeth" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "The Steppes" (1963), in Italian, directed by Alberto Lattuada, with Charles Vanel.

June 29: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Conduct Unbecoming." (†)

June 30: A program of cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer and a program of cartoons from the thirties.

July 1: "Safety Last" (1923) and "The Freshman" (1925), both silent films, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd.

July 2: "The Murderer Lives at '21'" (1942), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair; and "The Sleeping Car Murder." (†)

July 3: "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." (†)

July 4-5: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Robert Donat, Madeleine Carroll, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 25: "Kitty Foyle" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan; and "Roxie Hart" (1942), directed by William Wellman, with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou.

June 26: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923), a silent film, directed by Wallace Worsley, with Lon Chaney; and "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925), a silent film, directed by Rupert Julian, with Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin, and Norman Kerry.

June 27-28: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "Private Detective 62" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with William Powell, Margaret Lindsay, and Ruth Donnelly.

June 29: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "Sidewalks of London." (†)

June 30: "It" (1927), a silent film, directed by Clarence Badger, with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno; and "Blood and Sand" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Rudolph Valentino.

July 1: "City Lights" (1931) and "Modern Times" (1936), both silent films, directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

July 2: "Ecstasy" (†) and "Algiers." (†)

July 3-4: "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Richard Allan; and "Some Like It Hot." (†)

From July 5: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (†) and "Another Thin Man." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 25 at 6: "Too Late Blues" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes, with Bobby Darin and Stella Stevens. . . . ¶ June 25 at 8:30: "A Child Is Waiting" (1963), directed by John Cassavetes, with Judy Garland and Burt Lancaster. . . . ¶ June 27 at 6: "Shadows" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes, with Hugh Hurd, Lelia Goldoni, and Ben Carruthers. . . . ¶ June 27 at 8:30: "Hamlet" (1976), directed by Celestino Coronado, with Anthony Meyer, David Meyer, and Quentin Crisp. . . . ¶ June 28 at 6: "A Child Is Waiting." . . . ¶ June 28 at 8:30: "Too Late Blues." . . . ¶ June 29 at 6: "Faces" (1968), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands, John Marley, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. . . . ¶ June 29 at 8:30 and June 30 at 6: "The Dirty Dozen" (1967), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine, Charles Bronson, and John Cassavetes. . . . ¶ June 30 at 8:45 and July 1 at 6: "The Killers" (1964), directed by Don Siegel, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, John Cassavetes, and Ronald Reagan. . . . ¶ July 1 at 8:30: "Pandora's Box" (1929), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks and Fritz Kortner; English titles. . . . ¶ July 2 at 6: "Minnie and Moskowitz" (1972), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel. . . . ¶ July 2 at 8:30: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon. . . . ¶ July 4 at 6: "Faces." . . ¶ July 4 at 8:30: "Husbands" (1970), directed by John Cassavetes, with Cassavetes, Ben Gazzara, and Peter Falk. . . . ¶ July 5 at 6: "Minnie and Moskowitz." . . ¶ July 5 at 8:30: "A Woman Under the Influence" (1975), directed by John Cassavetes, with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Warhol, Anger, Baillie, and others. Showings June 26-28 and July 2-4 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (Baronet, and Forum; starting July 2.)

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film, "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and the studio lighting make it all seem so artificial that one can get giggly. In the role that Jean Gabin made famous, Boyer (who may have been an even greater actor than Gabin) is reduced to giving so many passionate, hot glances at the inhumanly beautiful Lamarr that he almost becomes a self-caricature. He plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. Sigrid Gurie is the native girl in love with Pépé. Joseph Calleia slinks about corners as the suave detective, and Gene Lockhart is the rotten squealer. With Johnny Downs, Alan Hale. Cinematography by James Wong Howe; adaptation by John Howard Lawson, with additional dialogue by James M. Cain. (A 1948 remake, "Casbah," with Tony Martin as a singing Pépé, tried for—but missed—the heat and glamour.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through June 26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through July 3.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (Olympia; starting July 4.)

Another Thin Man (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The screenplay (once again by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) tosses shootings and skulduggery and repartee at us before we're ready, and then Nick Charles takes an unconscionable amount of time sorting things out. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey, Nat Pendleton, Tom Neal, Marjorie Main, Abner Biberman, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 5.)

APOCALYPSE NOW—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 27.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there have been few screen musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. Actually, Buchanan's dancing and his rosy-ripe way with his lines (satirical cant about the theatuh) have such style and flourish that he steals the picture. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for a series of urbane revue numbers, which includes "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "That's Entertainment," "Triplets" (featuring Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray), and culminates in the "Girl Hunt" dance sequence—a parody of Mickey Spillane's bloody boudoir fiction, with Astaire as the detective and Charisse as the good-bad women in his life. When the bespangled Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in one of his best movie roles (he and Fabray play at being Comden and Green), and James Mitchell. Directed by Vincente Minnelli; the choreography is by Michael Kidd; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. Based on a 1931 Broadway show; Cyd Charisse's songs were dubbed by India Adams. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

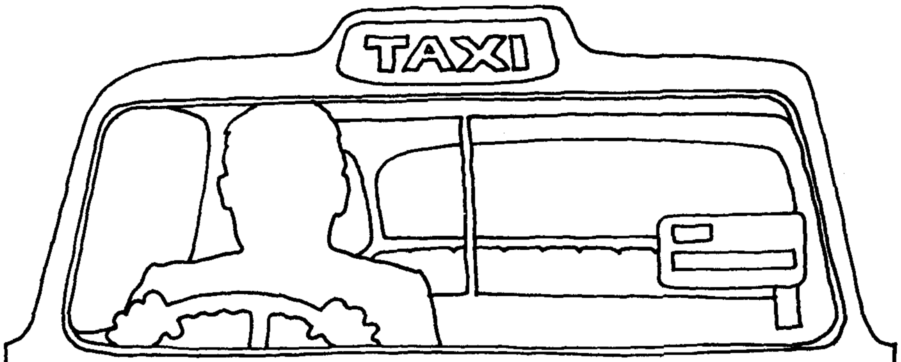
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (1934)—The war-horse of the stage-matinée trade tells the story of how the invalid Elizabeth Barrett escaped from her domineering father by miraculously getting up and eloping with the dashing Robert Browning. In this overproduced, unleavened version from M-G-M, Norma Shearer is the tremulous, bedridden poet, and Fredric March comes to the rescue. The glowering Poppa is Charles Laughton. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Katherine Alexander, Ian Wolfe, and Leo G. Carroll. Irving Thalberg produced, with his favorite dull company man, Sidney Franklin, directing. From the Rudolf Besier play (which Katharine Cornell made famous), worked over by Ernst Vajda, Claudine West, and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Regency; June 29-July 1.)

HE BLACK STALLION—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild; through June 26.)

HE BLUE LAGOON—A remake of the 1949 film, with Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. Directed by Randal Kleiser. (Cinema II, and Paramount.)

HE BLUES BROTHERS—With John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, directed by John Landis. (34th St. East, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., 57th St. Playhouse, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

RONCO BILLY—With Clint Eastwood and Son-



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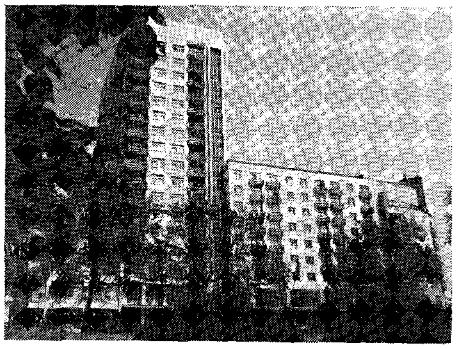

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dra Locke, directed by Eastwood. (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; through June 26.)

Brubaker—With Robert Redford, Yaphet Kotto, Jane Alexander, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Gramercy, Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, Cinema 3, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (D. W. Griffith.)

Can't Stop the Music—With the Village People, Valerie Perrine, and Bruce Jenner; directed by Nancy Walker. (Ziegfeld.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Festival. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 1; through July 1.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and writer Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker-informer; and Maria Casarès, who has the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; June 27-July 3.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Conduct Unbecoming (1975)—Michael Anderson directed this film version of Barry England's contrived courtroom play, set in a cavalry outpost in India in 1878. James Faulkner plays the junior officer accused of sexual assault on a regimental widow (Susannah York), and Michael York is the officer who defends him. The material has no real point or logic, though every now and then a line of dialogue pushes a button marked "Military Hypocrisy," or "Corruption of Colonialism," or "Subterranean Sex Perversion." The big-name cast includes Trevor Howard, Christopher Plummer, and Stacy Keach. (Thalia; June 29.)

Death Race 2000 (1975)—Low-budget sci-fi, from an often amusing suspense script by Robert Thom and Charles B. Griffith, directed by Paul Bartel in his ingratiatingly tacky, sophomoric manner. Bartel seems to have an instinctive kinky comic-book style; the picture zips along, and there's a flip craziness about it—it's an ideal drive-in movie. In the role of a legendary driver in this killer race—points are scored for every pedestrian run down—David Carradine has star presence, and his easy, confident manner gives the film some class; he's very elegant in his black leather clothes and black leather cape. Sylvester Stallone is rather funny as the slobbish, stupid villain, who's always expostulating in anger or disgust. With Louisa Moritz as the crude dumb blonde, and Simone Griffith. Produced by Roger Corman. (Harold Clurman; July 2-3.)

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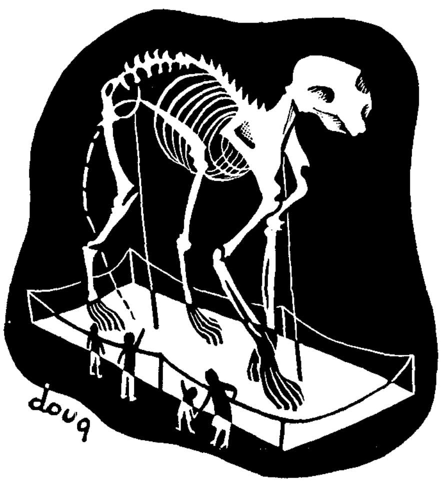
Dracula—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in the 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (St. Marks Cinema; June 27-July 3.)

Ecstasy (1933)—The once scandalous Czech film, directed by Gustav Machaty, and starring the very young Hedy Lamarr. It was originally intended to be called "Symphony of Love;" along with some explicit sexual sequences, there is symbolic erotic imagery that is romantic, poetic, and, despite its innocent absurdity, sensuous and exciting. The picture was banned and then released and then withdrawn and finally reissued, in so many different versions that everyone who talks about it appears to have seen (or imagined) different sex acts. (In the fifties, there were versions in which someone had decided to prolong the ecstasy by printing the climactic scenes over and over.) Still, whichever "Ecstasy" one sees, it's delicately, tenderly erotic. The theme is Lawrencian, as Henry Miller pointed out in the definitive essay on the film, "Reflections of Extasy." In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Plaza, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)



The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Les Misérables" and widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. It deals with the Joads, a family of sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and head for the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers. The movie version is full of the "they-can't-keep-us-down-we're-the-people" sort of thing, and a viewer's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film reveals is blurred by the film's gross sentimentality. This famous picture, high on most lists of the great ones of all time, seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet, because of the material, it is often moving in spite of the acting, the direction, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people talk. John Ford directed the production, which in some externals is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda as Tom, John Carradine as Casey, Charley Grapewin as Grampa, John Qualen as Muley, Eddie Quillan as Connie, Dorris Bowdon as Rosasharn, Russell Simpson as Pa, Zeffie Tilbury as Granma, Darryl Hickman as Winfield, and Ward Bond, Grant Mitchell, Joe Sawyer, Frank Faylen. Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson; cinematography by Gregg Toland. Academy Awards: Best Director, Best Supporting Actress—Jane Darwell as Ma Joad. She's impossibly fraudulent, though there's a memorable scene when Ma burns her old postcards. (Harold Clurman; June 29-30.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 1.)

In a Year of 13 Moons—With Volker Spengler, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly.)

The Island—Based on the Peter Benchley novel, with Michael Caine and David Warner, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Greenwich Playhouse 1. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 26. . . . ¶ Gemini 2, and Rivoli; through July 1.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the film (which neither of its stars wanted to appear in) caught on with the public and made audiences happy in a way that only a few films in each era do; in the mid-thirties, the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. (It was the "Annie Hall" of its day—before the invention of anxiety.) It has a special American Depression-era on-the-road humor and an open, episodic form, with oddball mashers and crooks turning up. There's a classic singing sequence (the passengers on the bus joining together for "The Man on the Flying Trapeze") and a classic demonstration of hitchhikers' techniques for stopping cars—Gable's thumb versus Colbert's legs. The two stars interact with easy, right-on-the-button timing; Gable has a gift for seeming virile even at his most foolish, and when things go wrong Colbert manages to look starry-eyed and blankly depressed at the same time. Frank Capra directed, from Robert Riskin's script, based on Samuel Hopkins Adams' short story "Night Bus." With Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Alan Hale, Ward Bond, Arthur Hoyt, and, as the jilted bridegroom, Jameson Thomas. Five Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Director, Best

Actor, Best Actress, Best Script. (Remade in 1956 as "You Can't Run Away from It.") (Regency; July 2-5.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through June 26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting July 4.)

The Last of the Blue Devils—A documentary about Kansas City jazz, featuring Count Basie, Jay McShann, and Joe Turner. Directed by Bruce Ricker. (Art.)

The Long Riders—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys. Directed by Walter Hill; with Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting June 27.)

Magic (1978)—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no lightness and shows no capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. It depends just about completely on the morbid visual effect of the devil-doll dummy. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Olympia; through June 26.)

He Man Who Could Work Miracles (1937)—H. G. Wells' comic fantasy is one of the most touching and good-natured of all the films that employ "supernatural" tricks and illusions. It's also one of the few that have any real point. With Roland Young as the mild, bewildered miracle-maker; Ralph Richardson as the militarist whose swords are turned into plowshares; Ernest Thesiger (who never disappoints); Ivan Gardner; and, in a tiny part as a god, young George Sanders. Alexander Korda produced; Wells did the script, with Lajos Biro; Lothar Mendes directed. (Thalia; July 3.)

He Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

ary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Quad Cinema, Guild, New Yorker 1, and Embassy; starting June 27.)

stings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life hrough a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

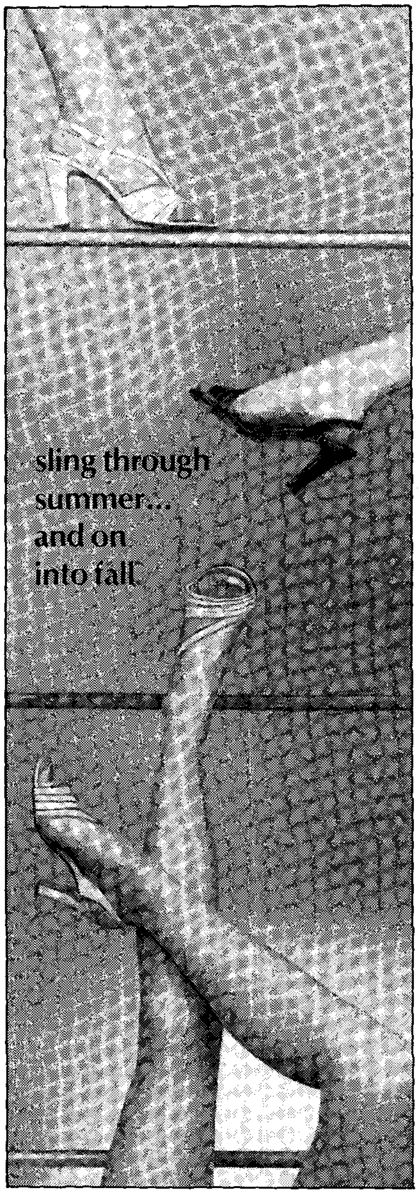
North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the demented geography and the improbable plot. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces (such as the chase on Mount Rushmore) that he wants to put in. But it has a classic sequence in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, sophisticated, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggest a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Martin Landau (as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard), and, in smaller roles, Josephine Hutchinson, Philip Ober, Carleton Young, Adam Williams, and Ned Glass. The music is by Bernard Herrmann; the script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps" (and bits of it turn up again, slightly transposed, in Lehman's script for Mark Robson's "The Prize"). (Harold Clurman; July 4-5.)

The Outsider—With Craig Wasson and Sterling Hayden, directed by Tony Luraschi. (Baronet; through July 1.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Harold Clurman; June 28-29.)

Pastoral Hide and Seek (1974)—With Kantaro Sugo, directed by Shuji Terayama. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 29. The director will be present at the 10 P.M. showing on Thursday, June 26.)

The Rain People (1969)—There's a prodigious



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amount of talent in Francis Ford Coppola's unusual, little-seen film, but it's a ponderously self-conscious effort; the author-director applies his film craftsmanship with undue solemnity to material that suggests a gifted college student's imitation of early Tennessee Williams. The result is academic, and never believable. Shirley Knight is atrociously mannered as a pregnant woman who leaves home and picks up a brain-damaged hitchhiker (James Caan). With Robert Duvall as a motorcycle cop. (Harold Clurman; June 25.)

Rancho Deluxe (1975)—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (Harold Clurman; June 26-27.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—As Jim, a high-school boy, James Dean was the archetypal misunderstood teen-ager in this generation-gap soap opera of the fifties, which had more emotional resonance for the teen-agers of the time than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood as Judy, Sal Mineo as Plato, Corey Allen as Buzz, Nick Adams as Moose, Dennis Hopper as Goon, Jim Backus and Ann Doran as Jim's parents, Virginia Brissac as his Grandma, William Hopper and Rochelle Hudson as Judy's parents, and Ian Wolfe, House Peters, and Gus Schilling. Directed by Nicholas Ray; written by Stewart Stern and Irving Shulman, based on Ray's story; music by Leonard Roseman; cinematography by Ernest Haller. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

Roadie—With Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Embassy; through June 26.)

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Coronet, and National.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill-used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Cinema Village; July 1.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption (which, it is suggested, goes hand in hand with sleeping with Meryl Streep). The obvious is spelled out, and the interesting processes remain vague. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Olympia; June 27-July 3.)

Shadow of the Thin Man (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast. The most amazing people keep turning up: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Joseph Anthony, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, Louise Beavers, Alan Baxter, and many others. Too bad Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the story, didn't give them more to do; W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 5.)

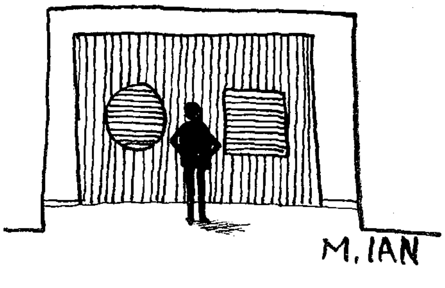
The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani then ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

Sidewalks of London (1938)—Vivien Leigh in her pre-Scarlett O'Hara days, as a lovely young sidewalk entertainer who rises in the world and lands a Hollywood contract. The star of this draggy piece is Charles Laughton, as a busker. It is not one of his major—or even engaging—performances, and toward the end he turns to whining. Directed by Tim Whelan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved, against high odds, by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; July 2.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent, though always on the brink of really disastrous double-entendre. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the musicians who witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre and then hide out from the mobsters by disguising themselves as women and joining an all-girl band. Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. Curtis demonstrates a parodistic gift with an imitation of Cary Grant (which he went on doing for years afterward), and Lemmon is demoniacally funny—he really gives in to women's clothes, and begins to think of himself as a sexy girl. Monroe gives perhaps her most characteristic performance, which means that she's both charming and embarrassing; Brown is inspired, the way he was years before in Max Reinhardt's movie of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when he made some of us weep from laughter. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki, Tom Kennedy, George E. Stone, and, on the sound track, Matty Malneck's orchestra, with Art Pepper, Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, and Leroy Vinegar. Directed (unevenly) by Billy Wilder, who also collaborated on the screenplay with I. A. L. Diamond. For collectors of useless movie memorabilia: in one of the earlier versions of this material, a German musical film, the orchestra girls were called The Alpine Violets. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

La Strada (1954)—The theme of Federico Fellini's spiritual fable is that everyone has a purpose in the universe. It is acted out by three symbolic characters. Giulietta Masina is the waif Gelsomina (soul, innocence, spirit, dreams); Anthony Quinn is the strong man Zampanò (brute physical strength, man as animal); Richard Basehart is an artist-fool (mind). Though the background of the film is neorealist poverty, it is transformed by the romanticism of the conception. Giulietta Masina's performance has been compared variously to Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Stan Laurel, Barrault, and Marceau, and the comparisons are just—maybe too just. Basehart's performance as the fool, which is not like the work of other performers, is possibly more exciting. Even if one rejects the concepts of this movie, its mood and the details of scenes stay with one; a year or two later, a gesture or a situation suddenly brings it all back. Winner of at least fifty prizes, including the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. In Italian. (Harold Clurman; through June 26.)



Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular, slightly fatuous Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve," earlier in 1941) than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure, and William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Eric Blore, and many of the other actors whom Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly. The director himself can be glimpsed behind Veronica Lake on a set inside a movie studio. (Harold Clurman; July 5.)

Summer Showers—With Jofre Soares and Mirian Pires, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 1; starting July 2.)

Superman (1978)—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the picture: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. The film is also likable, but disappointing—it gives the impression of having been made in panic, in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies made up to that date, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit or miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. (Richard Lester was said to have worked on parts of it.) With an enormous cas that includes Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman Margot Kidder, Valerie Perrine, Ned Beatty Glenn Ford, Phyllis Thaxter, Terence Stamp Susannah York, Jeff East, Marc McClure Trevor Howard, Harry Andrews, Maria Schell, Jackie Cooper, and Aaron Smolinski who plays Superman as a child. The writer involved in adapting the comic strip created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster include Mario Puzo, David Newman, Leslie Newman, Robert Benton, Tom Mankiewicz, and Norman Enfield. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth; music by John Williams. (Beekman, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews State 2 starting June 27.)

A Tale of Two Cities (1935)—In this most popular version of the least typical of Dickens' novels, Ronald Colman is Sydney Carton, who gives up his life so that another ma may live, and Edna May Oliver is Miss Pross As played by Blanche Yurka, Madame Defarge dominates the film; a menace in th grand manner, she knits like a house afire an takes the Bastille practically single-handed Oversimplified and yawny, in the M-G-M backlot style for classics. Jack Conway directed, with Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur working on the Revolutionary sequences; W. P. Lipscomb and S. N. Behrma wrote the script. The immense cast include Elizabeth Allan, Basil Rathbone, Billy Bevan, Reginald Owen, Isabel Jewell, Frit Leiber, Donald Woods, H. B. Warner, Tull Marshall, Lucille LaVerne, Claude Gilling water, and Henry B. Walthall. Reportedly, there were 17,000 extras used in the mob scenes. (Regency; June 29-July 1.)

The Tenant (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This film is no piece of whimsy and shock; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile. Photographed by Sven Nykvist. (Cinema Village; July 2-3.)

Thunder Road (1958)—With Robert Mitchum and Gene Barry, directed by Arthur Ripley. (Harold Clurman; June 30-July 1.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema 1.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, whose intensity amidst the general dejection is crazily—and entertainingly—incongruous. The wife's highest aspiration is to get on welfare, and to accomplish this she pretends to be pregnant, but the welfare investigator (Michael Sklar) wants the fabulous-forties shoes that the wife found in a garbage can, and she refuses to give them up. The picture is stupid in a sense of grotesque parody, though most of the time it's as enervated and limp as its hero. The knocked-out couple do their put-on of marriage, and we are invited to laugh at their outcast status and their meaningless lives and to feel sorry for them. This Warhol production was directed by Paul Morrissey, who lingers over needles going into flesh and puts a nimbus around the messiest head of hair. With Jane Forth, as the indolent housewife in the modern apartment that the hero tries to burglarize. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 5.)

The Turning Point (1977)—A forties women's picture (like "Old Acquaintance," in which a noble Bette Davis and a catty Miriam Hopkins played scrapping lifelong friends) transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen acting début, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; it's a swoony romance. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitingly. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 26.)

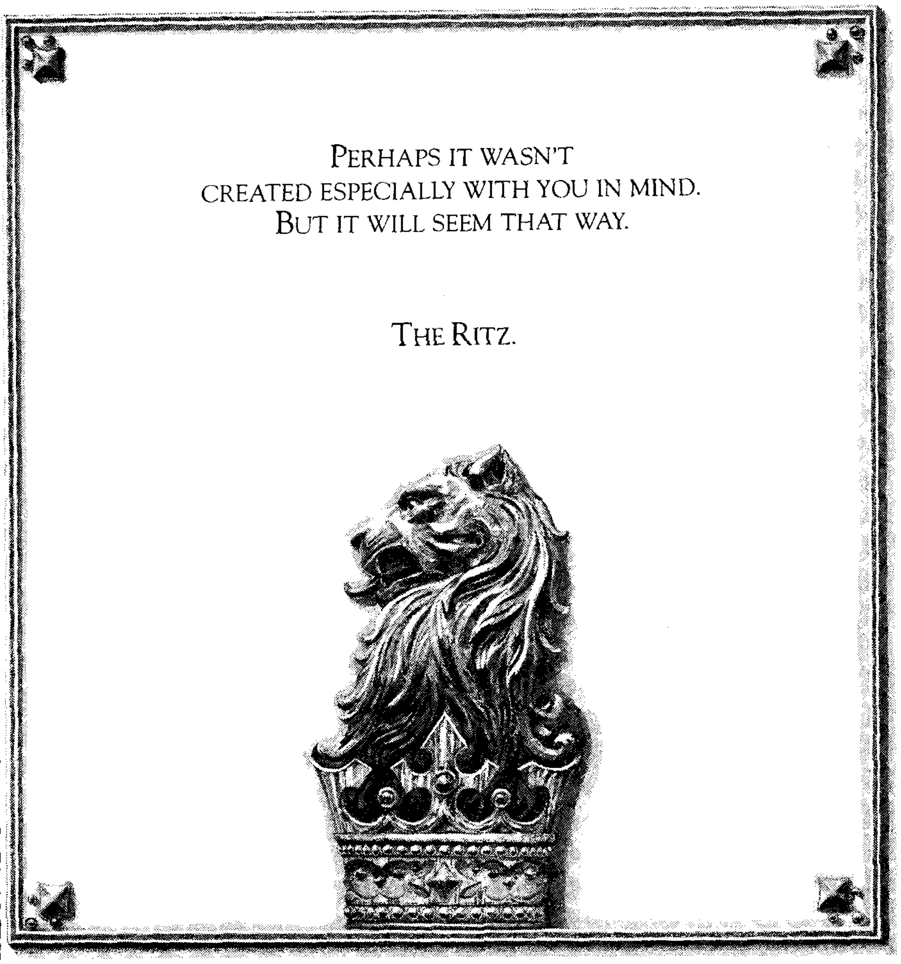
Two Rode Together (1961)—A disorienting, cynical, tragicomic Western by John Ford, in which the hero, played by James Stewart, is a mercenary sheriff. The sheriff and an Army officer (Richard Widmark) go off to rescue some white captives of the Comanches; the captives, it turns out, would be better off left where they are. Ford's attempt at a modern ironic tone is peculiarly unbecoming, and the picture doesn't take imaginative hold of the audience. With Shirley Jones, Linda Cristal, Anna Lee, Andy Devine, Jeanette Nolan, Woody Strode, and Ted Knight. (Harold Clurman; June 27-28.)

Urban Cowboy—With John Travolta, directed by James Bridges. (Bay Cinema, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1.)

Vanishing Point (1971)—Solid car chase, celebrating both kinds of speed. Not up to much. It seems a rather mechanical extension of points proved profitable in "Easy Rider." With Barry Newman, directed by Richard Sarafian. (Harold Clurman; July 3-4.)

White Lightning (1973)—With Burt Reynolds, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Harold Clurman; July 1-2.)

Wholly Moses!—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (Loews New York 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Forum; through July 1.)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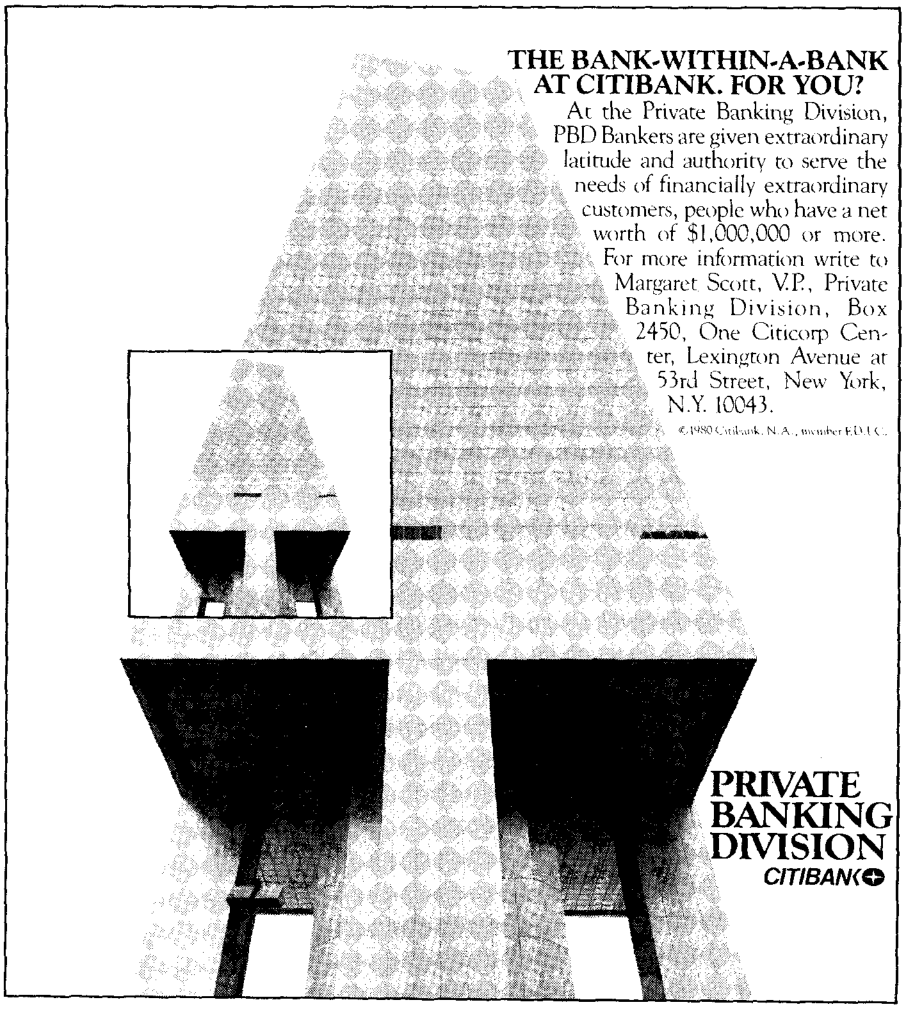
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE late afternoon last week, when spring was eliding into summer and transforming the whole city into a sigh of pleasure, and the incumbents of stoops were smiling, even at strangers, we were making our way home in the wake of a small girl, who stopped suddenly in mid-skip and, turning to her mother, asked, in a voice plaintive enough to disperse our haze of well-being, "Mother, when is it going to be Christmas?" Who knows what anxieties were swirling through her small head to prompt such a question? But, rounding the corner toward home and the news headlines, we began to feel that there was a lot more to the question than met the ear, a lot more than bells and reindeer. Looking back over the first half of this year, we realized that all of us have gone through a period of such recurring unpredictability that our fixed points of expectation have nearly disappeared. We have all been hostages to a wavering fortune, with uncertainties following on the heels of one another to the point where even the balm of an early-summer evening seems more a matter of luck than anything else. We have been learning, perhaps without realizing it, to substitute the principle of uncertainty for that of calculability. It has been hard on our collective nerves; not even summer has any longer the feel of respite. Perhaps our small friend had breathed some of this uncertainty in and was asking for nothing more than a fixed point of expectation in the future, as reassurance. As we stopped for a few moments on our own stoop to brood, it occurred to us that this year Christmas seems to us just about as unimaginably far away as it did to her.

IT has always been a bizarre feature of nuclear strategic planning that, with the exception of the two bombs that were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, no actual experience of nuclear war is available for study. This quandary is, of course, part and parcel of the more fundamental paradox that nuclear weapons exist mainly to prevent their own use—exist, that is, for nuclear deterrence. To make up for the deficiency in experience, pure theory, governed only by the rules of logic and the ingenuity of cerebral strategists, has been given a scope that it never had before in military affairs. The "war game," often conducted on computers, is to nuclear war what all of military history is to conventional war. During the thirty-five years of the nuclear age, nuclear strategists have built up a body of thought, untested by experience and untestable by it, that rivals the most rarefied and highly elaborated philosophical and theological systems. Although this body of thought is inaccessible to the ordinary person, everyone's survival depends on its soundness and reliability. Observers speaking of the American nuclear forces usually describe them as a triad, consisting of our land-based missiles, our sea-based missiles, and our intercontinental bomber force; but to these three elements they might well add a fourth—our computer-based body of strategic doctrine, on which the three others depend for their usefulness, and even for their military significance. In the last year, however, it has turned out that the country's reserves of strategic scenarios have been playing a role that was never planned for them. As though suddenly activated by wills of their own, they have on three occasions interjected themselves into the real world and falsely informed the American alert system of a Soviet attack. The alerts could not be called off until human minds were brought to bear to correct the errors. On the first of these occasions, some seven months ago, a scenario from a war game set off an alert by straying into a real-world computer, which did not possess among its many talents the ability to distinguish reality from fantasy. The chief aim of America's nuclear defense, including its whole stock of theoretical scenarios for different nuclear wars, is to stop those wars from

taking place. But on this occasion the theoretical changed places briefly with the real. Nuclear fantasy, it seemed, restless after so many years of being cooped up in the spectral world of the computers, was seeking revenge against human reality by trying to supplant it altogether.

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Hearing

WE have been attending public forums, many of them disorderly, not to say obstreperous, for many years now, but a federal hearing the other day at Police Plaza marked the first time we have ever had reason to fear that the principals—in this case, officials of the United States Department of Transportation—might not emerge from such a forum intact. The fact that the setting in which we entertained this fear was the auditorium on the first floor of Police Headquarters should be an indication of the emotional climate we encountered. The occasion was an all-day hearing (it began shortly after nine-thirty and, with recesses for lunch and dinner, ran until a few minutes before eleven) whose purpose was to record comments upon a proposed federal ruling that would cover the transport of nuclear materials—specifically, spent reactor fuels, which are the most radioactive of these—in interstate commerce. Locally, for more than twenty years spent-fuel assemblies from reactors at Brookhaven National Laboratory, on Long Island, had been carried more or less routinely through New York City streets late at night in heavily shielded casks on trucks escorted by police. Then, in 1976, these shipments were stopped by a unanimous New York City Board of Health decision, and subsequent shipments of Brookhaven reactor fuels were removed from the Island by ferry, which took them to Connecticut, their eventual destination being the federal Savannah River Reprocessing Plant, in Aiken, South Carolina.

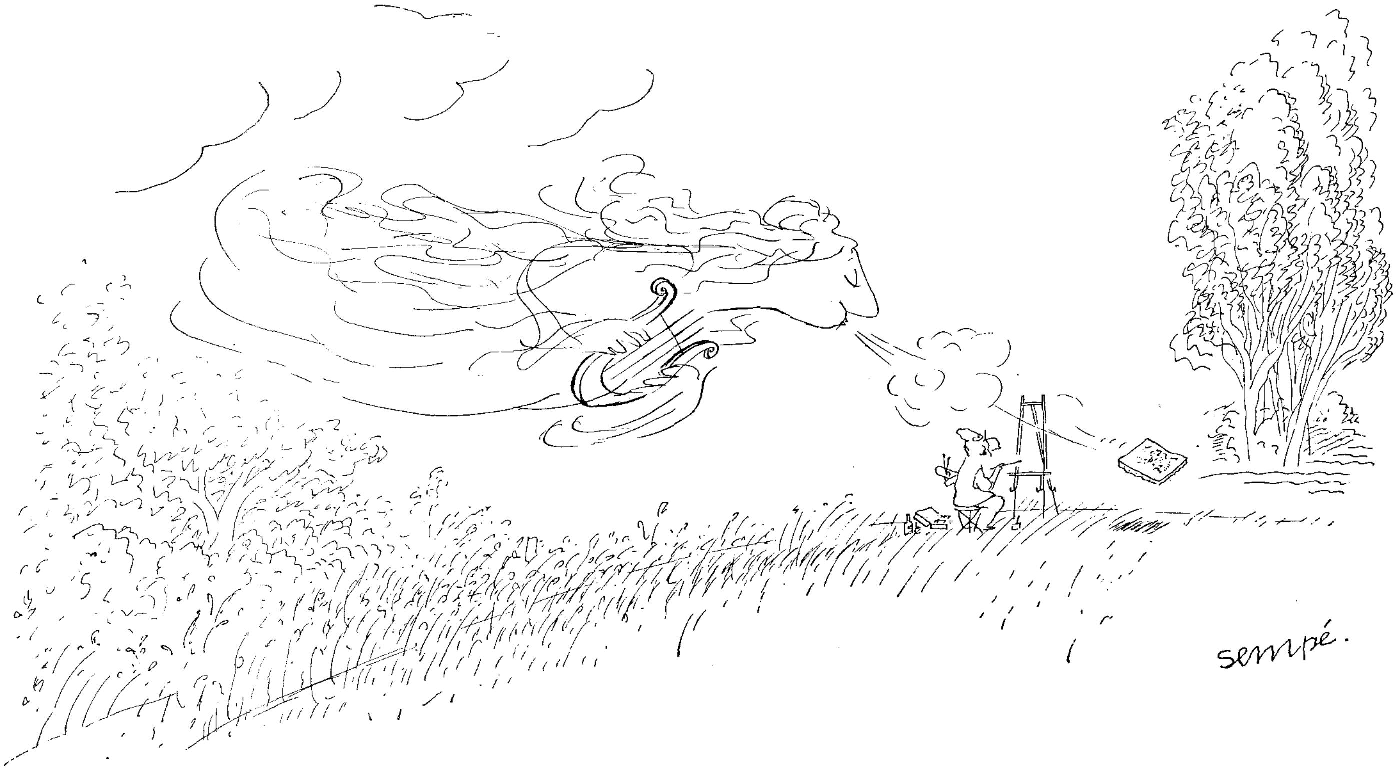
As had been generally expected, the New York City Health Code amendment that banned these shipments became the model for similar prohibitions by other local jurisdictions—recently, for example, Missoula, Montana—and although commercial spent nuclear fuel is not now undergoing reprocessing anywhere but, rather, is being allowed to pile up in electrically cooled pools at reactor sites, the time is approaching when some of it will have to be shipped elsewhere or the reactors will have to be shut down. Hence the announcement of the Department of Transportation's public hearing—called a "rulemaking procedure"—on the proposed ruling, which, although it could be expected to impose severe regulations upon such shipments and to restrict them to specified highways, would, in the end, nullify New York's total ban on them.

Public hearings are required before such rulings are actually drafted, but, oddly, New York, the original focus of this issue, was not among five sites that were originally scheduled for these hearings. However, after receiving protests from the New York City Council and the New York State Assembly, among others, the Department of Transportation agreed to send a panel of its officials here—on, as it happened, Friday, June 13th. Although this hearing was held on only about three weeks' notice and received little publicity—the one announcement of it we saw was printed in a weekly neighborhood newspaper—sixty-four prospective witnesses filed formal advance notices of their intention to testify at the proceeding, and by the time we arrived at the Police Department auditorium, shortly before nine-thirty, scores more were waiting in line to register for seven-minute appearances before the panel. On the stage, three Department of Transportation officials who had been sent by Washington to take testimony were seated behind paper-covered tables on chairs half facing a lectern set up for the witnesses and half facing an audience of something over a hundred, which included Mayor Edward Koch, quietly chatting with Queens Representative Geraldine Ferraro. Beside the lectern perched a stenotypist and her machine, and below the stage was a desk for a clerk who would call witnesses up for their turns and operate the seven-minute timer.

The hearing began decorously. Robert Paullin, Associate Director of the Office of Operations and Enforcement of the Transportation Department's Materials Transportation Bureau, introduced himself and his colleagues—Douglas Crockett, a Department of Transportation counsel, and Russell Toth, an executive in the Bureau of Motor Carrier Safety—and set forth the reason for the proposed ruling: "It is estimated by the Census Bureau that there are approximately twenty-three thousand jurisdictions in the United States. . . . Each of these jurisdictions could conceivably have its own peculiar and differing restrictions on the carriage of radioactive material. . . . Most people would agree that this multiplicity of differing local transportation requirements presents an entirely unworkable situation."

Two principal arguments against the transport of highly radioactive materials through this city or any other densely populated area have been acknowledged by the Transportation Department and were quickly put forward at the hearing. The first is based on what might happen in the event of an accident or sabotage: a federally funded study of this question estimates that there would be thirty-three hundred radiation and cancer fatalities if a cask of spent fuel were somehow to be exploded under "worst-case" conditions in midtown Manhattan. The second argument is based on the fact that, no matter how thick the shielding, the casks used in this transport—casks that weigh twenty-two tons—are unable to contain all the radioactivity of the spent-fuel assemblies. The low-level radiation that escapes, while it is not considered sufficient to cause measurable damage to health, would nonetheless be transmitted to pedestrians, to the occupants of passing cars, and—as Mayor Koch, the hearing's first witness, pointed out—to the residents of apartment buildings "which literally straddle" the approaches to the George Washington Bridge. Barging the casks off Long Island, the Mayor maintained, is "the safest method of conveyance along the congested East Coast."

The Mayor departed, to applause—not always the audience response to his appearances at such public forums—and the lectern was turned over to other elected officials of the city. Representative Ferraro charged the Transportation Department with "attempting to substitute its judgment regarding local conditions for that of city officials," and went on to say, "In adopting their regulation banning the shipments, city officials have considered the needs of the companies involved and the public-safety needs and determined that it would be irresponsible to expose millions of New Yorkers to these hazards." The next witness,



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Representative Frederick Richmond, of Brooklyn, said, "In New York, the situation is so clear. We are a concentrated mass of twenty million people, so why persist in dragging radioactive garbage through here at any time of the day or night if there are reasonable and sound alternate methods of transportation?"

A hundred and fourteen witnesses followed these first three speakers, and a hundred and twelve of them supported the city's ban on spent-fuel transport. They were received by the audience with a degree of enthusiasm that varied according to the militancy of their views, the loudest applause being given to those who expressed the most vociferous opposition to nuclear energy in all its manifestations. One speaker appeared on behalf of the Purolator Courier Corporation, which, among its other enterprises, delivers radioactive isotopes to hospitals, and though he took no position on the spent-fuel ban, he did appeal to the Department of Transportation not to impose additional burdens on this medical transport—an appeal that brought forth sporadic boos, hisses, and catcalls. This response was mild compared to the one evoked shortly afterward by the opening remarks of Dr. Matthew Cordaro, vice-president for engineering of the Long Island Lighting Company, which now has a reactor under construction, and which had announced that, beginning sometime after 983, it intended to ship spent fuel through the city. A pandemonium arose that made it impossible to hear either him or the federal panelists as they called for order. After a few attempts, Dr. Cordaro gave up the struggle against the waves of noise. An adjournment was declared and an uneasy quiet restored.

Following the adjournment, during which the three Department of Transportation officials conferred offstage, it became apparent that not all those in the audience—not even all those who could be characterized as anti-nuclear activists—favored this suppression of First Amendment rights.

"I suggest the guy be given the same opportunity to speak we have," said one young man, rising from his seat in the first row. Later, he identified himself as Adam Heath, of the War Resisters League.

"What for?" demanded a man seated directly behind him.

A reply came not from Mr. Heath but from Audrey Hochberg, a Westchester County legislator, who had joined in the effort to quiet her fellow-members of the audience. "Well, for one thing, I want my turn to speak," she said. "He has seven minutes; we have the rest of the day. Give him his seven minutes."

After ten minutes or so, these arguments more or less carried, and Dr. Cordaro returned to the stage to read through his presentation. He was interrupted only once—by a burst of sardonic applause after he warned that bans like New York's, "if carried to an extreme, could ultimately force the shutdown of numerous operating nuclear plants." The applause subsided when he continued, ". . . and a concomitant loss of electricity for millions of Americans."

The utility official's objections to water transport of the spent fuel included the additional cost—Long Island Lighting has estimated the extra annual charge at five hundred thousand dollars, which would be paid by its consumers—and the contention that "it has yet to be demonstrated that waterborne transportation is inherently safer than overland shipment." The latter point, as it happened, was subsequently disputed by, among others, Mr. Crockett, the Department of Transportation's counsel, who stated that federal surveys give water transport a safety preference. A third objection of Dr. Cordaro's was unrebutted. The vessels carrying spent fuel must eventually dock somewhere, he pointed out, and he asked, "If Northern coast cities such as New York are allowed to ban these materials for alleged safety reasons, would other port and inland areas throughout the country continue to accept such shipments?" Then, with an ironic "Thank you for this opportunity to present our views," he left the stage—to a chorus of boos.

By way of contrast, early in the afternoon session the hearing was treated to a song. When a witness named Eva Marmorstein was called by

"Say! Look who's on drums. Harvey Rawson, from 17-B!"

the clerk, she turned out to be a member of a trio—the other members introduced themselves as Judy Allen and Jim Occhino—which launched a-cappella into what might be described as a round with a Latin beat. The chorus went something like "What do we, what do we, what do we do with the waste we are making? Stick it in the salt mine, drop it in the sea, but keep it far away from me." This testimony completely confounded the stenotypist but brought smiles to the faces of the panelists, who joined in the subsequent applause. That, however, appeared to be the last cordial moment of the hearing.

The backgrounds and interests of those who recorded their opposition to the proposed ruling were extraordinarily diverse. One doesn't often find representatives of the East Side Republican Club and the Village Independent Democrats offering testimony on the same side of an issue. Nor do we recall previously running into comparable accord between a statement offered on behalf of a Sutton Place community organization and one from the tenants' association of a West 125th Street project. Out-of-towners, too, joined in. Public officials from Rockland and Westchester Counties and members of community organizations in those counties registered their support for the city's spent-fuel ban, and so did witnesses from New Jersey and Connecticut. Eventually, the eclectic character of the arguments became an argument in itself. "Doesn't it strike you as significant that people everywhere are expressing the same sentiments and making the same demands?" Mitzi Bowman, a spokeswoman for a Connecticut organization called Stop, asked the panel.

Interspersed among these reasoned presentations, however, were a number of entirely personal declamations on the order of "Our next meeting will not be across a microphone but across a barricade." In the evening session, even this kind of revolutionary rhetoric did not suffice but gave way to torrents of abuse directed not so much at the projected shippers of spent reactor fuel as at the panelists themselves. In its last hours, the hearing caused us to recall accounts we had read of political trials in China, at which defendants were forced to listen without response to calumnies heaped upon them by parades of witnesses. Altogether, the three Department of Transportation officials withstood—without complaint but with obvious personal distress—an enormous amount of vindictive abuse. In addition to being likened to Adolf Eichmann, they were called lackeys, bastards, and worse. One young man stood at the lectern and simply repeated, "Go to hell, go to hell, go to hell," and the chant was taken up throughout the auditorium.

Still worse were threats of bodily harm directed at the panelists individually by people identifying themselves as teachers, lawyers (two said they were law clerks to New York judges), and doctors. In fact, it seemed to us that the more degrees and similar qualifications a speaker claimed, the cruder his tirade proved to be. The nadir was reached by a biophysicist with a doctorate who said he was working at Rockefeller University; his threats included one to "watch your three heads crushed like overripe watermelons." The following speaker, self-described as a teacher in the City University system, promised to help bring that situation about. At one point, a witness left the lectern to shake his fist in the faces of the panelists. When this happened, and on several other tense occasions, a police sergeant (we had to keep reminding ourself that what we were watching was taking place at Police Headquarters) made an appearance at the front of the auditorium and remained there until order was in some measure restored.

At about eight-thirty—half an hour before the scheduled conclusion of the hearing—we found a row of phone booths just outside the auditorium occupied by some of the evening's earlier speakers, who were calling friend to come down and help them kee the session going. As these reinforcements turned up and registered t speak, the hearing was extended—firs until ten and then until eleven. Th auditorium continued to fill, and at about ten-thirty one of the more vociferous members of the audience, demanding that the hearing be extended indefinitely, claimed—correctly, we later determined—that a hundred and thirty-four speakers remained to be heard.

However, some of those who were then taking their turns at the lectern were repeaters; the hundred-and-seventeenth, and final, witness was one of these—a young woman, who worked herself up to an emotional peroration. "The Department of Transportation," she cried, "is a sneaky, slimy creature rising from a nest of other slimy creatures!" As she left the lectern, half a dozen police officers rushed down the aisles and cordoned off the stage while the panelists, their clerk, and the stenotypist quickly gathered their papers together and left by a back door. We never did hear a formal adjournment of the proceeding, but we can record that this sudden conclusion, ten minutes before the expected announcement, caught most of the clamorous would-be witnesses by surprise. The crowd in the auditorium milled around uncertainly for several minutes, and eventually allowed itself to be shepherded out onto Police Plaza, where it dispersed.

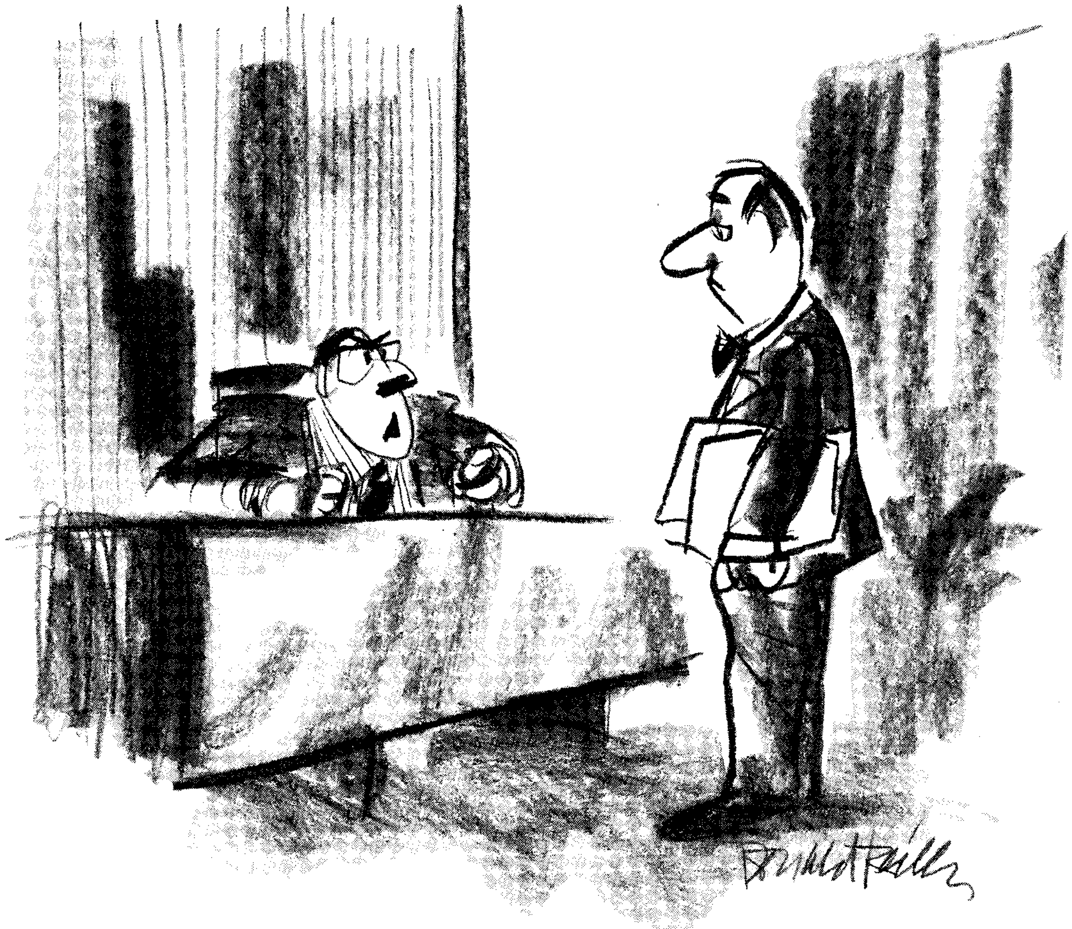
We called Mr. Crockett a few days later in Washington, and he told us that he and his colleagues had been hidden in the police parking lot until it was agreed that they could safely be put into cabs. "There's no question that it's going to take weeks for some of us to stop shaking," he said. "And look. For some of us, this kind of thing just gets our backs up on the original issue."

Watching Whales

SOME excerpts from the salt-sprayed log of a Cape Cod correspondent:

Hitched up with two-installment whale-watching expedition off Provincetown the other Saturday afternoon, sponsored by Friends of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, also known as the Agassiz Museum, after eminent naturalist Louis Agassiz. Eighty or so sharp-eyed whale-watchers aboard sturdy motor vessel Dolphin II, nearly half of them Harvard-sciences-connected; e.g., ichthyologist, arachnologist, cultural anthropologist, geologist. Remainder of whale-watching Friends, according to Gabrielle Dundon, director of public programs for the M.C.Z., "just people off the streets," like me. "We have five hundred Friends, but they tend to be different from, say, the Friends of the Fogg Art Museum," Ms. Dundon says. "People go to *their* functions in black tie. They come to ours in jeans." One jeans-clad male whale-watcher also wearing T-shirt with whale depicted on it. Woman whale-watcher with three cameras sporting ring with whale-tail motif. "I designed it yesterday afternoon and a P'town silversmith had it ready for me by noon today," woman says. "I've been whale-watching in Antarctica and elsewhere for five years. Whales never cease to affect me." Another woman, with strong Boston accent, wearing so many layers of clothing (also two pairs of spectacles) that fellow-watcher dubs her "the bag lady." Very environmental-minded bunch: waiting in line to sign "Save the Whales" petition in ship's cabin, young woman complaining about dark hue of smoke emanating from passing dragger's stack. Very literary bunch, too: on outbound voyage, reversing 1620 course of Pilgrims, watchers reading *New York Review of Books* and F. Scott Fitzgerald; bag lady's spectacles focussed on Flaubert letters. All hands issued M.C.Z. name tags featuring sketch of dimetrodon, ancient dinosaurlike creature made famous by former director of museum, vertebrate paleontologist Alfred S. Romer. Dr. Romer's widow among passengers; longtime watcher of whales.

On way to whale territory—southern portion of Stellwagen Bank—birdwatchers busy with binoculars. Mostly seagulls in area, but Harvard geologist would swear he spotted a sooty shearwater. Have informative chat with M.C.Z. guide—pigtailed young woman named Judy Perkins, field biologist with impressive background in whale research off Argentina, off Newfoundland, as acolyte to Roger Payne, of New York Zoological Society, he to whale studies roughly what Thomas Paine was to independence. Ms. Perkins now graduate student at Yale, specializing in environmental studies. "After five years with whales, it's important for me to diversify," she says. "I need to broaden my base and to learn about all terrestrial and marine



"All right, Sturmond. How come everything around here is in a go mode except you?"

Mama

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systems." During her whale studies, she has worked on subsurface warning systems for whales to keep them from wrecking fishermen's nets. She thinks pingers probably most effective means. Says this part of the world used to be absolutely *thick* with whales. Hopes we will see some finbacks—up to seventy feet in length, seventy tons in weight—and some humpbacks, somewhat smaller; maybe even some Seis, minkes, rights, pilots. No blues or grays or killers around here. Humpbacks now estimated to number about fifteen hundred in North Atlantic. "They seem to travel in small packs," Ms. Perkins says. "Nobody knows why. And the grouping is not always the same." Goes on to say nine hundred individual humpbacks have been identified and catalogued in last several years by photos of their flukes, or tails. Fluke markings as individual for humpbacks as fingerprints for punier mammals. We might even run into some humpbacks Ms. Perkins knows by name from previous trips—Bi-Slash, Spoon, Ishtar. "Ishtar—that's the goddess of love, of course—has four striking scratch marks on its dorsal fin," she says. "Some people think the marks were inflicted by a killer whale after the humpbacks came north from their winter hangouts in the Caribbean." Maybe, she says, we'll even meet up with only unnamed humpback seen by M.C.Z. Friends last year—at once honorifically christened Agassiz and nicknamed Dr. Lou, or Louis.

Approaching whale waters, Ms. Perkins invites watchers to send any good pictures of tails of humpbacks to Allied Whale, at the College of the Atlantic, at Bar Harbor, Maine—repository for such esoterica. A few moments later, alert is sounded from bridge: "Dolphins!" Almost at once, Atlantic white-sided dolphins, at least a hundred of them, each seven or eight feet long, are dancing like cavalry horses right alongside ship. And next, a mile or so away, seven finbacks are visible, bulging up from surface, blowing high into air. And now, suddenly, with an escort of dolphins, within forty feet of now stationary boat, while gulls swoop wildly overhead, emerge four humpbacks, Spoon and Ishtar among them, spouting and splashing, lunging half out of water with mouths agape, then diving down deep and, as they do, waving their huge, mottled flukes in temporary farewell. "Terminal dives," Ms. Perkins observes. "They'll be down for about fifteen minutes." Cameras click furiously throughout spectacular performance. Man with National Parks and Conservation Association Member shoulder patch on his parka, Harvard Medical School alumnus and surgeon who is into kidney research, asks if I have any idea why whales' kidneys are seemingly so much more efficient than human beings'. Confess ignorance. Doctor says he doesn't know, either; unlike rats and guinea pigs, whales do not, alas, lend themselves easily to intensive physiological research. On return voyage to Provincetown, after still more whale gymnastics, universal agreement that afternoon a huge success. Ms. Perkins judges that on a one-to-five scale today's sightings certainly rate a high four. "It would have been a five except that there was no breaching—no whale really leaping out of the water," she says. "After today, tomorrow could be anticlimactic."

Only sour note struck by bag lady. "Well, it was all right, I guess," she says, "but I was really hoping to see some sharks."

Whale-watchers reëmbark at 6 A.M. Sunday. Coffee on board, also Egg McDolphin (fried egg and melted cheese on English muffin). At seven-ten, far out of sight of land, sleepy-eyed watchers greeted by veritable fleet of cavorting, wide-awake dolphins, harbingers of yet more dolphins. Next a minke whale, unusual for these parts, then a finback in a graceful terminal dive. And then the humpbacks reappear, even friskier than day before. Gleeful shouts from now fully aroused human beings of "Breach!" as whales awesomely rise, three or four in a clump, up from water like submarine missiles, sending arcs of spume into sky which become instant rainbows. Seagulls going crazy. Whales on both sides of boat, also off bow and stern, whirling, lunging, snorting, breaching—a whale dance all around, a humpback carnival, a three-ring cetacean circus. Ishtar and Spoon are back, old faithfuls gushing, and there, Ms. Perkins exclaims joyfully, is Agassiz himself, Louis, coming to join frolic. One smallish humpback, probably no more than twenty-five tons, keeps to itself, rhythmically thrashing surface of sea with its whitish fourteen-foot tail. Ms. Perkins doesn't know that one's name. "I don't at all understand that repeated tail-slapping," she says. "It worrie me when whales do that—I can't hel wondering if it's a threat."

Breathtaking show goes on for mor than half an hour. When it's time t leave it and head back to shore, spectators all burst into spontaneous applause. Bag lady, down to three countable layers of clothing and one set o specs, utters a single, un-Bostonia "Wow!"

"Extraordinary!" says Ms. Perkins "It was incredible. I counted ten-plu humpbacks. We had everything all a once—breaching, lunge-feeding, tail slapping, lobtailing, flippering, rolling Unbelievable! I've never seen anythin like it. That was a five five five fiv *five!*"

PATRIOTIC SPOT (60 SECS.)

YOU'RE waking up, America. It's morning—and you're waking up to live life like you've never lived it before. Say hello to a whole new way of being awake, America. Say hello to us.

Who are we? The idea people. A family of companies. America's supermarket. We're all this—and more. All day, every day, something we do will touch your life. At home. At school. Whether you need us or not, we're there.

We're watching you, America. We're watching you when you work—because, America, you work hard. And we know that afterward you've got a mighty big thirst. Not just a thirst for the best beer you can find. But a thirst for living. A thirst for years of experience. America, you're thirsty.

You're spelling more today, America. You're spelling a lot of things. Words. Words like "cheese." "Relief." And you're using those words to make phrases, and you're talking with those phrases every day, keeping America's telephone system the best in the world. America, you've got something to say, and you're coming in loud and clear. "Cheese relief." "Relief cheese." You said it, America.

Where does America go when it wants more of everything? It comes to us. Who are we? An American tradition. We provide a broad range of services. In eight major markets. Sixteen times a day. All across this great country of ours. Who are we? We're people.

People who know that America is digging in. People who come from all walks of life. People whose job it is to serve you. And we're doing it—better than ever. We're working harder to serve you, America. Because you're entitled. You've earned it. You deserve the best—the very best. From the skillful management of natural resources to the thirst-quenching beer you drink: you know what you want, and you grab it. You expect more, and you get it. Ask for it by name, America.

You're on the move, too—and we're doing our best to beat you there. Around the corner, or around the world: we're waiting for you. Who are we? America's host from coast to coast. We are insight. We are knowledge. We are the future. And we're changing—changing to keep up with you.

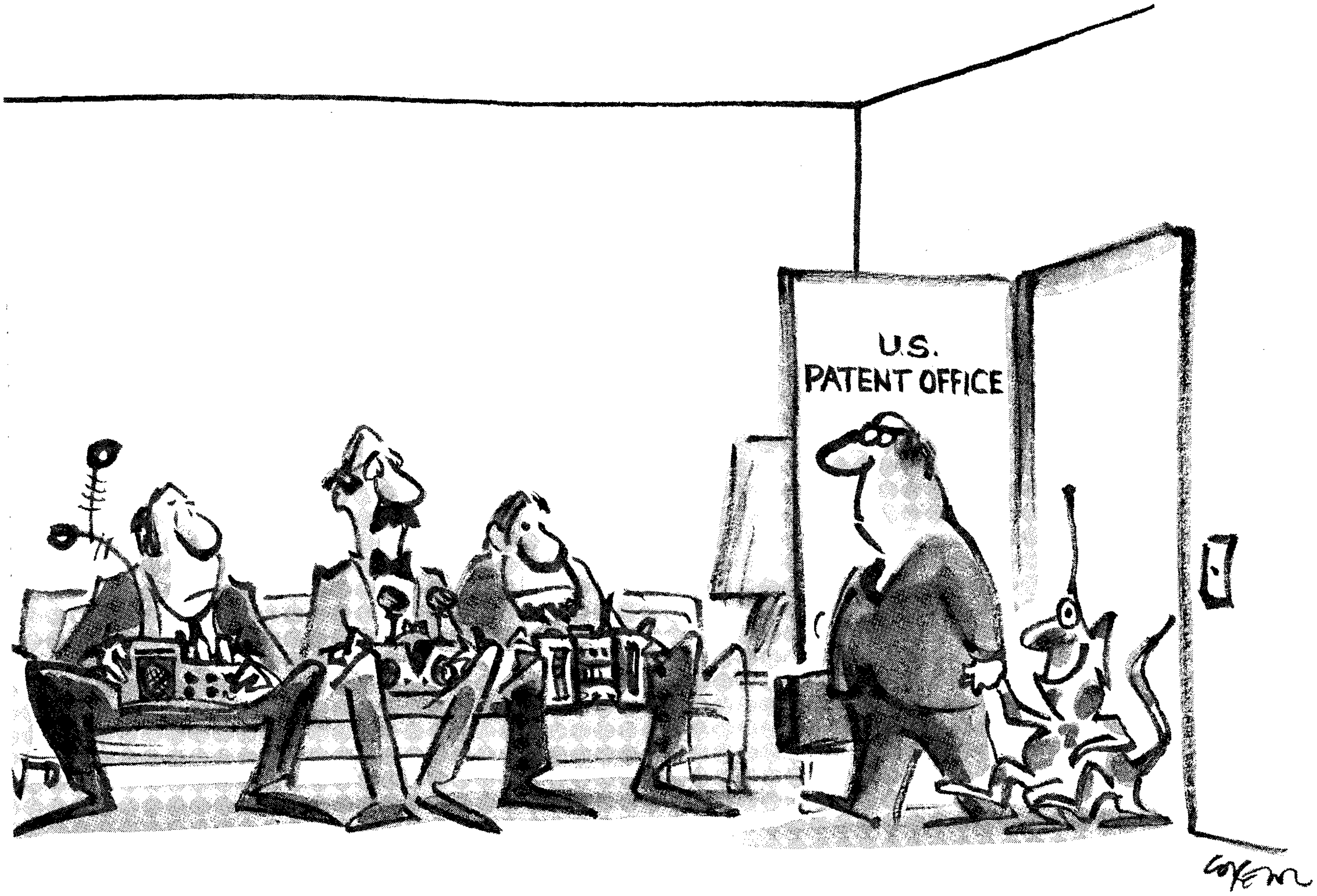
America, say hello to something new. Say hello to quality. Quality you can see. Quality you can feel. Quality you can say hello to. (How do you spell "quality," America? *Real* quality—quality you can trust? The same way we've been spelling it for over a hundred and fifty years.)

You're looking good, America. And we're looking at you. Who are we? People building transportation to serve people. Where are we? Where America shops. What are we? What the Colonel cooks. How did we get here? We are driven.

We want what you want. It's that simple. And we're giving it to you. At work. At play. Because America works as hard as it works, and plays as hard as it plays. When America has nothing to do, it reaches for us. And we're there—in energy, in communications, in research. With the meticulous attention to detail that comes only from the choicest hops, the finest barley.

We're Number One. You're Number One. You're a winner, America. And we know what you're thinking. We know how you feel. How do we know? Because we take the time to tell you. We take the time to care.

And it pays off. We're here, America. And the next time you're here—the next time we can tell you who we are and what we do—we'll be doing what we do best. —ELLIS WEINER



THE SCAN OF ILLYRIA

THE view from the windmill's topmost window, a layered pattern—the grounds, the dunes, the beach, and the Atlantic—encouraged the spectator. On the croquet lawn, seats had been arranged for the evening's play: willow armchairs and bentwood rockers in the parterre, at ten dollars; folding canvas chairs with round cushions in the orchestra, at seven; two tiers of bleacher benches, loge and balcony, at four and three. To the left, beneath the window, apprentices crossed back and forth over the stage, dressing the set; to the right, members of the audience ambled through the coppice of silver birches and took snapshots of the lily pond, the gardens, the windmill, and the gray gambrel-roofed house. A party of children had grouped around the Shetland pony. An actor suited in motley, with cap and bells, holding a red-and-white striped baton to which a hook-nosed fool's head had been affixed, sat cross-legged on the fulcrum of a seesaw, guarding four riders, two perched on each curved, chair-backed end. To the spectator in the summer-evening twilight the dunes' configuration appeared first as settled as the rock cliffs of Tintagel, then as restive as the rims of Etna and Vesuvius. On the beach, workers mounted fireworks cartridges on slender scaffolding anchored with hawsers to sand buggies. The Atlantic looked rehearsed.

Kaye Wayfaring turned from the window and stared into the mirror. The mirror, studded with glowing bulbs and wreathed in telegrams, reflected the cheval glass set up against the wall opposite, creating the endless-passage effect she'd favored since childhood. She scanned her face, reiterated to the vanishing point. Without makeup, masked in egg white, the face resembled something archaic, unearthed from Pompeii. ("A good hat face," Kaye Wayfaring would grant, when talking business.) The portable oven timer's bell sounded; the setting interval was up. She mugged a yawn, and the egg white cracked into a webbed veil. ("'I look like an old, peeled wall.'" She remembered another's part in another play, elsewhere. I may look like this for real one day, she thought.) Dipping a sponge into a bowl of warm seltzer on the dressing-room table, she began to remove the mask, preoccupied still with the previous night's dream, a masterpiece.

The dreamer stood on the back veranda alone, watching the summer-evening festivities. The performance had ended. The figures had cleared the folding chairs. In the light of multicolored Japanese lanterns, couples were dancing the foxtrot to postwar hits from 78s spinning on the Victrola. . . .

"One hour, Miss Wayfaring!" an excited voice called out from below.

The ship's clock over the mirror struck eight bells. She reset the timer to forty-nine minutes and switched the cassette recorder to Playback. She would listen to her words again, and stop and start and wait for the last call to come.

She heard the sound of her own voice reciting in a flat, uninflected tone.

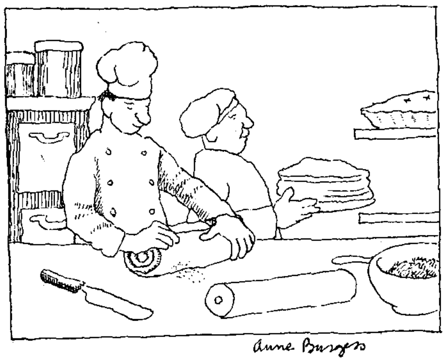
> What country, friends, is this?

Her mother had accused her of untoward love for the sound of her own voice. Who could love the sound of this? But it was the way in.

> And what should I do in Illyria?
> My brother he is in Elysium.

She listened to the shipwrecked Viola's exalted utterance, dialogue running fluidly, without cues, in this disembodied voice, her own yet foreign (accompanied by "that short, sweet phrase in F-sharp" she had asked her stalwart friend Tristan Beltane, guitarist and composer, to repeat again and again as she recited into the microphone), lapping evenly like waves at ebb tide on the calm evening of this Fourth of July, nineteen seventy-nine.

She heard the moan of airplane engines. Turning to look out the window again, she saw the white Phaeton cross in the sky from left to right, transporting its cargo of canned footage—the conclusion of "Avenged"—back to the film lab in New York. Handle with Care/This Side Up, Kaye Wayfaring directed. She remembered Marilyn Monroe in "Don't Bother to Knock," desolate in a hotel room, pulling the venetian blinds open and shut, signalling her phantom pilot. From the plane's tail a banner trailed, its legend painted in Day-Glo vermillion, against the violet, gray, and lime-green sky: "Live Theatre Tonight! 'Twelfth Night' at Nonsuch Stix!"



Turning back to the mirror to begin, she smoothed on a base of natural tan.

> Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope.

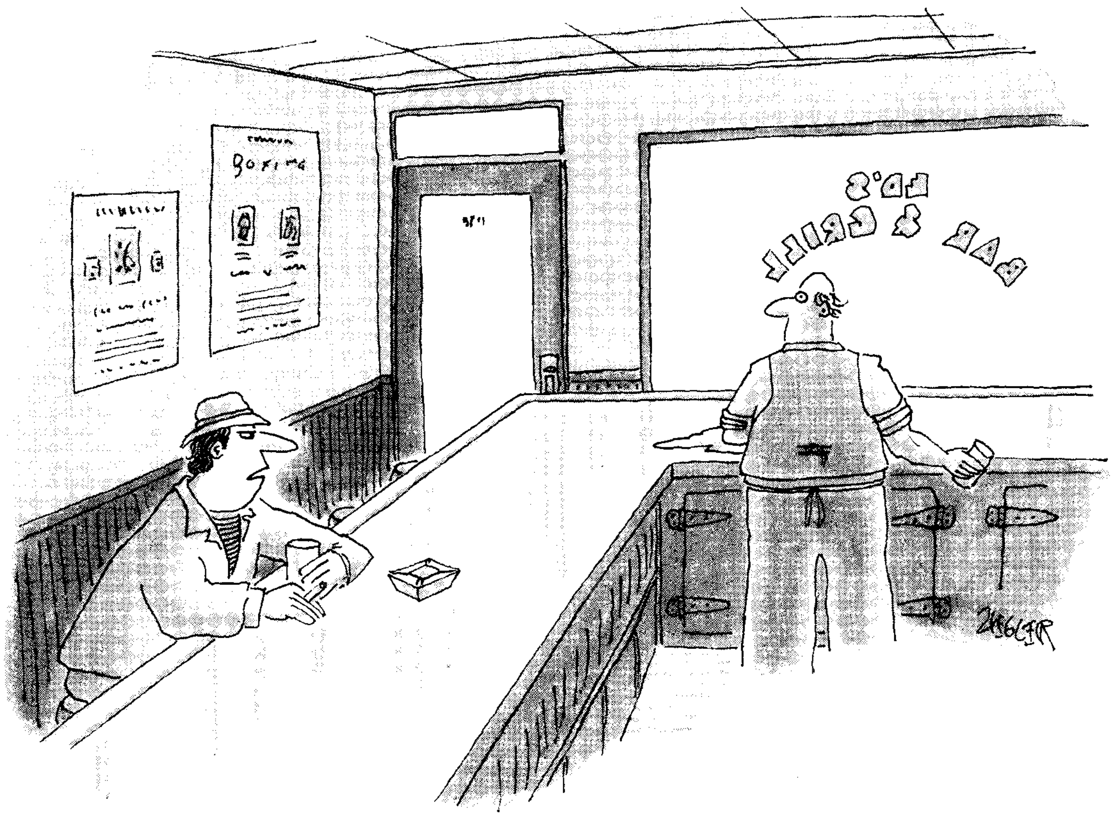
She took up the shading and the Cover-Me under-eye cream.

> Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
> For such disguise as haply shall become
> The form of my intent.

The plane had passed. The hammering sounds and the ticking of the oven timer continued. Drowning out Viola's words, she intoned, "She saw Esau sitting on a seesaw. Esau seashore, seesaw was . . ." She hummed a low ommmmmm, filling her ears with the sound of engines again.

ON the way out, the white custom-built Phaeton aircraft had cruised at an altitude of thirty-four hundred feet, at a speed of one hundred and sixty knots, on a due-easterly course over Flushing, Manhasset, Westbury, Oyster Bay, Cold Spring Harbor, Northport, and Lake Ronkonkoma, approaching Great Peconic Bay and the South Fork of Long Island. Off to the right, Kaye Wayfaring saw fishing boats in Great South Bay, and along the shoreline interlocking polygonal webs of suburban housing units, shopping malls, narrow, curving streets, and straight, wide highways thronged with traffic—a complex in which no separate villages or towns could be made out. She decided it was all called Babylon.

Kaye drooped into a restless, wakeful doze. Points of light, reflecting incessantly off the calm Atlantic, kept her partly aware, beguiling her like familiar voices ascending in chromatic scales. The Phaeton's engines whirred. Her fellow-passengers—Orphrey Whither, the director of "Avenged," and Patrick More, leading man—and the pilot, scripter Jameson O'Maurigan, chatted up front as if they were all out motoring in a tourer along some parkway down on the surface of the earth. Flying so high with three guys in the sky, then landing in paradise. (Orphrey and Jameson had promised her: paradise.) Kaye's memory, winging, replayed: stranger in paradise, stairway to paradise (top hats and canes), the Paradise Mountain Drive-In in Clayton, Georgia. *What* were paradise enow?



"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times— Hey! I'm talking to you! It was the best of times . . ."

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The picture, "Avenged," was all but completed. Jameson had written four variant endings, and Orphrey had decided to shoot each one of them. The wonted collaborators called them the earth/air/water/fire endings. One thing about "Avenged" was certain: it would finish near, at, or in the Atlantic. So may we all, Kaye Wayfaring thought. Now, now, now, now! she advised herself, remembering her mother: "You calm yourself, Miss. You are wildly distracted by the future!"

"Investing in past futures," she had been told by some sage, was the key to home.

The Phaeton drifted over Great Peconic Bay; then it tilted, veering right, looping into the descent. Kaye, terrified of landings, lighted another Lucky Strike, telling herself an actress never whimpers. Remember something more, something from school. She looked through the smoke, out the window, as the Phaeton hovered over the terrain. Remember . . . *Illyria.* The ground drew close as she gazed. She remembered "The Scan of Illyria."

In her Yale Drama days a young Shakespearean scholar called Daniel Mullein had come up from the University of Virginia to stay one academic year and had given a set of open lectures at Jonathan Edwards College. The last, on April 1st, out in the courtyard, was called "The Scan of Illyria." Kaye had been cast as Viola for the end-term "Twelfth Night," and her best friend, Jenn, as Olivia. The avid scholar had spoken of Illyria as mise en scène, as milieu, as realm, and as idea (formal, efficient, exemplary, final), enlightening the actress, who had spent half a year on assigned "life walks" observing citizens: Miss Prism ("Young women are green!") on the Green; all three sisters on one winter afternoon; Blanche, wandering down College Street, all elsewhere eyes and firm purpose ("Sometimes there's God, so quickly!"); and Goneril and Regan yakking at Pegnataro's ("Whaddya makin', Roe?" "I'm makin' *scungils*"). It was all new. Sense-memory, the intersecting circles, shtick, and the directives of her teacher, Miss C.W. ("No good art ever came out of a glamour." "Take the whole thing down to one.") Kaye had approached Daniel Mullein after the lecture. "I think I know what to do." The scholar had attended the performance of "Twelfth Night," had approved, and had returned to Charlottesville.

She felt a jolt and cried out. The others shouted back to reassure her. The Phaeton had landed. As it taxied along, Illyria welcomed them.

"THAT was a month ago," Kaye said out loud.

> I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

"Truer words you don't hear on a Sunday."

THEY had passed through the small country airport's white clapboard terminal and, led by Orphrey Whither, headed along the gravel path toward a row of stately elms shading the entrance gate. Kaye took a deep breath of air. She smelled honeysuckle, dogwood, bougainvillea, and the sea. Parked at the gate, motor running, stood a Pontiac station wagon with wood-panelled doors and running boards. At the open front door on the driver's side, wearing a classic straw picture hat with the brim turned up in front, aviator sunglasses, a flowing white smock, and spectator pumps, the fairest woman Kaye had ever seen stood waving a smoking cigarette, beckoning the party, her houseguests.

Orphrey, with executive finesse, supervised the introductions. "Pat I know you know of old, and the O'Maurigan personage. This is Kaye Wayfaring. Miss Wayfaring, meet Miss Boadicea Tillinghast—Till to her friends."

"Hello," said Kaye. "Thanks for having us all out."

"Couldn't be more attractive. Welcome to Stix Landing, the end of the line. Get in. You collection sit in back."

No Sunday traffic clogged the back road to the Tillinghast estate. No vehicle approached or overtook the slowly moving station wagon for more than a quarter of an hour, during which time Till talked without pause. Kaye listened attentively, concurrently aware of a sudden, sharp attack of hunger. She asked herself simply, relieved to be in the absolute present, What is life but gossip and nutrition? Boadicea Tillinghast. Kaye recalled an

ENDLESS GREETINGS

After years of painting no black, no gray, you experience a dream of destiny:
Thin parades of your peers in frock coats and coal-dark hats
Spell out a sentence of welcome that will outlive you.

Slippers whispering, they walk through your bedroom in Rouen, which is
Floodlit now with felicity, past your young wife, who is alive again
And leaning against the doorway in a great silver C, the hollows

Of her cheeks filled out with evening air.
Your palettes, flat as spilled beer, granulate in this light.
In a chipped plate on the table the shallow rosettes rise and waver.

On they go, past you to Giverny, where you will sit one day
With your steadied heart before that steady bridge—purple as a muscle,
A lavender shadow beneath it, and farther down

The closed eyes of the lilies. Willows lock together in subtle understanding.
Light breaks from cloth, turns to pale suggestion, and then
The lilies slide apart the curtains of pink and yellow humus, rich brown.

Now a green smoke rises. An underwater bursts up and spreads its
  mackerel skin.
The white rings of birch spin in solitude, the feminine odor of the bank infuses
The anticipation of someone running toward you, the flash of her white dress.

—Vickie Karp

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old family story. In the seventh month of her mother's second pregnancy, while the Wayfaring family was summering at the North Carolina Tidewater shore, young Jackson Bridgewood the Fourth, the firstborn, had been asked what he thought his new brother or sister might be given for a name. "If it's a girl, call it Sponge."

"Town must be hell. Well, you can cool off out here."

Kaye nodded, lighting up another Lucky Strike. Cool off, finishing "Avenged"?

"It's hard work trying to plan," Till said. "It all ends up a string—a rope—of tangled contingencies. Stock footage, back projection. Last summer I pencilled in so many sequences, orchestrated such Byzantine routines—brunches, dinners, cocktails, and complex floor shows—that in the end I just fled. I said, 'That deck out there will cave in.' I'd overheard one kindly neighbor tell another, 'Another summer featuring one Tillinghastly charade after another.' I said, 'That one is so right.' That's when I flew the coop, flew up to Manitoy, vowed nevermore. Went out to lunch. Came back in October, when the coast was clear. Hideous long, wet winter. Wind-chill factors, flat-out grim, illegitimate days. Tomorrow seemed more than ever a truly impossible day to locate. Don't miss those rhododendrons. Each day, each day. Have you tasted wild beach plums? They're yet to come. Perhaps you will stay on after 'Avenged.' One life, one day at a time. Nineteen seventy-nine is different; every sentient being is aware of it."

At Nonsuch Stix, over a festive meal of artichokes, seviche, tabouli, and shadberry fool, Boadicea Tillinghast continued her reminiscences.

"Then, when the ground broke in the January thaw—midwinter spring, snowdrops, mist—we all ran off on a dig. Turned up all kinds of evocative props, whole pails of them. Don't have a clue what any of it is, but it's all authentic. Rain for whole long weeks on end. Easter was not amusing—muddy, very muddy. Lots of damage to the dunes. May's been a lark, and now you."

As Kaye Wayfaring relaxed, sipping icy Moët, the host interrogated the three men on New York and "Avenged." Orphrey Whither spoke with severe relish and mock dismay of spiralling production costs, weather conditions, the treacherous antics of industry zombies, and the bankability of the leading lady. Jameson O'Maurigan and Patrick More dwelled wistfully on the more metaphysical aspects of the total picture—the picture girding the picture "Avenged." The sun had begun to set. Kaye Wayfaring stood up. "I'm for a walk on the beach."

"Good, let me point the way. You go off wandering. I'll bandy remarks with the committee."

Walking westward in twilight, at low tide, Kaye set about framing her particular complaint. She told herself she did not feel that swell.

Now, cut that out. Look at you. Just *look* at you!

It won't work, not this time, no.

Positively gorgeous. Echt. The truth's the truth.

The truth is old, fat, bald, and ugly. I don't think I'm such a much.

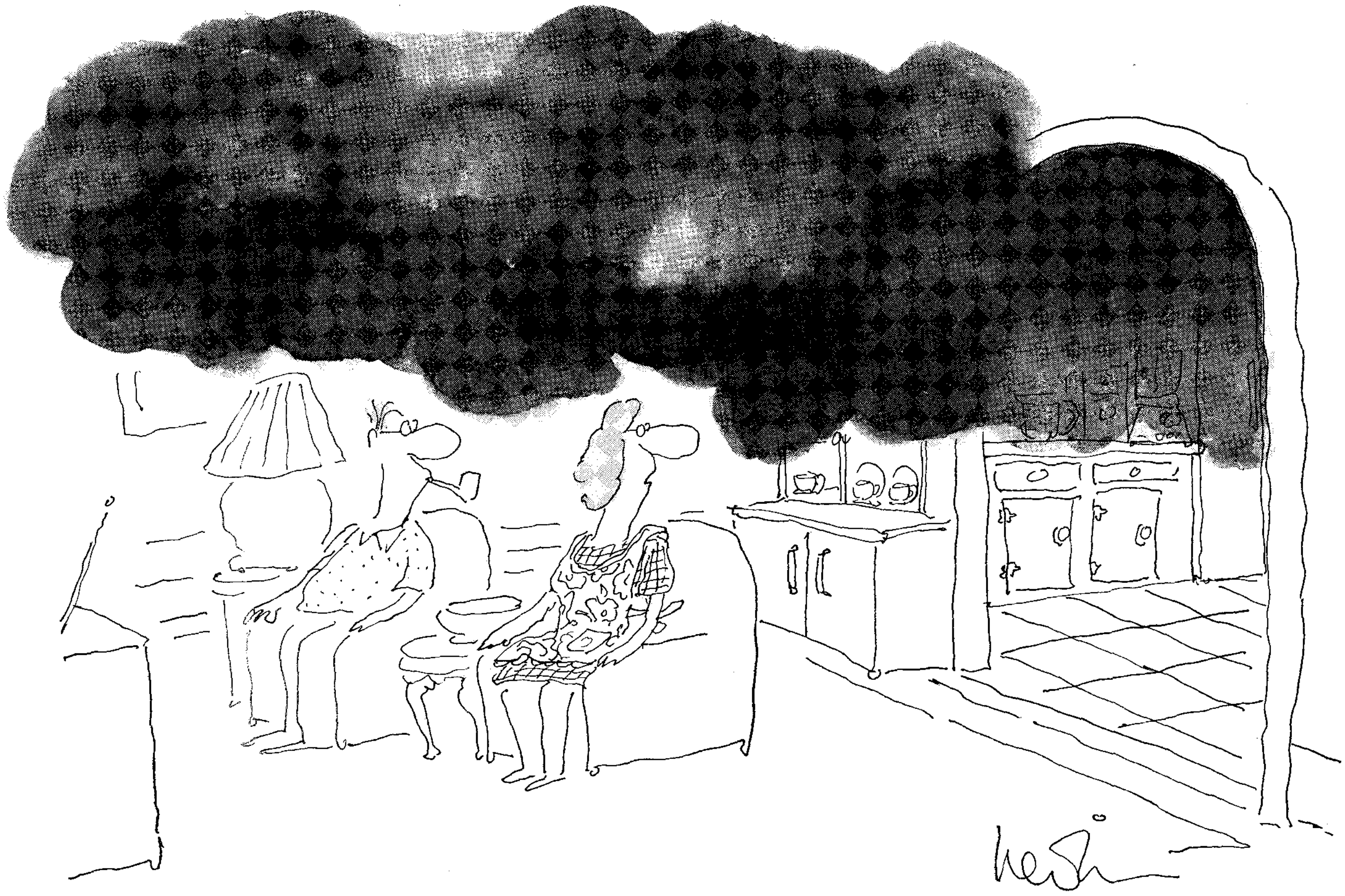
She strode a way, then sat down. Once, at the seashore in North Carolina, her brother and his cohorts had buried her up to her neck in the sand and stalked away into the surf, leaving her like Ariadne, Kaye's pet mythological frail, ditched on some rock in the middle of nowhere, abandoned by that double-crosser she'd saved from extinction in the dark underground. She'd played the fool.

I'll get this out of me yet.

Removing her old kimono, she waded boldly into the freezing cold Atlantic at seven-forty in the evening. Buoyed by the swell of a wave, she looked back at the garment draped over a length of driftwood, suggesting the form of a lounger.

Having a fabulous time? Life here is said to be idyllic. They go about merrily digging up the past and wearing it. And what would they all say if word leaked out that she's in the habit of talking to her clothing? Jung talked to his pots and pans—so what? She rode a high wave, turned, and looked at the horizon. How could Jackson have drowned, the fool. H never trusted a soul. Then he drowned She turned to look back to shore. I the failing light the kimono seemed t be Ariadne.

Ospreys circled overhead, screeching, disrupting, the way the gulls ha the day Jack drowned. A wave hi



"I'll go have a look-see."

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from behind, tumbling her into the shoals. She pushed ashore, trembling. No, I am not an osprey.

Walking back, she focussed her gaze on the gray house and the windmill. Nonsuch Stix. Ought to be called something *wyck*—Tillwyck. She thought of the place she might one year own. Kaywyck, Waywyck, Farewyck? She and her brother had declared themselves twin satraps of an entire plantation village, Wayfaring-upon-Amazon. They had assumed the identities of Sheena and Jack Wayfaring, the Swamp Fox; of She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed-and-Adored and J. B. Wayfaring, the Scourge of the Jungle. In the back yard's one tall oak they had made a tree house out of willow branches and timber from a disused still. Jackson Bridgewood hated cars: their polis was entirely maritime, like Venezia. Coracles, sampans, barges, junks—they would own and run them all. They might or might not encourage tourism. They would surely entertain and perform masques.

She found Till and the men playing Mille Bornes while looking at the Indianapolis 500 on television. Moments later, smoking idly, she told herself: much like watching paint dry on a barn wall.

PAINT dry fast cars dead men tell no tales but ours.

> Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
> And call upon my soul within the house;
> Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
> And sing them loud even in the dead of night.

Miss Wayfaring concentrated on painting her face. Eyebrow pencil, wet bark; eyeshadow, cream taupe, accents in teal and emerald rain, dusted over then with translucent powder.

> My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
> As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
> I should your lordship....
> I am all the daughters of my father's house,
> And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.

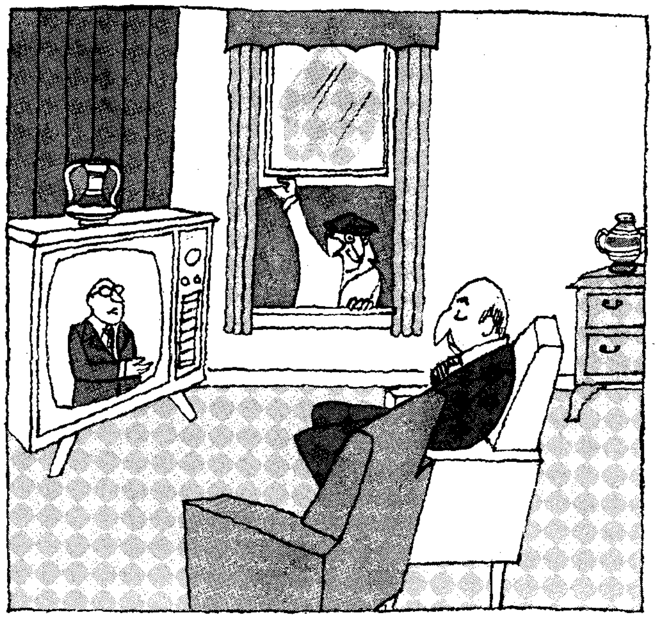
They've been dead for years and years. Promised myself to stay off the horn this last month, and I did. Contending with the fearful black-cord disease. Even left the worn black book in the wall safe at the Dakota, stashed away with the old letters, the snapshots, and the charm bracelet.

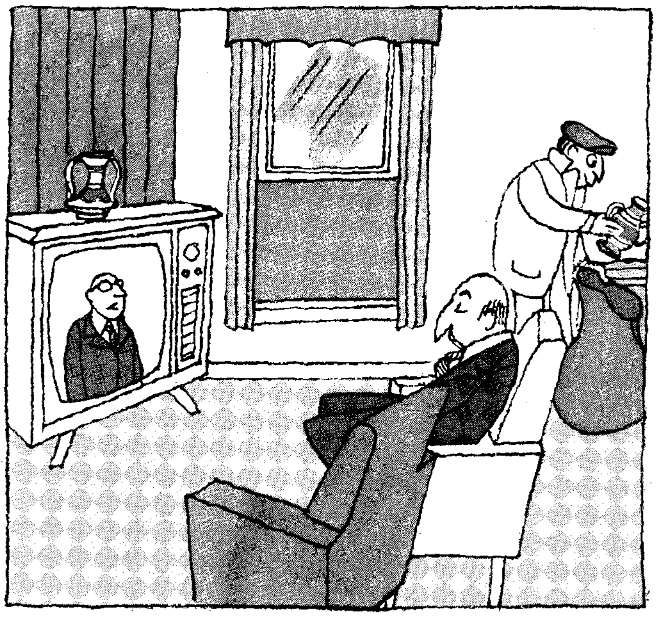
Jenn's here with me, Jenn and her Tristan, magical plucker. We all love one another, like family.

What's become of Wayfaring? She's died in all her pictures. Doing a play again, wherein she survives. Dreamed the opening-night nightmare on schedule—unprepared, no lines, undressed, bald as a bean. Audience of gorgons and burping warthogs clapping in tumbril 4/4. Every vortical detail, as Till did say. All the while, in waking life, friends provide the needed nourishment. Bouillon, herb tea, seltzer, rosemary for remembrance . . . no, that one drowned; right church, wrong pew. Be staunch. Here she is, sittin' up, takin' nou'shment. I loved it when it was all new, before I had to get up at dawn to be found dead.

> I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

ON the morning after the party's arrival at Nonsuch Stix, overcast skies had held up shooting. Affronted, Orphrey Whither raged, seated magisterially in a fanback wicker chair at the edge of a potato field, underneath the stoutest elm on Further Lane. A few yards off, in the field, gaffers





slouched on a worn Army blanket, shooting craps. The key grip and the best boy sat apart in camp chairs, sipping coffee, eating Danish, reading *Variety* and the "I Ching."

In "Avenged" 's earth ending, the heroine, Candace, would perish when her Porsche 911SC swerved off the road at some lunatic speed and hit the sentinel elm head on. The setup for the aftermath—the vehicle crushed against the tree's trunk—had been examined at every angle and approved by the director. Required now for the shot to begin rolling in Panavision were the presence of sunlight, of the leading man, Patrick More, standing next to the tree, and of Candace's body shrouded in the wreckage by a broken branch in bright new leaf.

Kaye Wayfaring lay on a long aluminum table in her trailer, looking sideways out the door at the art and science of motion pictures, having been efficiently made up into a hideous, blood-soaked quantum of torn flesh and shattered bone. "This is what it is to act," she mumbled, sipping hot black coffee through a straw. Forbidden to move her jaw or part her lips, she gritted her teeth, glared fiercely, and hissed.

Jameson O'Maurigan, sitting opposite, spoke soothing words. "We'll have a swim, then eat cake, laugh, point fingers, and go flying nowhere and back."

I don't eat cake, she objected silently.

The sun came out. Kaye was wheeled to the wrecked Porsche, hoisted, deposited, arranged, and covered with the broken branch. Orphrey Whither approached her.

"One short take, Miss Wayfaring. Eyes open in death, no expression. Ready—roll!"

Kaye blanked. The sun struck her eyes and bathed her face, revealing her. She heard a voice from the past call out, "Don't look at the sun that way!" She held fast, counting seconds, seeing colored spheres gyrating in a white glare, until she heard her director call out, "Cut! Print it."

The actress emerged, alive. "Let me go swim this muck off." She headed with Jameson down the road to Rhubarb Beach, past scattered batches of onlookers—townspeople and holidaymakers eager for a glimpse of Kaye Wayfaring in the flesh. The "Avenged" crew, breaking, followed along behind. Orphrey Whither's chair was planted on top of the highest rise. He sat down to view this interim sequence.

Boadicea Tillinghast had telephoned Kip's Liquors and East End Delicatessen, and by noon four beach buggies had arrived, loaded with crates of chilled wine and platters of baroque eats. Orphrey Whither picked up a bullhorn and aimed it at the surf.

"Miss Wayfaring is requested on the set!"

Out beyond the breakers, Kaye turned to Jameson.

"What on earth is he up to? You know, don't you."

"What should I know? I just work here, same as you."

"You do, though—I know you do."

"Once I knew. Those were the days."

"What are those trucks? What's the game?"

"The old questions are the great questions."

"You know."

Orphrey Whither descended from his dune to meet her halfway down the beach. Tendering a knot of slipper orchids, he spoke a sotto-voce aside. "Give the citizens a smile, Miss Wayfaring. We're celebrating your birthday."

"You old twister, it isn't until Wednesday."

"All art is rearrangement."

"There won't be anybody here on Wednesday?"

"Nobody but us cousins. Come and be radiant and cut the cake."

SHE pasted one long false eyelash onto her left eye. She reached for a rose from the cluster of thirteen opening up. "To the Wayf, from two fast friends," the white card read. They were a good pair, those two. It is not good for man to be alone, the poor, rambunctious item.

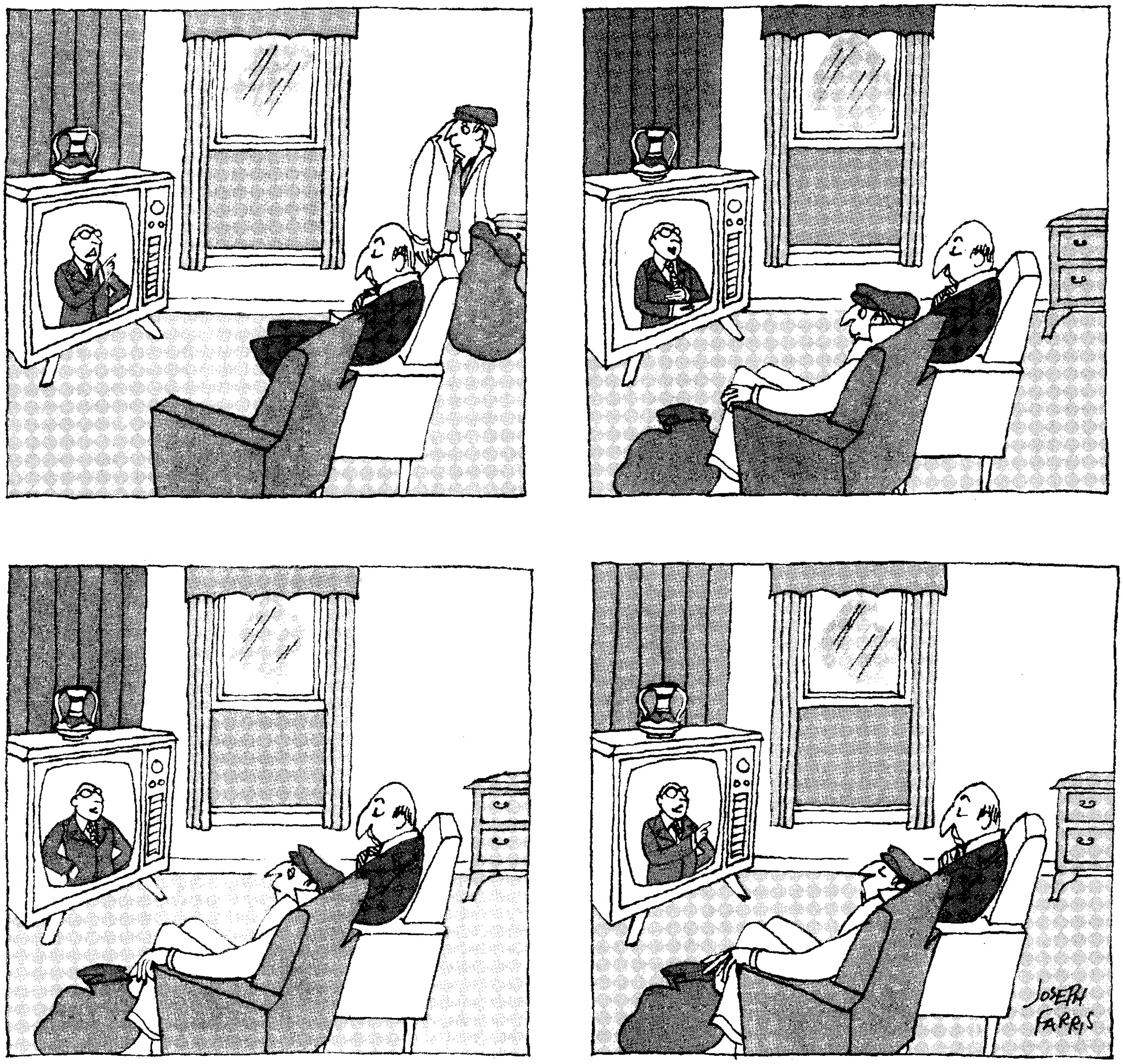
By innocence I swear, and by my
  youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and
  one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never
  none
Shall mistress be of it, save I
  alone.

Never Candace, nor Viola.

She remembered her mother standing on the back veranda, gaily toasting empty space. "Here's to the men in our lives. The stinkers."

I resemble my mother. She looked at herself. Resemble? It's the same face. It looks at the world the same way.

JAMESON had taken Kaye flying, as he'd promised. The white Phaeton circled over the town, the beach, and the splendid estates.



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Kaye, calmed, had nearly run out of remarks. "Nobody working down there."

"Oh, but they are. They all are," Jameson assured her, smiling. "It all looks as serene as Illyria from this height, but they're all at it down there. Absolutely everybody working on another play, picture, book, pot, song, dance, life. There are also farmers planting potatoes, fishermen out trawling, and the like."

"Too bad we don't get to meet the ike in our great work."

"Look down there. See that long lat stretch? That's where they shot Valentino in 'The Sheik.' "

I'm listening and learning, she told herself. Something about topography and cloud formations and obedience o flight patterns and magnetism relative to the North Pole. I'll get it bit by bit.

GOT that? Get her. They got her.

UPON landing, she was drafted, as is. Swept up and off in a chopper to a cliff near Montauk Light, she was stationed out on the edge and shot playing at choking to death in thin air.

That was the one that was fun, in a stark way. Dialogue with wind machine, do-re-mi-faaa, do-re-mi-faaa, do-re-mi-faaa . . . She died on G. Then came O.W.'s pat on the head. "Gemini is air; ruler, Mercury the messenger. A job well done, Miss Wayfaring." What was that great old line? "Well, darlings, if you *must* go, try to remember one only did it for the money."

Come and cart this one off in a good, tight net.

THE first of the fireworks exploded, scoring the darkened sky in red, silver, and electric blue. Trailing white smoke lingered in a web of streaks outside the window. She looked at herself made up, then shut her eyes again. Why are we the way we are? Keep checking the facts, the prints, and the m.o. She sat still, eyes shut, practicing isometrics, looking through the old snapshots she had left locked in the wall safe on Central Park West. In the first, taken on her seventh birthday, she was alone, standing upright in outsize heels, looking staunch, wearing lipstick, holding a palmetto fan. On the back her father had written, "Born on Decoration Day—She's some swell decoration that's a fact." The matinée-idol lout. It's a wonder she didn't hit the big town deciding to call herself Decoration Wayfaring. In the second, she stood arm in arm with Jenn. She was costumed as the boy Cesario, in breeches and jerkin, her hair clipped, waved, and dyed coal black, her attitude colt swagger. On the back she had written, "Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man."

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling
  drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong
  corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

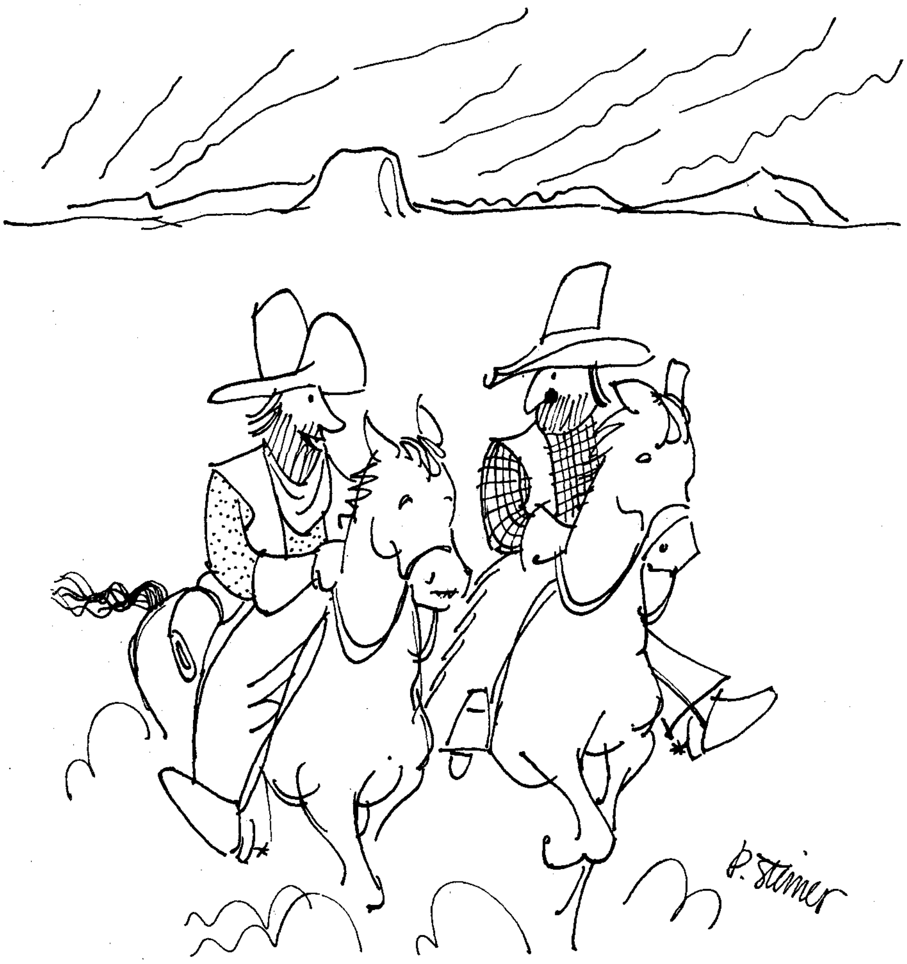
The fireworks continued exploding.

It had rained the night before the water ending.

SHE had lain still, counting sovereign heads and snapshot faces. What to do to mulch dead kin? Within minutes in the darkness she realized sleep would fail to arrive. A warning stir, one she likened to a whisper, an aura, only soundless, lightless, came from nowhere knowable, from a lost reach. She sat up, switched on the light, and tried reading something in current events containing pertinent information on a subject to which aware citizens in a participatory democracy ought to direct their attention, but she could not. Then, smoking, hedging familiar panic, she slowly force-read from the beginning a recently issued as-told-to, remnants of the life of a legendary icon-firefly of the silent screen: the meteoric rise, the peak, the feasting; the amatory excess, the headlong descent, the penitential survival alone in a room—until the electric storm knocked out the lights and she lay listening to the thunder, trying not to see the old photographs again, or the photographs in the as-told-to's picture section, and failing.

An hour or so before dawn, she fell into that state of anguish in which mismatched words and images, shaping nothing genuine, besiege the mind, paralyzing intention: shouts, laughter, warnings, threats, unknown composite faces, architecture never built, varieties of grotesque vegetation. Then came enraged indictments from the past, coincident with gibberish dispatches from a future that does not exist but assures annihilation.

The storm ended, and she lay looking through the skylight, smoking. She heard her mother's voice calling from long ago, "Jackson, kindly inform your sister that when she is finished being mindless, supper's on the table and there's preparations for tomorrow." She slept until eleven.



"Do you mind if I call you 'podner'?"

"HALF hour, Miss Wayfaring!" The ship's clock struck one bell.

Methinks his words do from such
  passion fly,
That he believes himself; So do
  not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove
  true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en
  for you!

SHE stood with Jameson on the beach, looking out at the Atlantic. "Now I don't want to do it."

"I know you don't."

"I'll do it, though. The thing is what it brings back. The only question there really is—the two-part one I'm never able to shake for any decent interval. How will I die? Will it hurt?"

"Kaye, don't."

"How do you dream this stuff up, all you who do?"

"I can't say I wish I knew."

"Well, cheer up—it's only a movie."

The scene bell rang. Kaye Wayfaring set off along the beach as the cameras tracked her from the front and from the side. In spite of the presence of collaborators, she had never felt more the sole perpetrator, never more isolated, more bereft. She made no attempt to seem or to act. She kept walking, feeling her hooded costume shrouding her completely. The surf beat in short, dull thumps. She looked straight into the camera—a thing she had never done. She blinked, opened her mouth as if to speak, then swerved and waded into the Atlantic. She turned her head, screamed, and disappeared beneath the waves.

Moments later she stood wrapped in a beach robe as Orphrey Whither approached.

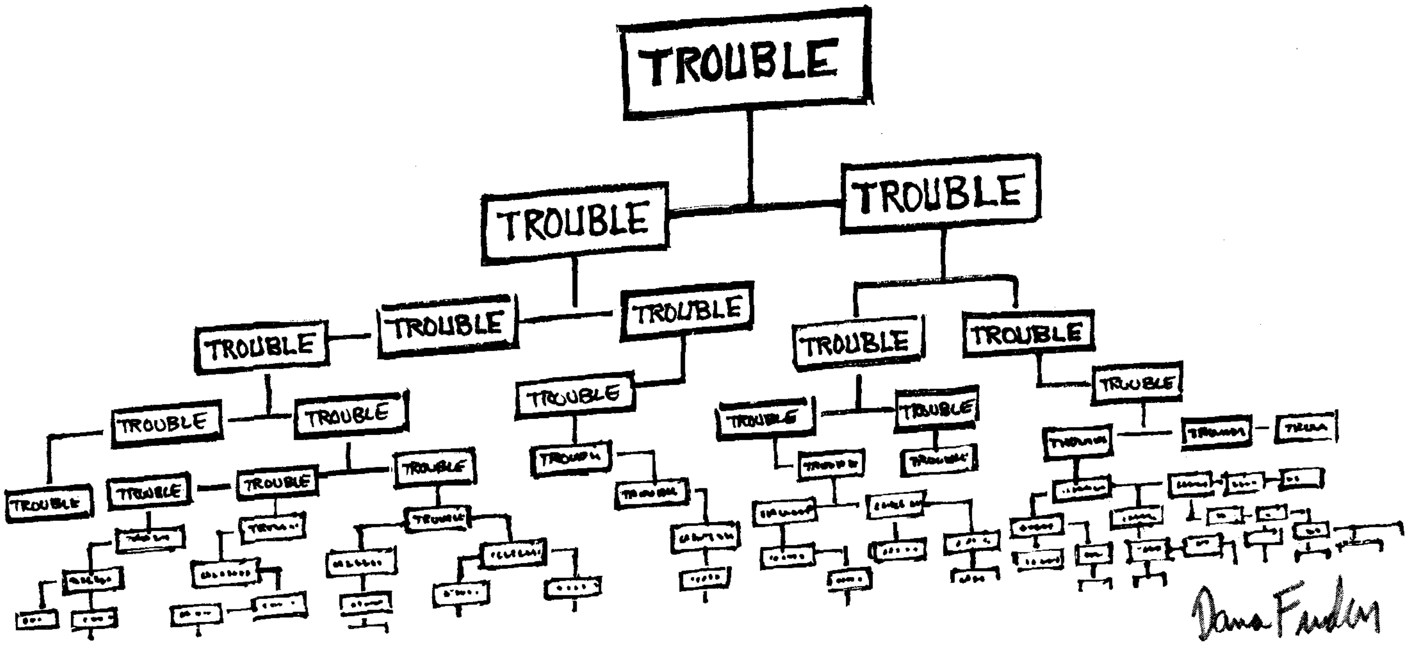
"Don't ever ask me to do that kind of thing again."

"I think we have what we need."

"I'm glad of that."

SHE had assumed the face of Viola yet Candace kept exploding. Th fireworks flashed in quickening suc cession, each burst flung at the sky re minding Kaye of battles she'd been tol of as a child—of cannons, war play all the martial clamor in the name o Wayfaring and man's country, thi U.S.A.

Fear eats the soul to keep fit.



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The apprentices had finished with the set. The light crew was running the opening storm sequence one last time. Suddenly, from directly beneath the window, Kaye heard familiar music—young maestro Tristan Beltane playing the F-sharp opening to his "Willow Cabin" suite, completed that same morning. The composer's dexterity and the intricate clarity of his musical statement invited her to attempt proving again what it might be to go on, to take on so.

> In favor was my brother; and he went
> Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
> For him I imitate. O! if it prove,
> Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

How did this "Twelfth Night" come up? Who said what first, what next?

IN the evening, after the water ending, Kaye Wayfaring had received a welcome visitor.

"You know I seldom get up here, and it's my favorite corner of all."

"It would be mine."

"Then you must stay on and on."

"Thank you, Till. I feel at home."

" 'Avenged' is nearly finished."

"And it's all theirs. I have no opinion whatever of Wayfaring in it."

"Opinion is the fundament of all misery."

"I'll drink to that."

"And to success, notwithstanding."

"Success. Notwithstanding what?"

"Notwithstanding anything."

"Here's how."

"*Slainte.*"

The whiskey warmed the new friends as Boadicea Tillinghast expanded her text. "I mean, here we are, so let's. Let them say what they will. That sort of thing, you know?"

"Sure, what the hell."

"You said it."

Kaye felt enlivened by this civilized vaudevillian, the kind of striking woman forties comediennes cast as sidekicks played, who seemed to be in on some merrily exponential solution to woe itself.

"What I like to do up here is watch the sky pass over. Do you gaze?"

"Gaze?"

"Stars."

"Oh. No, I did as a child—or rather my brother did, pointing constellations out. The names were all important-sounding, resonant. But I never studied astronomy, no."

"Very comforting, celestial investigation."

"I must try it while I'm here."

"I highly recommend it."

"Here's to celestial investigation."

"And to success. And to Happy Birthday."

"Thank you again."

"The scheme tonight is moon conjunct Jupiter. Great expectations."

"There's a mercy."

"Talking of schemes, would you like to do a play?"

"Do a play. How?"

"To do a thing, one does it. Let's do it here."

"But the Council season is all set. I saw the signs."

"Oh, not with *them!*"

"Well then, with whom?"

"Well then with us."

"Us. You?"

"The Nonsuch Stix Repertory Company of Friends. We're really very good."

"I see. And where?"

"Oh, right here at Nonsuch Stix."

"Wait, now, let me see if I can envision all this."

"FIFTEEN minutes, Miss Wayfaring!"

She closed her eyes. What she saw first was another of the photographs—one she had taken herself, of her mother standing alone on the front veranda of the house in Clayton, Georgia. The large, dark eyes were shadowed under the wide brim of a white straw picture hat, but the other components of the smile—the mouth, the nose, and the set of the jaw—were clearly outlined. The smile, a stretched, snapshot smile, resembled an amusement-park-billboard grin. It was her mother's matinée smile; it read, "Everybody come in here to the festivities!"

Next she saw movement—figures rushing about. She ran past her mother, through the house, out into the back yard, where her mind's eye staked out a vantage, underneath the willow, which allowed a view through a tendril curtain: the old victory garden, the back veranda, and, to the left of the house, the tall oak and the tree house. A clothesline had been strung between the oak and the hickory at the property's north boundary, and a traverse curtain fashioned out of a surplus parachute and dozens of brass rings some dead Wayfaring had left in a steamer trunk (wrapped in a remnant of stars-and-bars bunting, with a note attached: "Won every one") had been hung to be drawn

A GAME CALLED FEAR

The young cows run in the sound of the river,
making a noise on the grass,
clumsy but full of gaiety. Not like the water.
There is the sound of birds in the white air.
The road is wet with rain,
the trees still and quiet.
The young cows are not afraid, I can tell you.
They stop and look together in one direction,
then run to the other end of the field
as if they were playing a game called fear.
The sky is silent and the river is loud
this time of year.

—LINDA GREGG

---

across the playing area. The figures were setting up folding chairs.

“BUT what if the deck caves in?”

Boadicea Tillinghast frowned. “We don’t perform on the deck.”

“Sorry.”

“Nonsense. Glad you brought it up. Very important question indeed. We did *not* play last summer. I hit the road. Most appalling cowardice.”

“And this summer?”

“We must atone. We must deliver again.”

“You sound very serious.”

“I am—very serious.”

“And you think Wayfaring would fit in?”

“Well, she can act; I’ve seen her.”

“Isn’t she one of those picture people?”

“Oh, I’ve seen her on the stage—once, in ‘Twelfth Night.’ ”

Kaye laughed. “You came to Yale?”

“Oh, all the time. C.W. was a dear, particular friend.”

“Was Wayfaring any good?”

“She had remarkable eyes. Still does, really.”

“But could she talk?”

“She owned her words. She picked up her cues and flew.”

“Kid on the run.”

“There is a fierce need to replenish, to renew incessantly, keeping up appearances. You realize we’re never supposed to stop.”

“All I seem to do is stop.”

“Stop, not finish?”

“Exactly. Fire ending tomorrow. ‘Avenged’ over and out. Wayfaring left to go on.”

WHERE was Till now? Making up herself, in another room, to go on. In the back yard of the star’s mind the summer-evening festivities in Clayton progressed. (In Kaye’s memory, Wayfaring revels never ended; she’d fled from them.) There she was, spotlighted in the tree house, costumed in parachute silk, enacting the wayward Guinevere.

There lingered Jackson Bridgewood Wayfaring the Fourth, in the scuppernong arbor.

THE oven timer sounded.

She’d slept on it, all of it, and here she was.

“Ten minutes, Miss Wayfaring!”

Ten minutes! My hair, my nails, my face! I must look a fright.

I do not. I look the part. Viola, not Candace. Candace has been extinguished. I remember exactly how.

Outside, the pinwheel production-number *finish* started. The room turned red, blue, more red. The smell of sulphur grew strong. Voices cheered the spectacle as Kaye sat still and heard her words.

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what ’twas but distraction.

THEY had dressed her in white batiste and blocked her seated at a long Directoire table in the loft of the disused Tillinghast barn, surrounded the area with mirrors, waited for the sunset, smashed the mirrors to pieces, ringed the set with stage-fire barrows, set them alight, and filmed Candace writing her last letters—to the man who had left her and to the world she would leave. Kaye, sitting, waiting for the take, wrote to Jenn and Tristan Beltane.

Dearest,

The latest in abreaction and accidie: she sits here draining herself of the stuff of life. (Looking alive, she’d compromise the image.) In this, the fire ending, she goes strenuously bonkers (dead around the irises) in the atelier, and flares to cinders in front of the mirrors she’s just smashed. Vility, madness—snuffed out. So I need you quick out here. . . .

It’s really very simple. We’re going to do “Twelfth Night; or, What You Will” on the croquet lawn at Nonsuch Stix, with a complex of local stalwarts, to raise cash to renovate the meeting hall, repair the erosion suffered by the dunes, and save the elms from the Dutch blight. Plus we’ll spread joy. (Candace is a killjoy; she is making Wayfaring nuts and sad.) Please say yes, here is the plan. . . .

THE last explosions illuminated the night sky.

And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As does that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

I never watched the fire-ending rushes.

The actor suited in motley crouched at the foot of the stage and set about beating an orotund parade drum softly as Tristan Beltane positioned himself upstage left and began strumming chords and runs. The audience was summoned. “Show time! Show time!”

Overhead, the moon had begun its Julian transit of Pluto, Uranus, and Neptune. Kaye closed the window, standing to one side to avoid being seen from below by the audience arriving at their seats. There were Whither, O’Maurigan, and Boss Tillinghast, Yankee dreadnought, keeping tabs on the take. Boadicea, as Maria, wrongly costumed, looked like Rembrandt’s Saskia as Flora the Walking Maypole. Through the turnstile passed this one, that one, and the other one. Famous faces, very nearly, nearly, not nearly. Moving mouths expressed opinions. One day they would all be right. They were all right then, in certain discrete situations. Life is a dream—it says so.

Who are those women Jameson’ reaching toward that way? Lord, it’ Mawrdew Czgowchwz, my idol an nemesis, and Jameson’s aunt, th Countess Madge O’Meaghre Gau tier—neither of them looking two day over forty-nine. Who’s that coming i behind them? It’s Chimère and minion. That one—he’ll be shootin the whole performance through some hidden periscope nostril camera, and I won't be able to prove a thing, or want him to stop, either.

I clawed my way to the top. No, I did not. I'm good, I'm kind. Or else this is not the top. Look at all those lovely paying customers. Get out and go to a play. Nineteen seventy-nine is different; every sentient being is aware of it. I'm having an opinion; it's the music. If I start to cry, what then? Dear God, let her not be swamped. She has a performance to give. She's never been a no-show. Let her go on, get off, go home—those whereabouts, wherever they next may be. Let me take this down to one.

"Curtain time, Miss Wayfaring!"

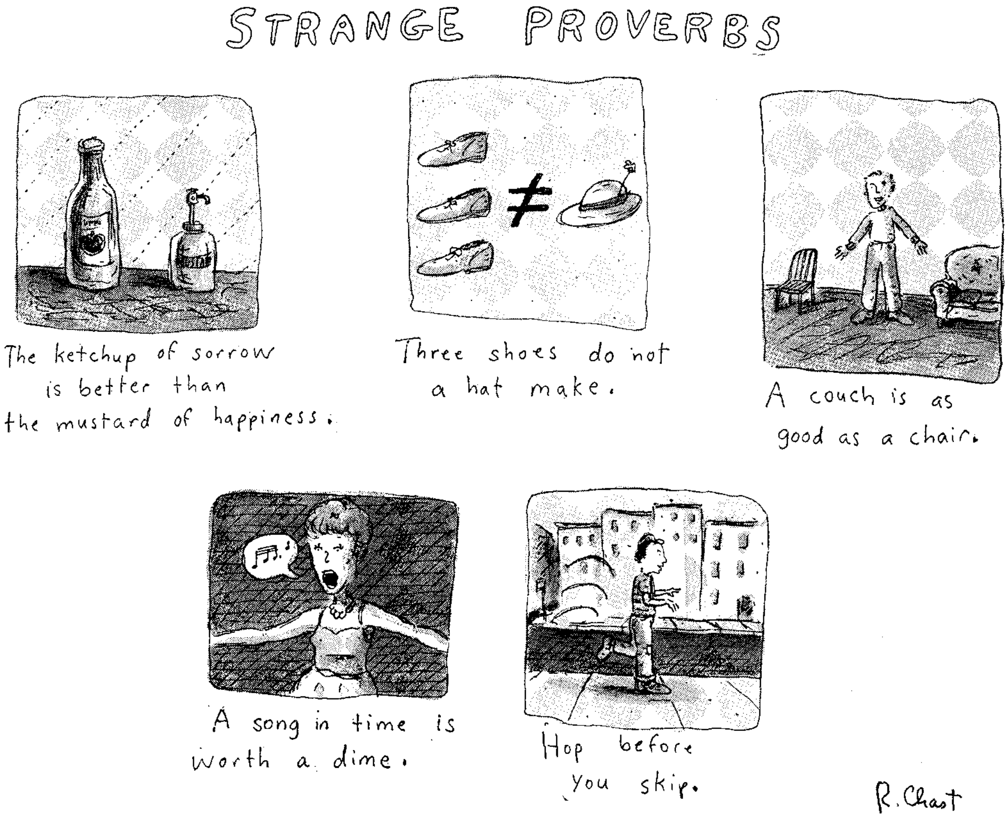
The door of the windmill's top room opened slowly. A voice below commanded, "Overture and beginners!" The sound of the parade drum beating in 4/4 time was augmented by the rattling of aluminum sheets to represent a storm. Then the opening cadence of "Willow Cabin," in F-sharp, for krummhorn, sackbut, viol, and lute. Kaye Wayfaring descended, awake—left the rack to hit the deck.

"Twelfth Night; or, What You Will" had begun at Nonsuch Stix. Patrick More spoke to the instrumental ensemble:

> If music be the food of love, play
> on;
> Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.
> That strain again! it had a dying
> fall . . .

The waking dreamer took short, processional steps, concentrating on the path. She would reach her mark in just the time it took, charged with the outtake loop she'd dreamed the night before. Her late dream would take her to one.

The dreamer stood on the back veranda alone, watching the summer-evening festivities. The performance had ended; the figures had cleared the folding chairs. In the light of multicolored Japanese lanterns, couples were dancing the foxtrot to postwar hits from 78s spinning on the Victrola. Lancelot, dressed down to Kilroy the Spectacular, had sped off in the Packard with his cronies. She waved goodbye to the Clayton dancers, who stopped all at once and, as the record needle stuck on an upbeat phrase, turned together in a phalanx and waved back as the Wayfaring house slipped from its moorings and drifted into the night. Her mother ran toward her, missing the sailing by seconds. She cried out, "Watch yourself, Miss Defiant!"


STRANGE PROVERBS
The ketchup of sorrow is better than the mustard of happiness.
Three shoes do not a hat make.
A couch is as good as a chair.
A song in time is worth a dime.
Hop before you skip.
R. Chast

• •

The dreamer turned and walked into the kitchen to find herself in the Grand Saloon of the R.M.S. Boadicea. Couples uniformly dressed to the nines were dancing a hectic beguine across a mirrored parquet floor. The dreamer wove through them, swivelling, executing backbends with abandon. The dancing passengers encircled her, crooning:

"Dream lover, put your arms around you . . ."

Two strangers accosted her, acting mock-ominous:

"I'm the woman without a shadow."

"I'm the man who knew too much."

She fled from the Grand Saloon, out onto the rear deck. The man and the woman called after her:

"That deck out there will cave in!"

She stood alone at the taffrail and watched the lights of imperial Manhattan recede until there was nothing to see in the darkness and nothing to hear but the voices of sailors below, singing an off-key chantey, the words of which were a catalogue of the clipper ship's sails. The rear deck was now the fo'c'sle.

> *"Flying jib—jib—foremast*
> *stays'l*
> *Fores'l—fore lower tops'l*
> *Fore upper tops'l*
> *Fore t'gallants'l blow the man*
> *down."*

There was no wind, but the clipper ship moved forward, slicing through a glass-calm sea, bound south-southeast. Over the chantey's drone the dreamer sang:

> *"Blow the wind southerly,*
> *southerly southerly,*
> *Bring back my sweet bonny lover*
> *to me."*

There was no wind. A tempest rose in a dream instant. Lashed to the mast in a fierce icy rain, the dreamer underwent an ordeal of transformation. She became Odysseus. Sirens sang in multiple Kaye Wayfaring voices:

> *"While far from heaven and thee*
> *I wander in a fragile bark*
> *O'er life's tempestuous sea . . .*
> *This way turn your bows,*
> *Moor and be merry . . .*
> *O bring back, O bring back*
> *O bring back my bonny to me."*

Odysseus, male, despaired. The vessel sank. The voyager drowned. The night sea journey ended.

Kaye Wayfaring drifted at dawn, naked in a coracle. Soon the boat was washed onto a beach sloping down from a rise where a windmill overlooked the seacoast. A solitary figure stood there waiting, holding a cowled, rough-spun garment folded over one arm. The dreamer, wading through the shoals, arms at her sides, approached and addressed the stranger.

Kaye Wayfaring stood in the hot rose glow, turned, and spoke:

"What country, friends, is this?"

"This is Illyria, lady."

—JAMES MCCOURT

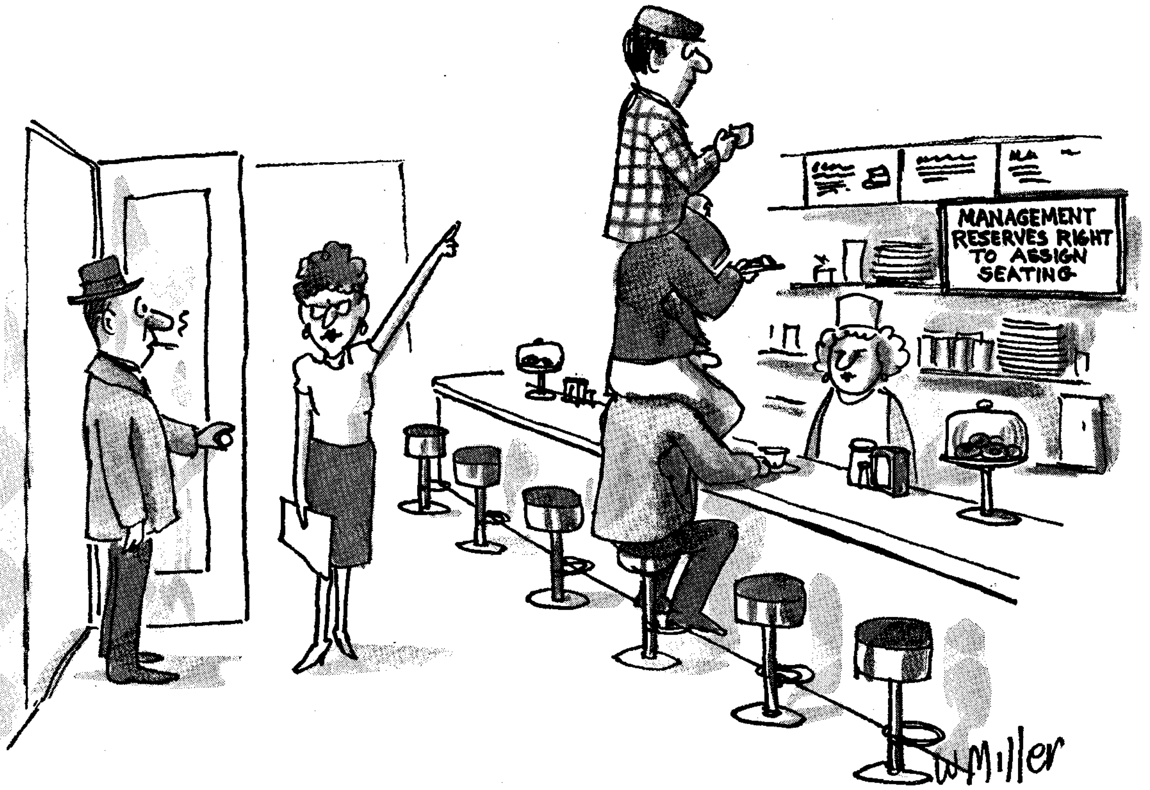
A REPORTER IN EUROPE

PARIS

PARISIANS read the paper the way an old Baptist goes to church—for the terror and solace and satisfactions of the instruction. It seems to be in their character. Parisians think of themselves as heirs to a history of great events rather than of small and sometimes even ignoble incidents, and so they tend to translate the details of their national life into important pedagogic *matériel*, having to do with civilization and its future. One of the first duties of the French press, in fact, is to distract them from a fatal suspicion that France and civilization may not be entirely synonymous as concepts. Jean Daniel, who runs the news weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*, will talk about, say, unemployment in America or England as "*chômage*," but unemployment in France becomes "*une question de civilisation*." For André Fontaine, the editorial writer at *Le Monde*, French influence in the oil sheikhdoms is a question of civilization, too—but so, for that matter, is the success of the annual picnic for *Le Monde's* typographers.

It is expected of people like Daniel and Fontaine to make this sort of pious, hyperbolic statement. Frenchmen from Diderot and the Encyclopédistes to Fernand Braudel and the Archivistes have considered themselves, by birthright, the arbiters and cataloguers of Western civilization—its official overseers, so to speak—but this does not mean that Frenchmen, either by tradition or by temperament, have ever had any real enthusiasm for the facts about civilization, neutral and unadorned. It is *l'imaginaire*, and the imaginative act of evaluating and describing, that excites them. They are romantics, under cover of their own belief in themselves as rationalists. The confusion in their lives has nothing to do with the left and the right, as they would have it. It has to do with Voltaire and Rousseau—and it has been going on for centuries, because the French, finally, are an anarchic people, given to excess, who live in great, bourgeois dread of their excesses. They may drive too fast and eat too much, but their most earnest efforts, from French grammar to the French state, have to do with controlling themselves, containing themselves, calming themselves with elaborate ideologies and systems. They believe in their systems, and to keep believing they will deny that anything in the world exists unless they have had something definite to say about it, somewhere to place it in the categories of their thought, some way to decide its value to themselves. To the French, literature means precisely those titles that Gallimard prints across the delicate, gold-line spines of the Éditions les Pléiades. Philosophy is the collective taste of the Academy. Music is mainly the taste of Pierre Boulez, who came home from New York three years ago to a job that translates loosely as President of French Music. And news, to be serious, must by some miracle of subject or timing accommodate what people here call *le discours*—by which they mean that persistent discussion about reality which keeps a professional Parisian intelligentsia entertained and earning money while "reality" goes on, for good or ill, right or wrong, regardless of the talk.

All this makes a big business of opinion. Paris, with a quarter the population of New York City, still has eight major newspapers (even though most of those papers lose money), four national news weeklies, and hundreds of journals and reviews of varying inscrutability, intention, and mischief—from Philippe Sollers's *Tel Quel* to *La Vie Catholique du Berry*. Twenty-seven thousand books are published here every year. Three state television networks—TF1, Antenne 2, and France-Régions 3—devote over a third of their programming to news and documentaries and are planning more. And Parisians themselves always seem to be reading something, watching something, hurrying through traffic with rolls of magazines and papers tucked up under their arms—the way sentiment and the movies usually have them carrying loaves of bread. *Le discours* is the city's software. The trendy thought has replaced the mantelpiece Sèvres as status symbol for a whole new bourgeoisie that has moved "up" to Paris from the country over the past ten or twenty years, trading its roots in the dying popular culture of the provinces for a popularized official culture, an intellectual *bon goût*—decreed, like the right clothes or the right stereo, by a local cottage industry that packages the life of the mind to sell.


MANAGEMENT RESERVES RIGHT TO ASSIGN SEATING

IT is hard to imagine another city whose intellectuals could be promoted like rock stars or reigning quarterbacks—inspiring the most avid, fan-club sort of curiosity, cultivating groupies, posing

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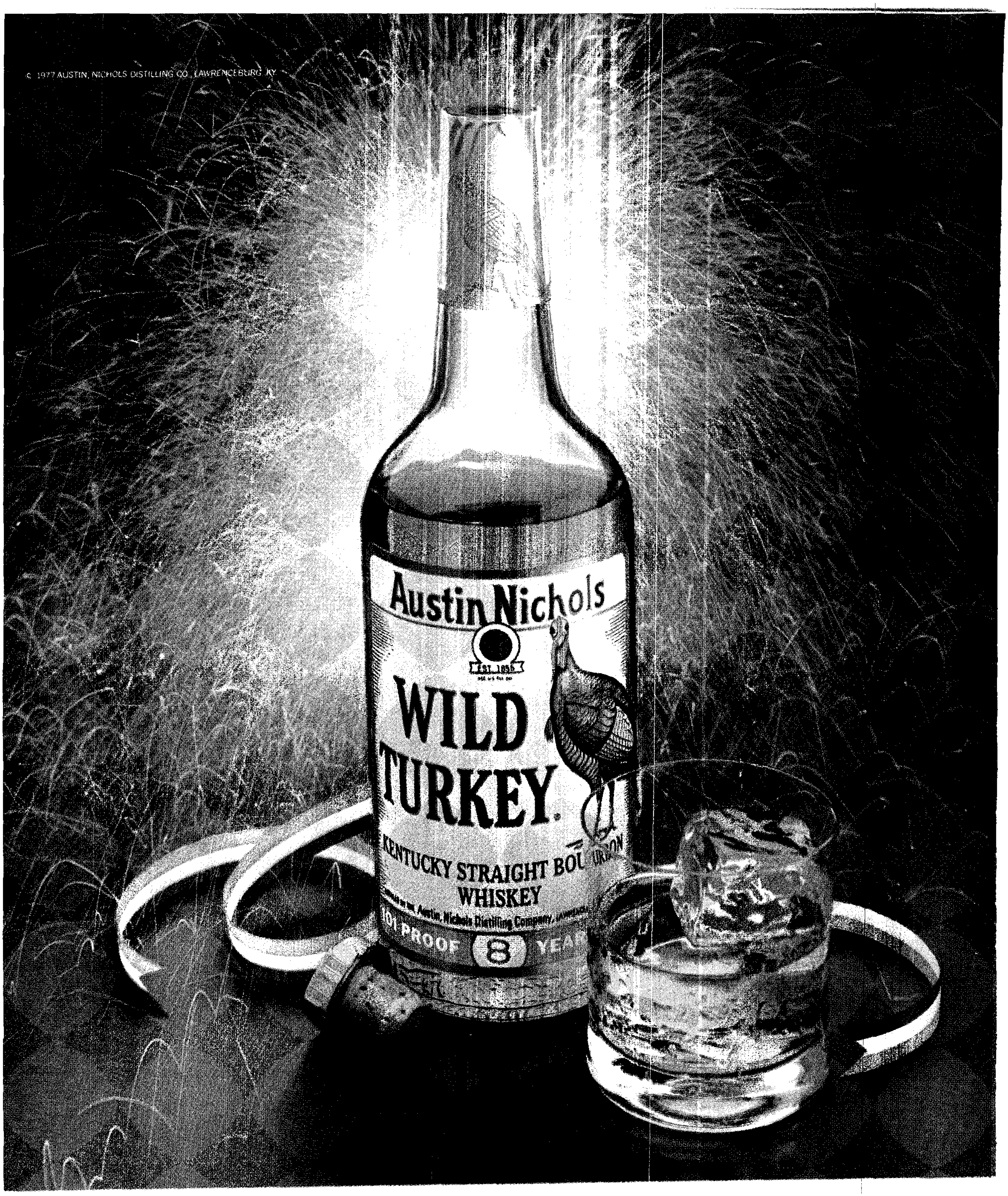

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HAVE A WILD BIRTHDAY, AMERICA.

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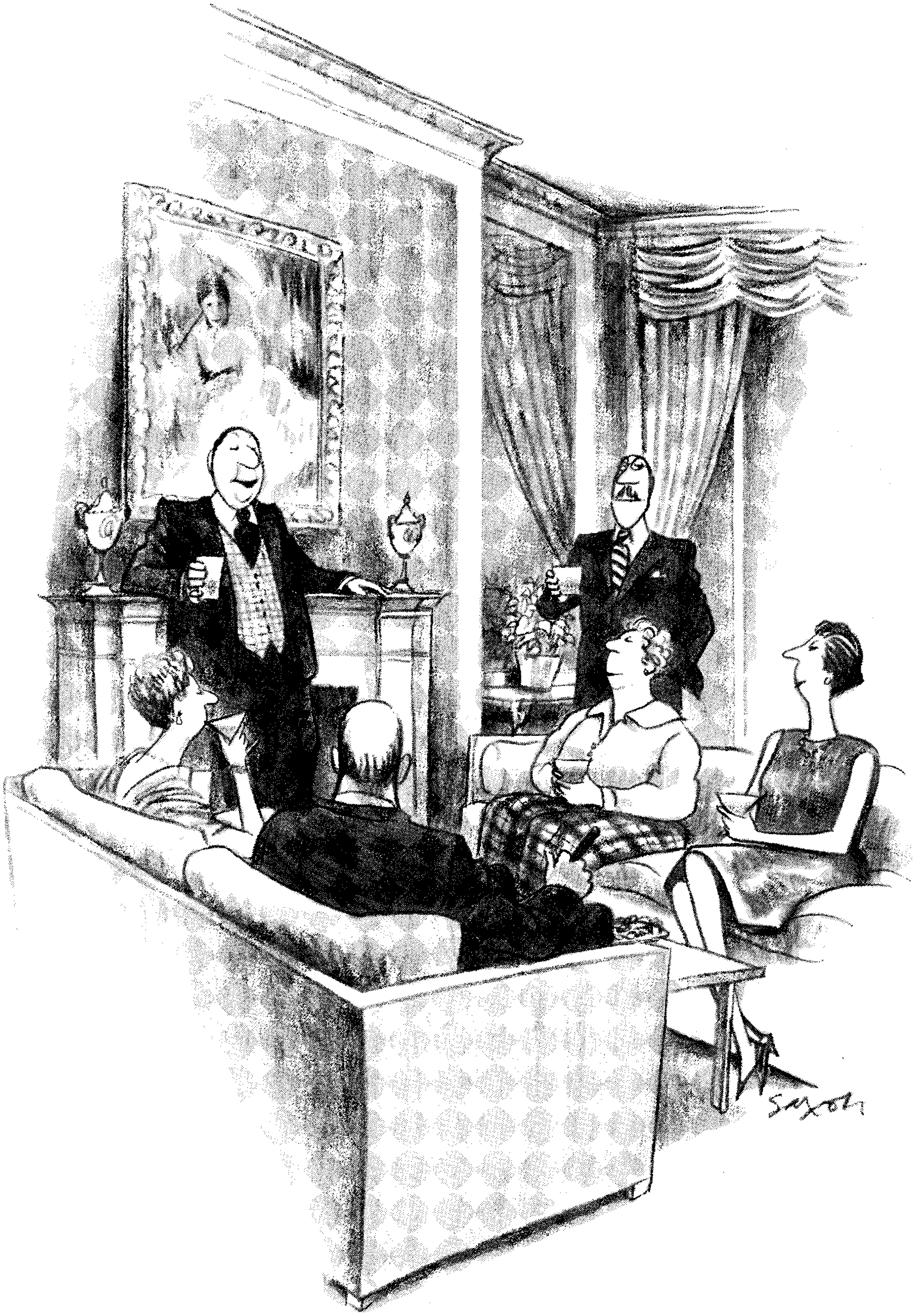
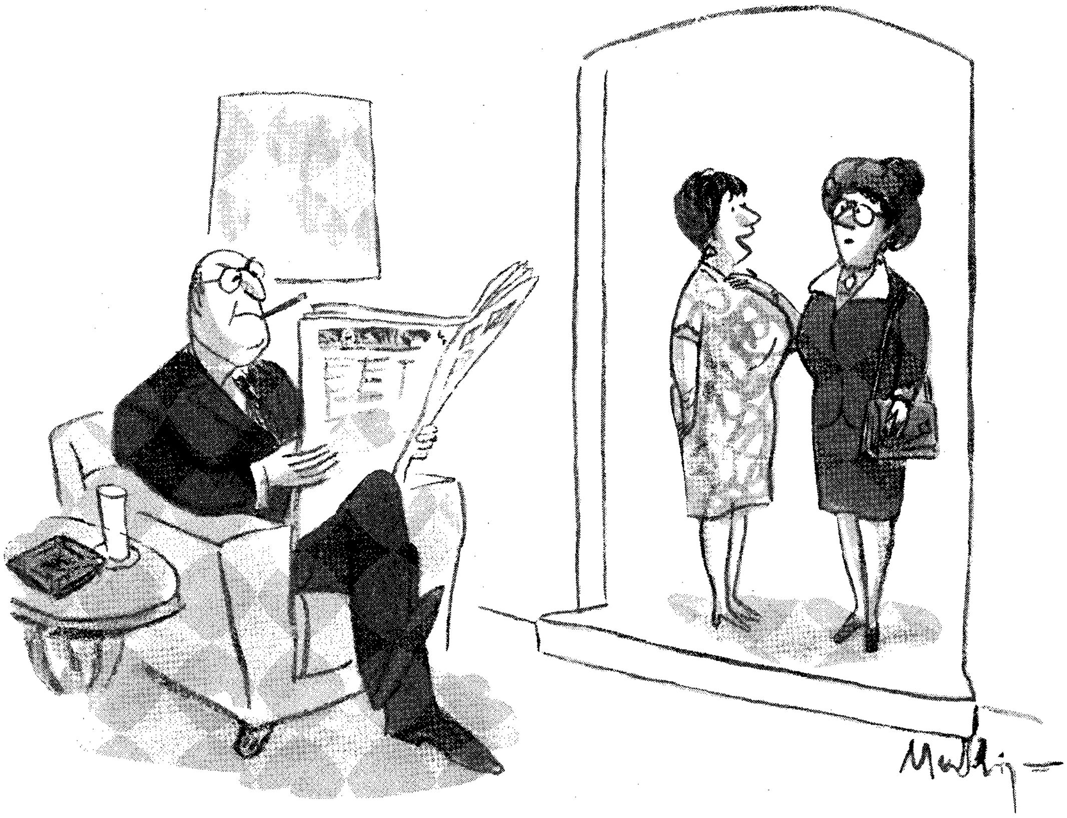
for *Paris Match* with sultry, heavy-lidded looks and shirts unbuttoned to the waist. The French have always adored intelligence. They take the act of thinking to be something swashbuckling and erotic. They warm to a fancy thought as if it were d'Artagnan swinging from Cardinal Richelieu's chandelier. Their children learn in grammar school that it was France's philosophers, and not France's rabble, who fought and won the Revolution. *La vie littéraire*, which was lived so scandalously well by Gustave Flaubert and Charles Baudelaire and Victor Hugo, is a social form for scholars, too, here. Henri Bergson was considered "literary," and so were Maurice Merleau-Ponty and Roland Barthes, and so, now, are Michel Foucault, with his elegant shaved skull, and Jacques Lacan, with his cranky shamanism. It is not surprising, then, that a silly pop philosopher like Bernard-Henri Lévy should turn up on T-shirts and posters or that an aging enfant terrible like André Glucksmann rushes around looking, at forty-two, like a Berkeley senior who has slept in his jeans and neglected to wash and wants everyone to know that he has been much too busy rescuing boat people or smuggling dissidents' memoirs to bother. They are both products of a long tradition of bourgeois *philosophes* who can consider themselves public figures because their judgments are taken as a kind of verbal realpolitik by everybody else. They mirror, in a way, the dilemma of a middle class that is now the majority in this country but that still feels blocked in its priorities by the very concrete power of the state, on one side, and of labor—for all practical purposes, he French Communist Par-y—on the other. The *phi-osophes* represent a third orce, real or imagined, for hat middle class. They ar-iculate for it those few simple ind disturbing facts of French ife that were most ignored luring the past twenty years f ideological obsession but vere probably the source of nore middle-class anxiety than ny fine points of ideology—ne simple and disturbing fact eing that in France, almost by definition, institutions like the state and the Party will always prefer injustice to disorder. Their forum is *le discours*, rather than the parliament or the Party congress, but they enjoy an authenticity as leaders because *le discours* is an article of faith in Paris life, and supports its practitioners the way the Church supports its clergy—through the faith and contributions of the public.

Last year, a journalist at *Le Matin* named Jean Bothorel wrote a book, "La République Mondaine," to say that the country was playing worldly word games with itself. Then Régis Debray wrote *his* book, "Le Pouvoir Intellectuel en France," saying yes, that intellectuals in France fed on the establishment they pretended to scrutinize, trading critical distance from the institutions of the society for their own notoriety in that society as "philosophers." But people here read their



"I assume we're all solvent here, so I'll speak freely."



"*After thirty-two years of marriage, Fred and I have a wonderful understanding. He's Fred and I'm Myra.*"

• •

books mainly as entertainments. They were a couple of writers exercising an old, honored literary license to *épater le bourgeois*, and all they accomplished was that, for a while, *le discours* became its own new subject. Actually, Debray was in Nicaragua at the time, a celebrity camp follower of the Sandinistas—some of whom undoubtedly had grown up on stories of Debray's days in the Bolivian hills with Che Guevara and then in prison. Debray's friend Pierre Goldman—an outlaw anarchist in the tradition of Jean Genet who had spent six and a half years in prison himself, on murder charges, and, in the course of being convicted and then acquitted, had written a famous prison memoir called "Souvenirs Obscurs d'un Juif Polonais Né en France," and become a literary cause célèbre, too—was the one person in Paris to point out that only a *grand bourgeois* like Debray could have afforded the money and the time to visit somebody else's revolution. Goldman was shot last fall by right-wing assassins—one of the groups taking "credit" calls itself Honneur de la Police—and died on the street outside his flat. As for Debray, he posed for snapshots dressed up as a guerrilla, in fatigues and cartridge belt, and the snapshots were duly published, and at the same time he made a great point of refusing to go on television to discuss his book. It was his gesture, he said, against "*médiologie*"—a word he likes to use to describe the corrupting power of the media in intellectual life. He did not want anyone to miss that gesture, or ignore it. Accordingly, he wrote articles with titles like "Lettre du Corrumpu au Corrupteur" and gave interviews to the Paris papers repeating that he could still be counted on to refuse to publicize himself.

ACTUALLY, French television turns over "intellectuals" as if they were Charlie's Angels, fresh and different every season. Three million people stay home on Friday night for "Apostrophes," the literary round table that Régis Debray boycotted, and publishers here claim that a few minutes on "Apostrophes" will sell an extra twenty thousand copies of any book—no matter how dreary the book *or* the discussion. "Apostrophes" is a kind of national *événement*. There is a whole new generation in France whose mental life follows the seasonal schedulings of Bernard Pivot, the host of "Apostrophes" and a literary impresario of long standing who started out in culture, as it were, as a gossip columnist for *Le Figaro Littéraire*. It is not just media celebrities like the "new philosophers"—*les nouveaux philosophes*—who teach by television, causing so many French adolescents to assume that the death of Karl Marx was something that happened when Pivot did a show with Glucksmann. Politicians find this sort of easy intellectual glamour useful, too. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing may be too busy with affairs of state to say, for example, whether or not he took a quarter of a million dollars' worth of diamonds from Jean-Bédel Bokassa back when Bokassa was still the Emperor Jones of Bangui and Giscard the Finance Minister for Georges Pompidou—or whether his old Interior Minister, Michel Poniatowski, suppressed evidence of a plot against the life of a wellborn, well-connected swindler named Prince Jean de Broglie, who was then murdered, or why his Labor Minister, Robert Boulin, drowned himself in a pond at Rambouillet over a minor real-estate scandal. But the President was able to spare enough time last summer to give himself a crash course in Guy de Maupassant so that he could acquit himself as a man of letters on "Apostrophes." Certainly the literati here were more amused than impressed by the spectacle of Giscard d'Estaing chatting on television with a couple of de Maupassant scholars sufficiently distinguished for the Presidential company, though not, of course, so distinguished as to detract from the Presidential preëminence. The fact remains that within a few days the Pléiades edition of de Maupassant was sold out all over France, anc by the end of a week it was even harc to find a Livre de Poche of any of hi work in the bookstores.

The people who bought the book —voters whom Giscard has to wo and who now associate their Presiden with every French schoolboy's favorite writer—are precisely those nev teachers and managers and technocrat whose political interests lie not witl the production systems of the workin class or the administrative systems o the traditional *grande bourgeoisie* bu with what can probably be called th country's systems of eloquence. A fev years ago, they identified with the rhetoric of the left. Marx was their lingu franca, their security in an intimidat

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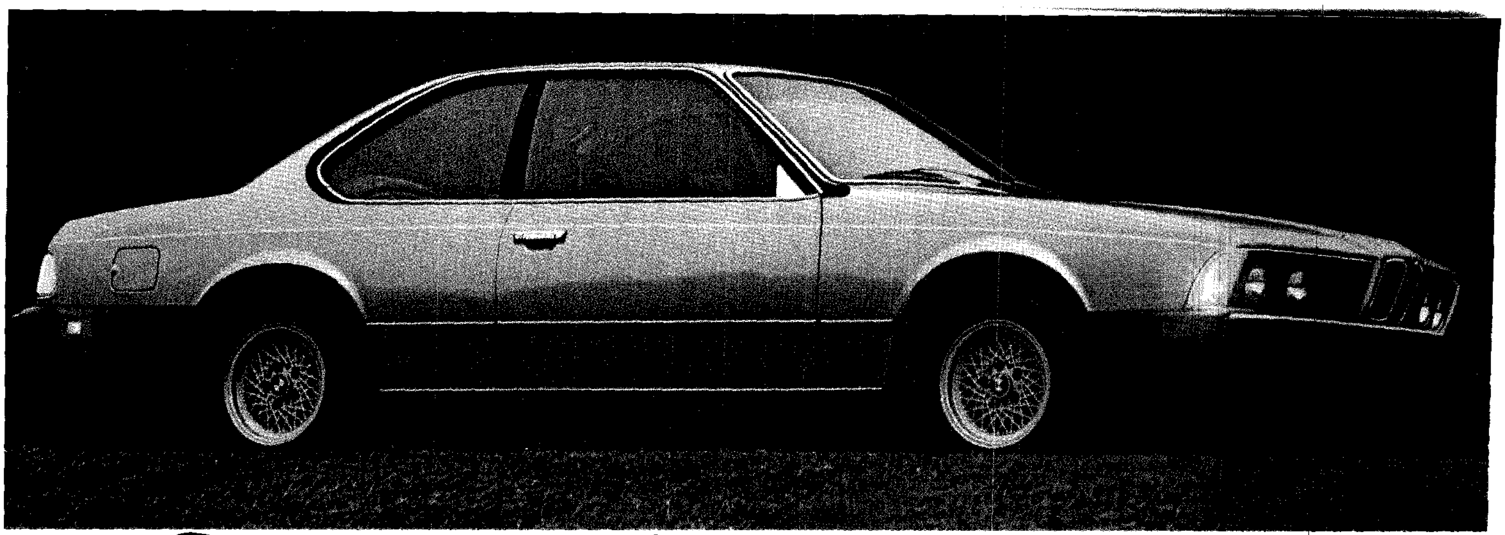

IS IT ABSURD TO PROPOSE THAT EVEN THE RICH DESERVE THEIR MONEY'S WORTH?

THE BMW 633CSi.

The fact that no consumer advocate has yet strode forth to defend and protect the interests of those who can afford a $30,000 sport coupe is probably not the least bit surprising.

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ing capital. Now they have discovered *le goulag*. They talk about *les droits de l'homme* as if the liberty of individuals were a new idea that someone had last year after the Socialists and the Communists argued. Now they would rather see the President of France receive American hostages' wives in a Louis XVI drawing room at the Élysée than Fidel Castro, in his khakis, make a long speech about revolution in the Havana soccer stadium. They are sick, and suspicious, of their old political vocabulary. They have discarded the left like the rich-peasant look that it was for most of them, and are prepared to be mollified by someone who will occasionally talk to them about whether it was more agreeable to have been born de Maupassant or Flaubert.

This is the sort of talk that reassures the French lately. It is easy, clubby, not too complicated. It has the sort of bogus intimacy about it that inspires confidence. And it distracts people from the fact that their parliament has been in one budget deadlock after another for the past three years; that their President, making his energy arrangements day by day, has had to bluff a presence in the Middle East; that, for that matter, France itself will probably sell its soul along with its guns for oil before the year is out. People here are going through the xenophobia of hard times, dragging a stubborn French anti-Semitism out of the closet, acknowledging the incantatory mumbo-jumbo of a *nouvelle droite* philosophy that mixes some feudal economics with a sociobiological mystique about the Aryan gene pool. They are turning away from the millions of migrant workers from Southern Europe and North Africa whom France has almost wantonly imported, and they are turning away from the hundreds of thousands of refugees from their old colonies in Southeast Asia whom France, just as wantonly, refuses to admit in anything more than token numbers.

"*I think the Mayor's program is going to work.*"

• •

FRANCE has only state television. TF1 is the "popular" channel, with a dose of official culture once a week on "Au Théâtre Ce Soir." Antenne 2 is the "serious" channel, with programs like "Apostrophes" and "Les Dossiers de l'Écran." And France-Régions 3 is the "experimental" channel, with local news and culture—the one to watch for a poetry reading in Oc or an inspirational debate on freedom for Brittany. What the people who run these networks seem to have in common is a conviction that they provide the only "objective" source of information in a country where the nearest thing to a journal of record is *Le Monde* and the rest of the press is openly a tribune for the prejudices of its various editors and owners. Television people here boast a lot about being "condemned to objectivity"—if by nothing else than by the diversity of the public they have to please. They like to talk about the native wisdom of *le peuple*, about French television's function as a kind of *maison de rendez-vous*, introducing opinions to their proper clientele but forcing no one into bed. In fact, French television seems to have found its own safe level somewhere between Italy's state television system, in which the left and the right divide up all the jobs, from network director to studio grip, and no one without a party card would think of applying, and the British system, which current media mythology holds to be a paradigm of truly independent public television, despite the fact that its independence has been dampened some by Margaret Thatcher's three-hundred-million-dollar budget cut and her firing of the five BBC symphony orchestras. Television here *is* independent, insofar as its administrators have a common interest in preserving their right to run it and will fight for that monopoly. Most of them have been trained to privilege at one of the *grandes écoles* that still separate the few thousand children who will run France from the million *universitaires* who will serve it, and privilege here has priority over any politics—over left and right, over Socialism and Giscardism and Gaullism, over whatever rhetorical *chapelle* people claim.

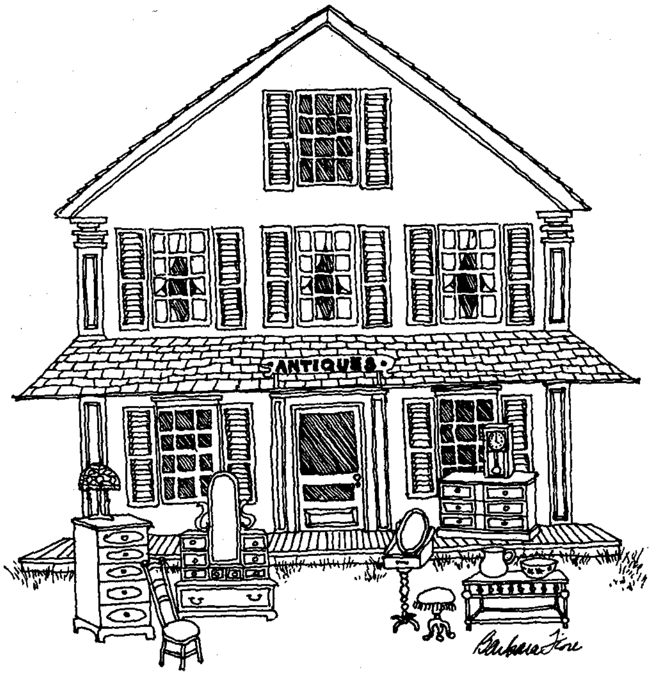
The political pressures on French television executives have less to do with jobs and budgets lately than with personalities and questions of exposure. François Mitterrand, the Socialist Party Secretary, pirated a radio frequency last year because the networks had refused him air time for a speech, and he was indicted for it. On the other hand, when a lot of *nouveaux philosophes* wanted to have their say about the bankruptcy of socialism, three years ago, word apparently went around the networks to let them have it. Everyone watched television that year—what with legislative elections coming up—

and this was fine for the television producers, and fine for the government, which kept its majority in the Assembly, and fine for the *nouveaux philosophes*, who were philosophers mainly in that they got away with describing themselves that way. This kind of collusion—the state's exploiting intellectuals while intellectuals exploit the institutions of the state—is what Debray tried to examine in "Le Pouvoir Intellectuel en France." There was something terribly smug about the début of the *nouveaux philosophes*. It stirred the old national myths about intellectual influence in public life, but the currency of the exchange was not influence at all but celebrity and profit.

THE state is the employer of first and last resort here, and there are actually very few Paris intellectuals who do not work, directly or indirectly, for the government. It is a matter not just of state radio and television but also of the *lycées* and colleges and universities where they have always taught, the ministries and bureaus where they are *conseillers d'état*. Since Napoleon, the ruling class of France has given its sons to the state the way Italians give sons to the Church, and, inasmuch as the French still practice a kind of Napoleonic state capitalism, that "state" means banking and business and industry as much as government. Very little important business is conducted here in which the state does not figure as an investor, an underwriter, a banker, or a partner—including the business of information. But there probably could never be a *Berufsverbot* in France, the way there is in parts of Germany—an arrangement that gives government the right to fire anyone whose thinking the people in power at the time consider subversive. The French are fierce about their right to ideology, and their fierceness translates into a social contract, because very few Frenchmen, in the end, will risk that right just for the privilege of censoring a neighbor. It is not really in the interest of the state, anyway, to fuss much about the ideological enthusiasms of its employees. The business of the French state is to preserve and perpetuate its own autonomy—which includes seeing that its investments flourish. It cannot afford to sacrifice its talent (or its profits) because of family squabbles that will end, sooner or later, by themselves. The state here is a little like property in a Jane Austen novel: it is meant to survive generations of its custodians and their various attitudes.

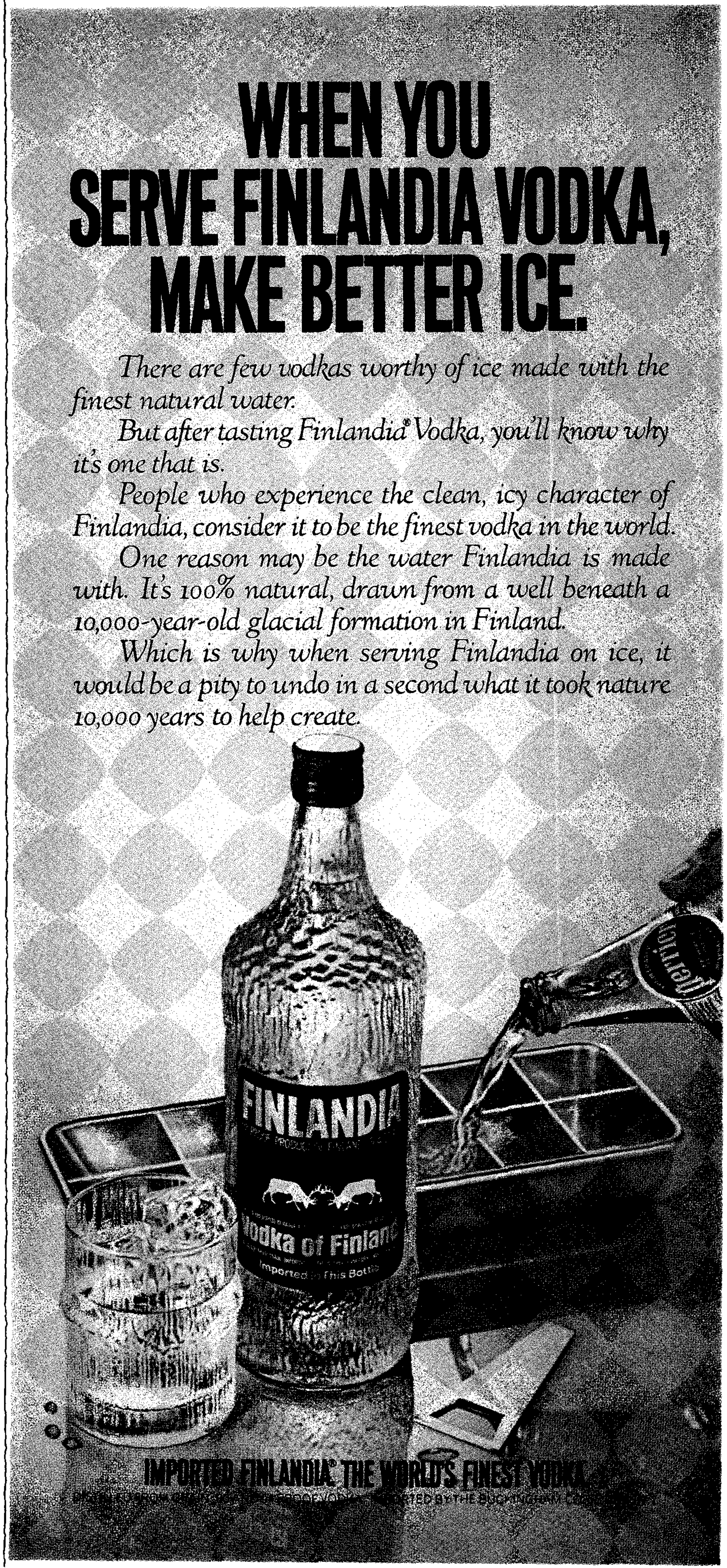
ANDRÉ MALRAUX once said that in France ideas were guests—*hôtes de passage*, little celebrities invited in for a while but rarely allowed to overstay their welcome. There are not really many ideas here for which people will risk their own security—besides, perhaps, the "idea" of the state and the rather Jacobin "idea" of the French Communist Party. Despite the whoops and the feathers, there were no deaths here in May of 1968. The famous *événements* were a kind of happening. They had the energy of a passion play but not a passion. They were, rather, a poignant moment in France's history—which may be why they are so affectionately remembered now. May, 1968, did not produce a revolution; it released a generation of *fils à papa* with the confidence, the contacts, and the money to make their reputations as revolutionaries before the public's interest was exhausted. Jean-Édern Hallier, one of the most agitated of the 1968 *gauchistes*, married an heiress and could therefore finance his own newspaper, which he called *La Cause du Peuple*. From Mao, Hallier was converted to Ecology, and from Ecology to Breton Independence. Just now he is a Pagan, and celebrates his Celtic past with expensive campaigns for the European Parliament and occasionally writes for right-wing journals. Of course, not everyone can keep up like that. Lévy, even with a family fortune in African wood to maintain him, had to give up *his* newspaper, *Imprévu*, after about three days and an enormous bill from Drouant, which had evidently served Lévy and his staff as a kind of corner cafeteria, sending up champagne and fancy finger sandwiches. As for the others, Daniel Cohn-Bendit spent the last few years working in a Frankfurt bookstore, and some of *his* old friends say they are going to start a "post-Marxist" journal, once they have raised the money. Some have dropped out and are farming in the Var, making cheese in communes on choice Vaucluse property, preaching Nature now instead of Revolution.

The rhetoric is anxious here, and French is a language that encourages this sort of anxiety, this sense of vast hermeneutical space, like an apartment house or a garage, always waiting to be filled, always changing tenants. Paul Valéry once said, "*Il n'y pas une parole qu'on puisse comprendre, si l'on va au fond.*" And probably no one but a Frenchman, talking to other Frenchmen, could have said that and been understood. French makes its points by tone, by pause, by phrasing and syntactical play. William Carlos Williams' instruction to American poets—"No ideas but in things"—would sound here like someone imposing debating rules in a *grand salon*. People in Paris use language to mystify and shine, like a bright balloon, performing best at its least substantial. And this is just as true when they are discussing factory conditions and the lumpen proletariat as when they are writing poetry. In fact, in Paris it is often considered a mark of intellect to be *illisible*. Philippe Sollers's *Tel Quel*—which is subsidized by Éditions du Seuil, sells about six thousand copies, and has taken up Marx, Mao, structuralism, psycholinguistics, Freud, St. Augustine, Solzhenitsyn, and the Free World, roughly in that order, over the past ten years—is considered the last word in Paris *discours*, the Yves Saint Laurent of thought, and not really because of the brilliant piece it will sometimes run but because so few people can understand a word in the magazine. *Tel Quel* sets a standard in obscurity. Occasionally, someone of the stature of Foucault will get away with clarity—with the kind of prose that suggests a clear



head and a disciplined intelligence. But prose like that rarely does very well as mythology for the masses, and so it has few political uses. The cult of the *illisible* has made a market not in philosophers but in *nouveaux philosophes* and other facile literary performers with a talent for translating the current conflicts of the intelligentsia into catchy rhetoric that anyone can use. The "new" egalitarianism against the "new" fascism. Monotheism against paganism. Judeo-Christian civilization against *Übermensch* culture. Humanism against genetics. Marx against magic. Montaigne against Marx. And those *hommes moyens sensuels* of the discourse are there to explain it all on television, in cashmere turtlenecks and designer jeans, and in "philosophy" books that make the best-seller list in *Paris Match*.

Books are fetishes in France. Jacques Monod's "Le Hazard et la Nécessité" sold a quarter of a million copies. Bernard-Henri Lévy's "Le Testament de Dieu" sold more than two hundred thousand. And people whose reading rarely runs deeper than that will still buy Claude Lévi-Strauss and Roland Barthes and Jacques Lacan for their coffee tables—pre-cut emblems of belonging. French publishing, consequently, is an odd business. Editors here may do the work of getting books to the printer, but the glamour attached to "serious" publishing belongs to resident intellectuals under contract to "direct" collections, and they are often writers themselves—like Lévy, who publishes books of *nouvelle philosophie*, including his own, for Grasset. The idea, presumably, is that the books a particular *directeur de collection* likes are going to share something—a perspective, an aesthetic—and that each imprint will define a movement or a school. What actually happens is that most collections make a celebrity of their *directeur* and all the other writers are identified through him. Their books become *his* books, little spinoffs of a master thought, a master category—though as often as not he is window dressing for his publisher, a name to impress the public while the company makes its real money somewhere else. Seuil publishes Barthes and Lacan, and Sollers himself directs a collection there, but Seuil counts just as much on a long list of books about music and musicians, which the French, surprisingly, buy by the hundreds of thousands. And Plon makes *its* real money not from the conservative historians on its list but from a cheap series of sex-and-spy novels by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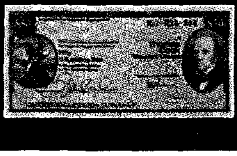

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a man named Gérard de Villiers, all of them featuring a hero of remarkable erotic accomplishments known as Son Altesse Serenissime, and a cover photograph of an undressed girl caressing a pistol or a rifle. By now, de Villiers sells at least seven million books a year. M. de Villiers has made so much money for Plon that he was able to buy a major block of stock in the publishing house a few years back and see to his own political and literary tastes—which will probably be known one day as *macho droite* and discussed in learned journals.

FINALLY, *le discours* perpetuates itself in the Paris press—the newspapers and the magazines where the *vedettes* of the apocalypse write their essays and their columns while staff reporters grumble and occasionally try to hold on to their news space by adding "*écrivain-philosophe*" to their bylines. Reporters here have discovered that the self-scrutiny of the born-again bourgeois who used to scorn them sells at least as well as news. Their papers traffic in "thought" now, as much as in information, and even the best reporters occasionally give in to a temptation to stay in print by making a media bohemia out of life in the back rooms at Socialist Party headquarters, or on the editorial board at Seuil or Gallimard or Grasset, or in the stacks of the Bibliothèque Nationale. There is a kind of Jamesian quality to Paris life lately, with the women—like Ariane Mnouchkine, the director, and Anne Bragance, the novelist—tending the gentle realm of art while their men buy and sell ideas as if ideas were negotiable securities on the Paris Bourse. In a sense, they are negotiable. *Le Matin*—the paper that Claude Perdriel, who publishes *Le Nouvel Observateur*, started three years ago—increased its newsstand sales by nearly a third during the five days of a series about the *nouvelle droite* and its theoreticians. *Le Monde*, which turned its second page into a section called "Idées" after Jean Bothorel began a "Commentaires" page at *Le Matin*, ran so many elaborate exegeses of the *nouvelle droite* that it eventually had to print a bibliography so that people could keep them straight.

The spectacular début of this latest right wing in France is worth considering, because even now that it is over no one knows to what extent it was a media event, a stopgap in a flagging discourse, and to what extent it reflected a real shift in the ideological status quo, one that the reigning pundits had simply neglected to notice earlier. The word "new," this time around, seemed mainly to distinguish the current crop of ideologues—their "pure" European ideal is a sort of cross between Parsifal and Arthur Jensen, with impolite leanings toward Yukio Mishima in his loincloth, about to disembowel himself—from a traditional Catholic bourgeoisie that considers itself the proper right in France and, in the end, holds most of the same prejudices. The new *nouvelle droite* had actually been around for years. Its quarterly review, *Nouvelle École*—which involves misreadings in ethology, mythology, and Kultur, and lists as its advisory board a few responsible academics and a virtual *Who's Who* of Europe's fascist intelligentsia—first went to press in March of 1968, two months before the *événements*. Its "study club," GRECE (which stands for Groupement de Recherches et d'Études pour la Civilisation Européenne), has been holding big yearly colloquiums at the Palais des Congrès and by now has four or five thousand members.

It stands to reason that only forty years after Vichy there would be some nostalgia, somewhere in France, for its old simplicities. But the *nouvelle droite* apparently took Paris by surprise, and people here tend to date it from around 1978, which is when Alain de Benoist, the editor of *Nouvelle École*, won the essay prize of the Académie Française for his "theoretical journalism" in a book called "Vu de Droite," and when de Benoist's friend Louis Pauwels, planning a new weekly magazine for *Le Figaro*, made de Benoist his first columnist. Pauwels was a packager himself, an entrepreneur of slick, pseudoscientific mysticism. He was responsible for a book called "Le Matin des Magiciens" and had already produced a glossy magazine for the moneyed occult crowd. "California French" is the way somebody described Pauwels at the time. *Le Figaro*, peddling its new magazine with the Sunday paper, gave him a captive audience of some five hundred thousand Frenchmen on whom to test the strength of an old observation of Georges Pompidou's that there was quite a career to be made by some enterprising fellow as a *journaliste de droite*.

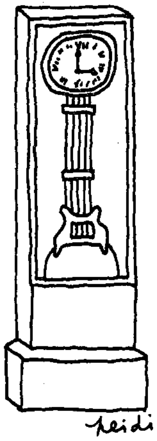
Le Figaro had been Paris's "other" paper since the war, the serious conservative reply to *Le Monde's* rigorous, radical propriety. The money behind it was old money from the North of France, and the people connected with it were respectable and occasionally remarkable men and women. Raymond Aron wrote a column in *Le Figaro*. Claude Mauriac was a mainstay of *Le Figaro Littéraire*. The changes at *Le Figaro* really began five years ago—long before anyone there had heard much of Pauwels or de Benoist—when a publisher named Robert Hersant from a little town near Nantes bought the paper. Hersant had been a collaborator, and was officially censured. But he had made some money during the war, and eventually he used it to begin to build a publishing empire for himself. He started out with papers in the provinces and then moved on to Paris. By the time he bought *Le Figaro*, he already owned the Paris dailies *France Soir* and *L'Aurore* and eleven big provincial papers, and, all told, controlled some twenty per cent of the newspapers in France. Still, he had seemed willing to leave *Le Figaro* pretty much alone until he started talking to Pauwels about a magazine. Raymond Aron quit around that time, with a moving public protest. He was the only important writer who did, though, despite the fact that some of *Le Figaro's* best journalists were Jewish and that the new magazine quickly took up an argument—in the interest of what is euphemistically referred to here as "national reconciliation"—against airing the American mini-series "Holocaust" on French television. People like Aron were probably right in saying that the most alarming "new" thing about the *nouvelle droite* was its access to a major newspaper. Certainly this is the first time since the war that any extreme-right group has had the cover and prestige and audience of a powerful Paris paper at its disposal.

Aron, who is seventy-six, writes a weekly column for *L'Express* now. But *L'Express* itself has changed a lot since Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber edited the magazine. Servan-Schreiber decided to go into politics ten years ago—he ran three times for the National Assembly and lasted twelve days as Minister of Reform in Jacques Chirac's Cabinet—and in 1977 he finally sold *L'Express* to the conservative English businessman and publisher Sir James Goldsmith. Most journalists are prepared to move around these days. Marcel Julien, who was director of Antenne 2, has gone to work for Hersant as his "chief of culture." Olivier Todd, who spent years at the socialist *Nouvel Observateur*, is at *L'Express* now, with Jean-François Revel for an editor and a group of colleagues devoted to exposing a Soviet conspiracy to rule the world. The weekly *Le Point*, for its part, was started by writers who left *L'Express* after Servan-Schreiber—practically a radical in his day—sold it, and yet *Le Point* is the most traditional of the French news weeklies and is considered by now the reliable voice of the country's Catholic, business bourgeoisie. As things turned out, one of *Le Point's* founders and its literary editor, François Nourissier, eventually left the Catholics there for the Druids over at *Le Figaro Magazine*. But the circle of exchange was really closed when André Fontaine invited Alain de Benoist to state the case for the *nouvelle droite* on the "Idées" page of *Le Monde*.

EVERYBODY wants to state his case in *Le Monde*. *Le Monde* arbitrates *le discours*. There is no paper like it in France, because no other French paper is quite so purposeful. No other French paper is so frankly pedagogic. The people who write for *Le Monde* may have changed jobs and politics a dozen times getting there, but once they arrive they tend to become solemn and steadfast and a little supercilious—to take their vows as professor-priests to the country, guiding the French in the proper evaluation of their history. Jacques Thibau, who wrote a long book about the paper, says that *Le Monde* is the *équilibre moral* of the bourgeoisie, and that is precisely what

Bicycles
OPEN

the people at *Le Monde* think, too. The one reporter to demur publicly is a man named Michel Legris, who spent sixteen years on the paper before starting on a scurrilous but often accurate account of life *au Monde* and of some of its meaner office politics. He was turned down by every publisher in town until, so rumor has it, Gérard de Villiers persuaded the board at Plon to take the book, which was published in 1976 and called " 'Le Monde' Tel Qu'il Est." Legris has been out of a job since then.



Le Monde is, in fact, a kind of public trust. No one "owns" *Le Monde*, or has ever owned it. The homely brick building in the cul-de-sac at 5 Rue des Italiens was built by the owners of an earlier newspaper, called *Le Temps*, which turned Pétainist in the Second World War and was dissolved by Charles de Gaulle at the Liberation of Paris. *Le Monde* began on the day de Gaulle handed the plant and the presses over to his old friend Hubert Beuve-Méry—a Resistance journalist of great intellect and courage and an ardent Catholic in the tradition of French *progressistes chrétiens*—with a mandate to start a new paper for a new, free France. There were nine "founders" of *Le Monde*, and together they worked out an odd but durable coöperative charter. First, they allocated forty per cent of the company stock, which is voting stock and has no negotiable value, to an ongoing founders' advisory board—but with the stipulation that businessmen and politicians be permanently excluded. (The board has fifteen members now, and is supposed to represent some sort of national collective wisdom for the paper.) Another forty per cent of the stock is divided, by rank and seniority, among the editors and writers—the *rédaction*—of the paper. Nine per cent goes to the administrative officers and their staffs. And, finally, seven per cent goes to the editor-in-chief—the *directeur*—and four per cent to the man who looks after the paper's finances. Beuve-Méry retired in 1969, leaving Jacques Fauvet as his successor, but there was no apparent successor to Fauvet on the paper, and Fauvet, who is sixty-seven now and was supposed to retire at sixty-five, asked to stay until the end of 1982—by which time, he assumed, his staff would have to agree on someone. They finally did agree this month, on their seventh ballot since February. The third *directeur* of *Le Monde* will be Claude Julien, a Catholic radical of fifty-five who used to be the paper's foreign editor and now runs its monthly supplement, *Le Monde Diplomatique*.

The succession at *Le Monde* was never a simple problem of conflicting politics—though this is the way the rest of the press described it, talking about the left versus the moderates on the staff, the anti-Americans versus the pro-Americans. The politics of most people with any power at *Le Monde* have long since taken on the paper's missionary character. Those politics are pastoral, paternalistic. They have to do with a kind of Christian populism—like Beuve-Méry's in the fifties and sixties, like Claude Julien's now. They translate easily as "socialism with soul," which is how they are described most often here, but they are certainly as strongly influenced by de Gaulle and Beuve-Méry as by any socialist doctrine. *Le Monde* writers can practice the most terrorizing cant: Fontaine is "for" the Sermon on the Mount, as he informed de Benoist. Jean Genet, on special assignment in Stuttgart, was for the liberation of West Germany by Andreas Baader and Gudrun Ensslin. Various bureau chiefs, in their time, have been for the liberation of Cambodia by the Khmer Rouge, for the liberation of the Lisbon newspaper *Republica* by its typographers' union, for the liberation of Quebec Province by terrorist *citoyens*. This is not innocence or malice but a kind of blind Christian pride. *Le Monde*, like the remarkable fathers of France's far-flung missions, has staked out a Third World for itself to save and sponsor—its white man's burden, its Calvary, the proper field for its protective cover and its forgiveness and, of course, its influence. People on *Le Monde* tend to react to abuses of power in that world with the enlightened tolerance of a wellborn curé among the savages in a Graham Greene novel, and this is why the paper often sounds so sanctimonious, so snobbish. *Le Monde* practices a kind of international double standard—rigorously *gauchiste* abroad, more cautious in the rest of Europe, and increasingly conservative the closer a story gets to French soil and French pocketbooks. There was a time when *Le Monde* protocol was to avoid calling anyone a dictator who was not "established"—which meant, it turned out, established by the Americans. This was naturally agreeable to other dictators, like Muammar Qaddafi, whose oil France wanted, and it was really not much different from Giscard's dropping in on the oil sheikhdoms, celebrating with the P.L.O., announcing a new French authority in Middle Eastern politics. The paper and the President are both in the business of salvaging old illusions. And so, even in opposition, *Le Monde* remains something of an official newspaper, looking after the rhetorical glory of the nation, regardless of governments that come and go.

For two years, people at *Le Monde* were caught up in the drama of the succession. Candidates announced themselves, campaigned for a while, and exhausted their prominence. Foreign correspondents came in from the cold with gratuitous punctuality to look them over and make their own deals for the future. The first straw votes of the *rédaction* ended in a draw, and it took not only extra balloting but a change of candidates for Julien to get the sixty per cent majority of the *rédaction* he needed to commit all of the paper's writers and editors to his nomination. And even now, the only thing certain about Julien's tenure is that he is going to have tremendous influence on *le discours*, on the national preoccupations, on what France's sense of itself over the next ten or twenty years is going to be.

Le Monde confers a kind of honorary degree—even on its targets. It accredits them, the way it accredited a *nouvelle droite*, with its space and outrage. It gives them their moment in *le discours*. Attention is what the French value most, and this, as Gregory Bateson said to his daughter in one of the zany and instructive conversations he called "Metalogues," is why Frenchmen wave their arms about when they talk—so that no one will get frightened and run away before they finish talking. —JANE KRAMER

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In addition, there is the persistent question of incorporation. Orinda residents have voted incorporation down poration. Orinda residents have voted incorporation down poration. Orinda residents have voted incorporation down poration. Orinda residents have voted incorporation down each time it has reached the ballot, but will this go on indefinitely?

—*Orinda* (*Calif.*) *Sun.*

Apparently.

THE THEATRE

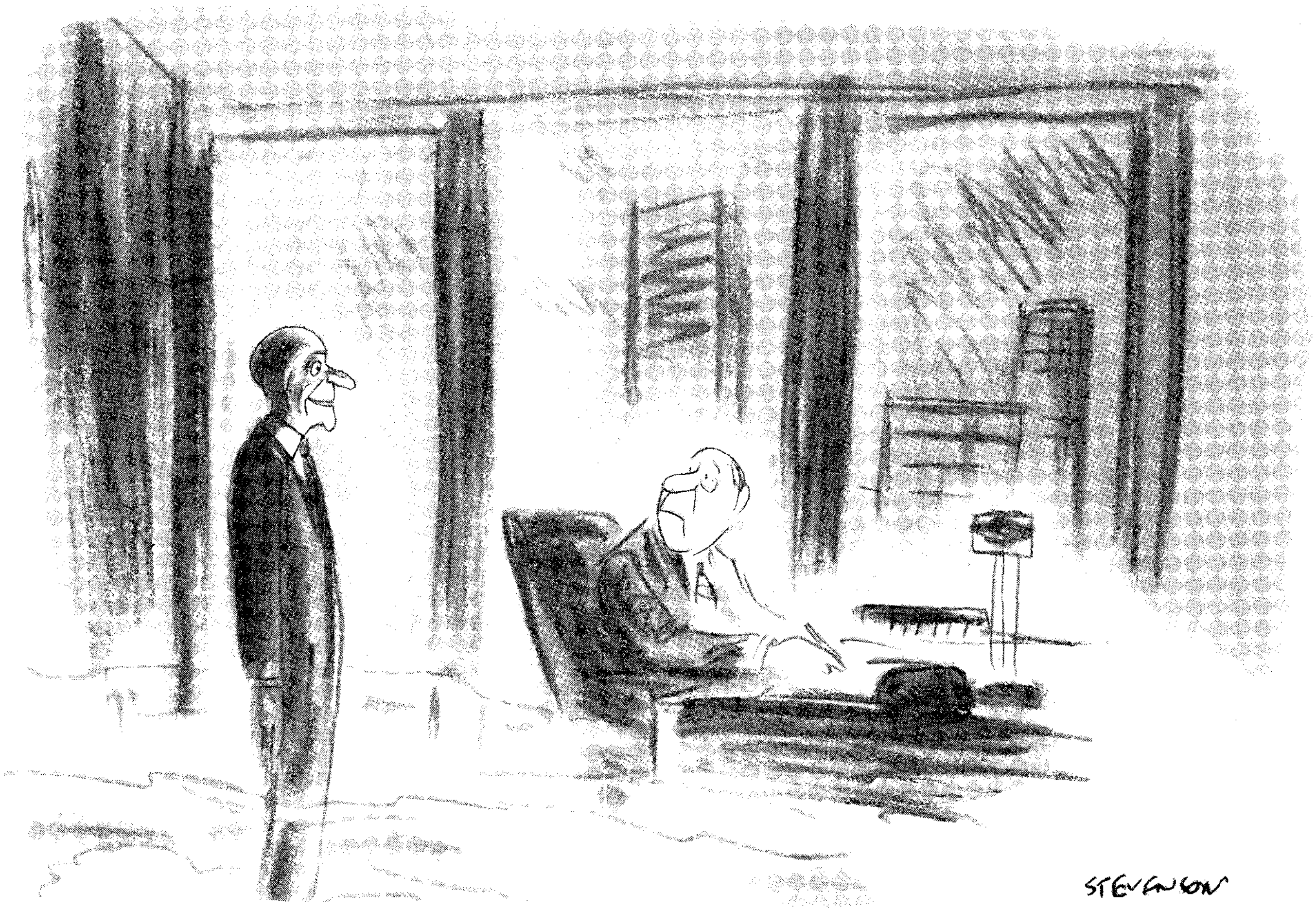
Happy Liar

WHEN the British put their minds to it, they can be more aggressively sophomoric than any nation I know of. Evidence to this effect is a ramshackle little musical called "Fearless Frank" (at the Princess), which should never have troubled to make the long voyage across the Atlantic; if it belongs anywhere at all, then a small, smoky cabaret setting in the medieval depths of Oxford would suit it far better than Broadway. The musical's book—it is really more like a pamphlet—is by Andrew Davies, who also wrote the lyrics, to the tinkly, inconsequential music of Dave Brown; the tale unfolded is that of the life of the brilliant rogue Frank Harris, who flourished in London at the turn of the century. Harris was a man with a gift for lying so marked as to amount to genius; even when the truth would serve him better, he preferred to introduce some spellbinding whopper, as more appropriate to his exceptional nature. Harris told so many lies about himself, both orally and in writing, that probably nobody will ever be able to separate his facts from his fictions. It appears to be the case that he was born in Galway, Ireland; that he came to America at the age of fifteen and worked for a time as a cowboy; that he earned a law degree from the University of Kansas; and that soon thereafter he arrived in London and became a highly successful magazine editor. He died in Nice, in reduced circumstances, in 1931, at the age of seventy-five. Harris was a friend of Shaw (whom he hired as the drama critic for the *Saturday Review*), and the friendship seems a curious one, for Harris spent much of his time and energy in the pursuit and conquest of women, while Shaw was monotonously chaste; perhaps they were friends because Shaw in his Irish puritanism had a weakness for wanton Irish rascals.

One sees that Harris's life would readily lend itself to theatrical treatment, but Davies and Brown have thrown away their opportunity; instead of a robust, Brechtian musical drama, they give us a series of silly singing and dancing scenes, filled with girlish giggles. Harris is played by Niall Toibin, who is a first-rate actor (he portrayed an unforgettable Brendan Behan in "Borstal Boy" here in New York just ten years ago), and he does his best to outwit the flimsiness of his role—alas, in vain. Olivier Pierre gives interesting comical impersonations of an impotent Thomas Carlyle and a priapic Guy de Maupassant. The rest of the cast struck me as being nearly always ill at ease, and no wonder—the director, Robert Gillespie, seems to have encouraged them to do little more than keep out of one another's way, and even in this they are not always successful. The peculiar scenery is by Martin Tilley, the lighting is by Ruth Roberts, and the costumes have been "supervised" (whatever that may mean) by Carrie F. Robbins.

MICHAEL YORK and Jeffrey De Munn have replaced Richard Gere and David Dukes in "Bent" (at the New Apollo), and the change does the play no harm whatever. Mr. York plays an older and more battered Max than Mr. Gere did, and the result is that the play seems even more tragic to me than it did before. What a gifted playwright Martin Sherman is! If you haven't seen "Bent," make haste to do so, for the play closes June 28th.

—BRENDAN GILL



"*Good evening, Mr. McIlwaine. I'm Mammon.*"

THE ART WORLD

Autobiography

ONCE you get beyond the virtuosity of his student work—the first of countless dazzlements in the chronological cornucopia of "Pablo Picasso: A Retrospective," at the Museum of Modern Art—the next order of fascination is in the early self-portraits. We seem to be dealing with several different and incompatible selves. In the spring and summer of 1901, he made two self-portraits in which he is looking straight at you, with a gaze so powerful and aggressive that you have trouble meeting it. (Fernande Olivier, his first long-term mistress, would later remember those famous eyes as "dark, deep, piercing, strange, and almost staring.") Paint-loaded brushstrokes in the van Gogh manner define his black hair and thick, sensual nose and mouth. Picasso was nineteen years old, on his second trip to Paris, and already launched—fifteen paintings sold even before the opening of his first exhibition at Ambroise Vollard's gallery, that June. Clearly, nothing would stop this juggernaut, this arrogantly self-confident ruffian who subtitled one self-portrait "Yo Picasso" ("I Picasso"). Toward the end of 1901, he painted himself again, this time as a sombre, hollow-cheeked outsider in a black overcoat, against a blue-green background. Picasso was on the verge of his Blue Period, and self-pity lay just around the corner. He planned to use his own face for the nude male figure in an allegorical painting called "La Vie," did a sketch that made him out to be as handsome as a film star, then decided to use instead the sad face of his Barcelona friend Carlos Casagemas, who had recently killed himself in a Paris café. Meanwhile, a 1901 oil-on-paper gives us Picasso the man-about-town (in a top hat), and quick sketches in 1902 and 1903 show him as a sporty type walking his dog, as an overdressed bourgeois, and, in caricature, as a naked, grinning ape with paintbrushes behind both ears. In the 1904 painting "Meditation," he reappears as a sensitive, poetic, yet virile lover, sitting pensively by the bedside of the sleeping Fernande.

It is true that the entire exhibition—nearly a thousand paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and other works, filling all three floors of the museum until mid-September—can be viewed as a self-portrait. Picasso was the most subjective artist who has ever lived. "I paint the way some people write their autobiography," he told Françoise Gilot, the mother of two of his children. "The paintings, finished or not, are the pages of my journal, and as such they are valid. The future will choose the pages it prefers." All the same, it is probably futile to search the paintings for clues to the man. There were always too many selves, and some of them were truly incompatible. Although he revealed himself at every turn, he remained as enigmatic, as impenetrable, as the Iberian stone carvings with which he shattered all those centuries of Western art.

THE "Portrait of Gertrude Stein" obsessed him for months. Stein submitted to eighty or ninety sittings in the winter and spring of 1905-06, but before Picasso went away on vacation to Gosol, in the Pyrenees, he became dissatisfied with the head and painted it out. When he came back to Paris in the fall, he finished the painting without asking Stein to sit again. The masklike, "Iberian" face is truer than any likeness. ("We all know that art is not truth," Picasso said in 1923. "Art is a lie that makes us realize truth.") As Stein once wrote, the portrait "is the only reproduction of me which is always I, for me."

One summer morning in the twenties, on the beach at Antibes, Picasso's American friends Gerald and Sara Murphy saw him walking toward them laughing and waving a letter. The letter was from Gertrude Stein, and in it she said (according to Picasso's paraphrase) that she had just seen, at the Rosenberg Gallery in Paris, a recent Picasso painting that she admired intensely and she wondered whether she could have it in exchange for his portrait of her—the 1905-06 portrait, which had given him so much trouble, and which he had presented to her as a gift. The Murphys were shocked, and said so. "*Ah, oui,*" Picasso said, still chuckling, "*mais je l'aime tellement.*"

IN the first two galleries on the museum's second floor, the energy is so concentrated, so intense, that viewers tend unconsciously to lower their voices. Picasso's Analytic Cubist paintings of 1910-12 may represent the high point of his career, but they are also unique: never before or afterward was there such a suppression of self. William Rubin, the director of MOMA's Department of Painting and Sculpture, who planned and organized this great exhibition together with Dominique Bozo, the curator-in-charge of the not yet opened Musée Picasso in Paris, has come to the conclusion that Picasso's extraordinarily disciplined activity during these crucial years was traceable in large part to the influence of Georges Braque. Rubin wrote in *Art in America* last year, "I am convinced that Picasso's collaboration with the Cézanne-possessed, stolid, systematic, relentless Norman that was Georges

TRESPASSING
IN
MODERATION

Braque not only provided certain constituents of Picasso's formal language but encouraged a rhythm of thinking and working not to be found elsewhere in Picasso's career. The interaction with Braque helped him, I believe, to realize a kind of picture it had to be in him to achieve, but which he might never have realized otherwise."

Braque went off to the war in 1914, and by the time he came back Picasso was in league with Diaghilev and the *beau monde*. They never resumed the friendship. In later years, when someone mentioned his former colleague, Picasso would say, "*Braque? C'était ma femme*."

THE minotaur entered Picasso's bestiary in 1928, in a large, decorative collage-drawing that is all head and running legs. (The drawing, which belongs to the Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou, in Paris, can be seen on MOMA's third floor.) By 1933, it was well established as one of Picasso's recurrent self-images—the horned bull-god that is half man and half beast, the ravisher of women, the artist as a force of nature. In the 1935 etching called "Minotauromachy," the monster seems to look for guidance to a little girl who faces him fearlessly, holding a candle aloft in one hand and a bunch of flowers in the other. Between them is a dying horse whose belly has been ripped open so that the intestines spill out; a female matador lies across the horse's back, her breasts bared, an *espada* still clutched in her lifeless hand. At the far left, a bearded man climbs a ladder while looking back apprehensively at the minotaur. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., once described this work as "a moral melodramatic charade of the soul, though probably of so highly intuitive a character that Picasso himself could not or would not explain it in words."

When he was nearing eighty, Picasso told his friend Dor de la Souchère, "If all the ways I have been along were marked on a map and joined up with a line, it might represent a minotaur."

THE important women in Picasso's life often have the look (in his paintings of them) of being no strangers to grief. This is understandable. "Living with my father," said Paloma Picasso, "for us the main thing was to survive." In the many paintings that he made of Marie-Thérèse Walter during the nineteen-thirties, however, there is no suggestion of grief, or even of melancholy. The dominant note in

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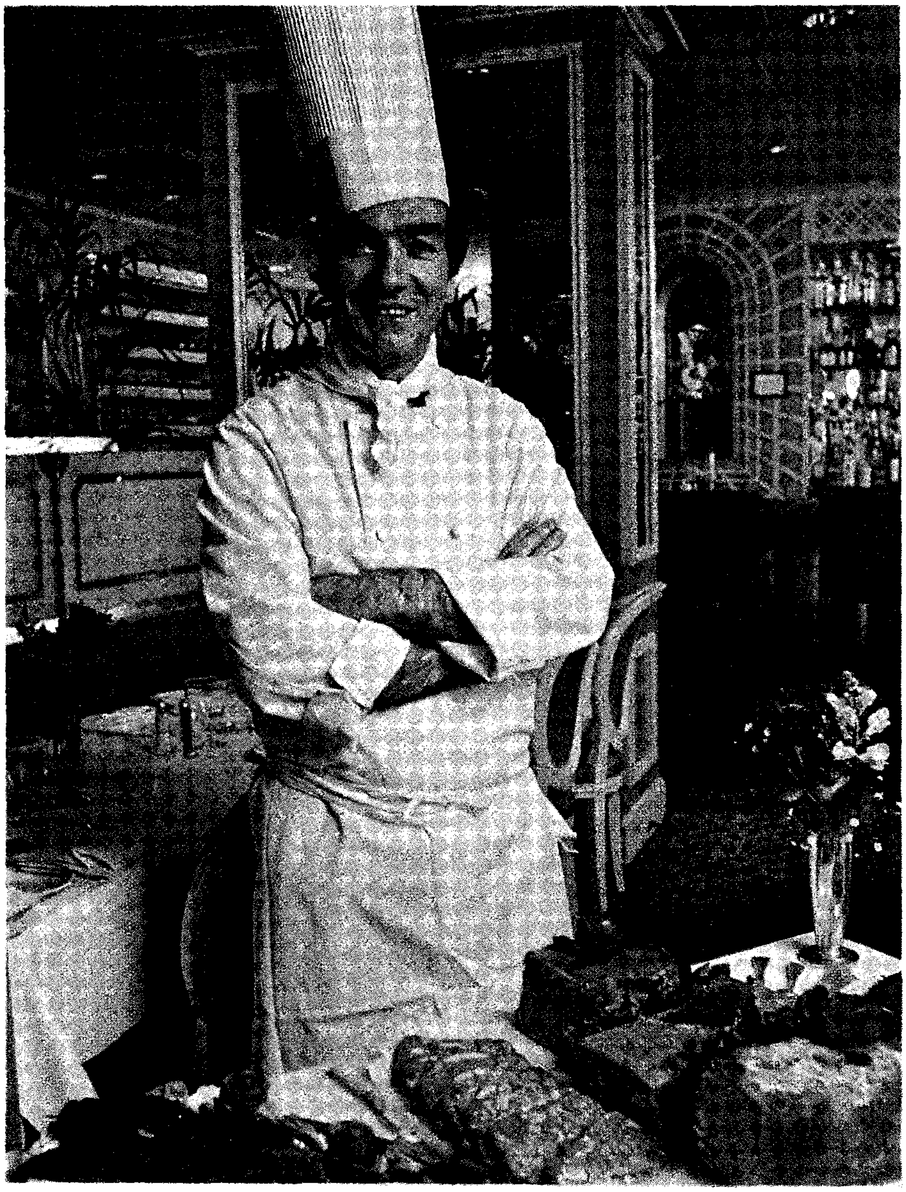

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this outpouring of gorgeously sexy pictures is physical delight.

He met her for the first time in 1927, a seventeen-year-old girl standing outside the Galeries Lafayette, in Paris. "Mademoiselle, you have an interesting face," he is reported to have said. "I would like to make your portrait. I am Picasso." She had never heard of him. He kept their affair secret for five years—although his 1931 "Still-Life on a Pedestal Table," with its softly rounded forms and fresh colors, is believed to be a disguised portrait of her. Later in 1931, he executed a suite of lyrically erotic engravings inspired by their liaison, and he also began to sculpt her head in clay. During the first three months of 1932, she was the model for a series of paintings of sleeping women, and for what would be the masterpiece of this period, MOMA's own "Girl Before a Mirror." The pose here suggests the traditional "Vanity" theme in Christian art, in which a woman looking into the mirror sees her death's-head. Marie-Thérèse sees nothing of the sort. She appears to be gazing placidly into the depths of her own voluptuous nature. It is as though Picasso, in his rage to encompass and depict the world simultaneously from every angle, had possessed his beloved inside and out, body and soul.

One wonders how Marie-Thérèse survived it. She bore him one child, Maïa, and he lived with them, off and on, while pursuing his affairs with other women, until the mid-forties. On January 21, 1939, he painted two pictures of the same subject—a woman reclining on a couch. (Neither painting is in the current exhibition, although both are reprinted in the catalogue.) One was Marie-Thérèse, the other was Dora Maar, his current *número uno*. Both show the familiar anatomical distortions and dislocations, but Dora Maar's face is grotesque and somewhat menacing, while Marie-Thérèse, who is reading a book, looks wholly content. She committed suicide in 1977.

THERE was a time, in the thirties, when any number of American artists felt frustrated and trapped inside the immense transatlantic shadow of Picasso. Arshile Gorky once called a meeting of the New York artists, in Willem de Kooning's studio, to discuss the situation. He suggested that since they could never catch up to Picasso they pool their talents and work coöperatively. Nothing came of that bright idea. Gorky and his friends

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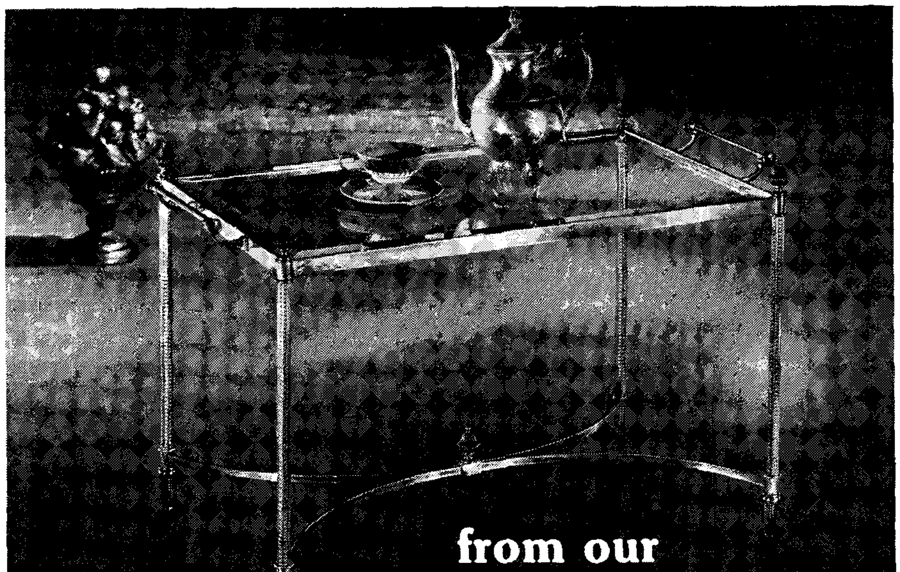
eventually broke through into Abstract Expressionism, and Picasso entered what is generally agreed to have been the long aesthetic decline of his later years. The fact that the entire Museum of Modern Art has now been turned into a Picasso showcase, with its permanent collection placed in storage or on loan to other institutions, strikes some people as an insult to a great many other artists, Americans in particular. Grumblings to this effect have been heard among the museum's staff, although not openly; the feeling there is that Picasso and William Rubin are both a bit like giant bulls charging down narrow streets—it is a good idea to stay out of their way.

I have talked with several American artists during the last two weeks, though, and none of them seemed to be feeling insulted. Robert Rauschenberg came to the gala opening on the night of May 15th, and, while he did not get above the museum's second floor ("I kept running into people who said they wanted to talk to me in the garden"), he told me later that he had taken away a whole new image of Picasso, and a much livelier one than he used to have. "The man was so alive and sensual, and responsive to every little piece of trivia. That's what I think is at least a quarter of his genius. Everything was interesting to him—and almost of equal importance."

Claes Oldenburg, who in 1969 executed a "soft" version of the maquette for Picasso's monumental steel sculpture in the Chicago Civic Center (Oldenburg's was made of canvas and rope), conceded that he had felt no great personal need for a Picasso show at this time, but he went on to say that his wife, a Dutch art historian named Coosje van Bruggen, had recently been studying early Cubism, and that as a result of her interest he, too, was grateful for the opportunity to see Picasso's early Cubist pictures in such depth. "I have a hard time looking at the post-Cubist work," he said. "But I think one could really reëxamine those early paintings and get a lot out of them. It seems to have been such a devoted activity—really a painting activity—before everything got so notoriously involved with history and so bombastic."

The extreme mobility of Picasso's "periods" and styles strikes Jasper Johns as being particularly pertinent to our current sensibility. "I think we have a sense now that makes this show very touching," Johns said. "A kind of fragmented experience—of paying attention in ways that are not connect-



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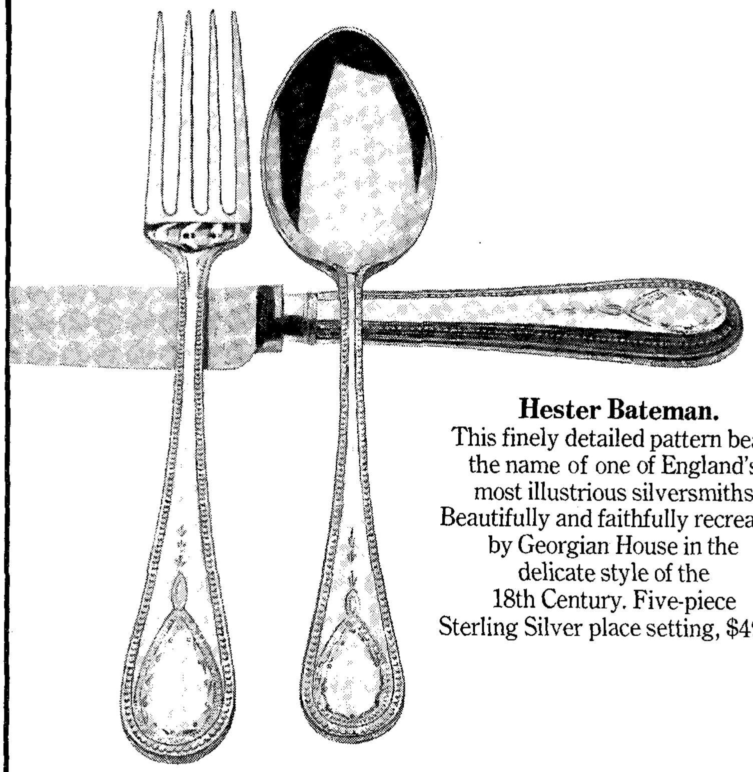

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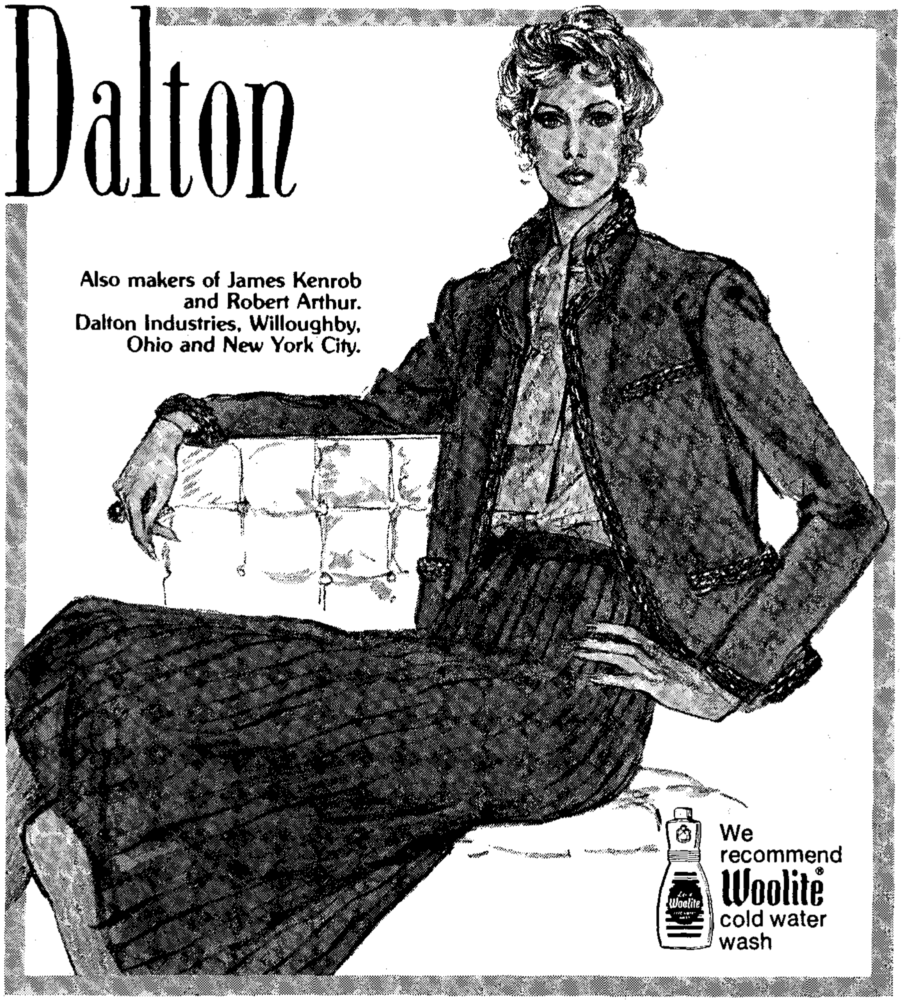

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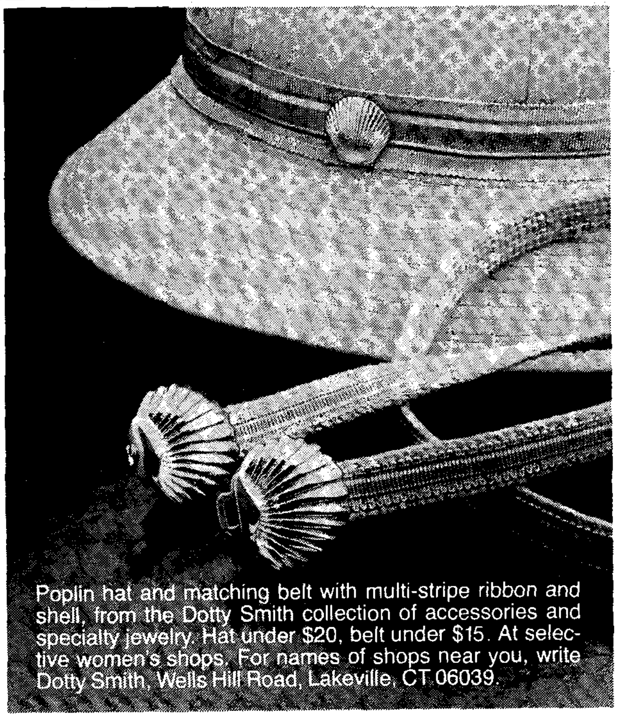

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ed. Of course, I also think he is a very great artist, and I think it's shameful that we don't have a permanent Picasso museum in this country."

George Segal was enormously excited by the show. "I was staggered, and I had a new revelation," he told me. "It dawned on me that he was a master imitator—that he picked up all the ideas that were in the air, and that he was able to leap from one philosophical point to another without pause. Any idea anybody had he could use. Cubism? O.K., we'll try Cubism. Primitive sculpture, with its invisible-spirit stuff? We'll put that in. Copy photographs? Sure. Classical Greek figurations? We'll do those. I suspect he was able to move that blithely because they were all different aspects of the same thing. That's what struck me. I suspect he was after a grand synthesis, but maybe unconsciously."

IF Segal is right, it must also be said that Picasso failed to achieve his synthesis. There was no final flowering, no great last period to set alongside Matisse's cut-paper masterworks. Picasso's daughter Maïa reports that he was terrified of death, of ending; for him, the main thing was to keep going—forever, if possible. Matisse was a great artist and a great man; Picasso, to himself and to many others, was a god. That being the case, he could afford to be a monster. He could even afford to turn out many bad paintings. "I often paint fake Picassos," he said.

WOULD Picasso have approved of this exhibition? Of course. He might also have hated it. "Museums are just a lot of lies," he said in 1935, "and the people who make art their business are mostly impostors."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

●

Q. GREATEST escape artist of all time was Harry Houdini, I suppose. His real name was Ehrich Weiss. Where'd he get the Houdini name?

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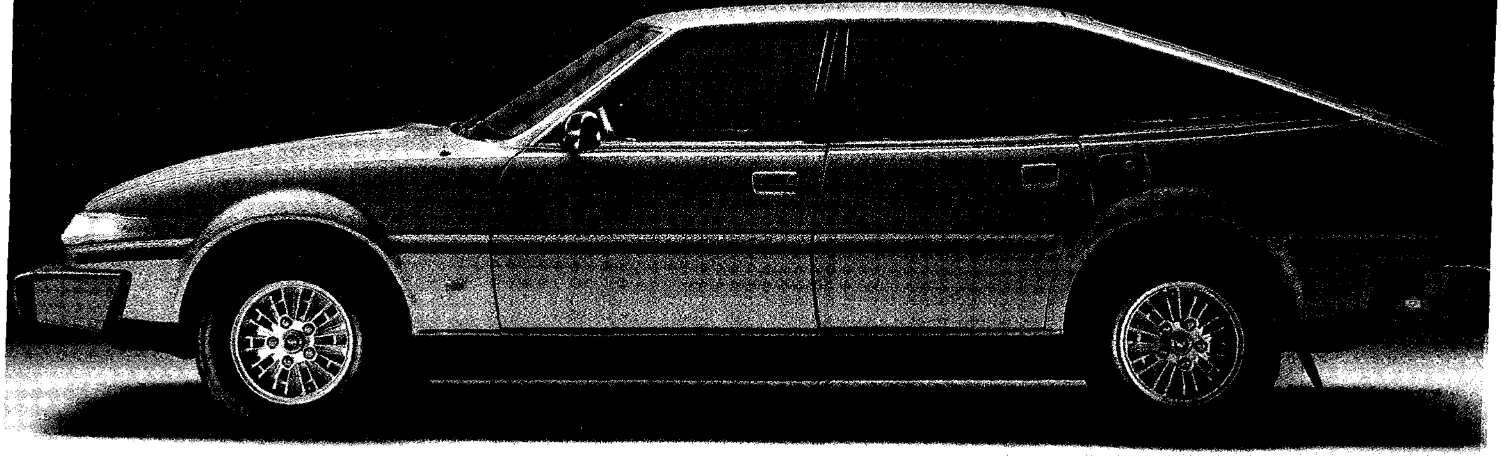

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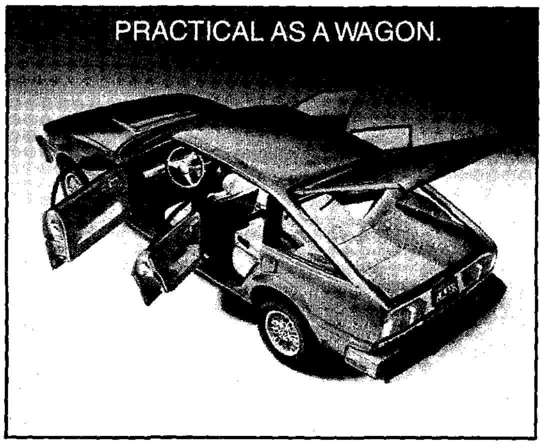

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MINDING THE "P"S AND "Q"S

"HE looks like a Governor," Senator Jacob Javits announced from the rostrum of the 1978 Republican state convention when he urged the delegates to choose Perry Duryea, the Minority Leader of the State Assembly, as the Republican candidate to run that year against New York's Democratic Governor Hugh Carey. At the same convention, two days later, Duryea, in private life a millionaire lobster distributor from Montauk, Long Island, formally accepted the nomination. In line with the way New York Republicans nearly always did things, he could count on not having to face the inconvenience of primary opposition. Duryea was introduced by Republican State Chairman Bernard Kilbourn, who praised the special qualities of the nominee that would, he said, assure that the Republicans would "start by making Hugh Carey a one-term Governor." ("We can finish by making Jimmy Carter a one-term President," Kilbourn added.) In his list of Duryea's credentials, the State Chairman began with "He looks like a Governor." Though Carey was perfectly presentable, he lacked Duryea's allegedly gubernatorial height and glossy white hair. Moreover, in line with the way New York Democrats nearly always did things, he had to go through a messy primary to win renomination. Nevertheless, Carey easily defeated Duryea in the November election. Not quite three months later, in January of 1979, former Treasury Secretary John Connally announced his candidacy for the 1980 Republican Presidential nomination. "He looks like a President," James Reston noted in the *Times*. Connally's campaign literature described him as having "the look of eagles," which it defined as "his direct gaze, his air of leadership under any condition." The central-casting theory of political preference will no doubt continue to be popular in many quarters, although Warren G. Harding has been called the handsomest man ever to occupy the White House, and although, in spite of Connally's likely physical attributes—and his long lead time, which was also believed to be a big advantage in this year's Presidential race—the tall, white-haired Texan withdrew from the race less than two weeks into the formal 1980 primary season.

The theory that in campaigns for the 1980 Presidential nomination starting early was the way to go can be traced back, of course, to Jimmy Carter's seemingly hopeless challenge that began in December of 1974 and ended twenty-three months later with his election to the White House. This demonstration of politics as endurance test has had an effect on running for office in New York State. In the past, most New York campaigns for the United States Senate lasted only a few months. In 1976, the winner of the Democratic primary and of the election, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, didn't announce that he was a candidate until mid-June. In the 1980 Senate race, Brooklyn Representative Elizabeth Holtzman became the first formal Democratic entry on January 8th, and for half a year before that she had been travelling about the state shaking hands and raising funds. By the middle of this month, her campaign chest had reached nearly three-quarters of a million dollars—twice the amount raised by any other Democratic or Republican candidate. According to most polls—political tools that are often regarded more skeptically here than they are on the national scene—she is well ahead of her three rivals for the Democratic nomination, who entered the race later: former Mayor John Lindsay; Bess Myerson, the 1945 Miss America and onetime head of the city's Department of Consumer Affairs; and Queens District Attorney John Santucci.

The Republican side of the senatorial contest had an even earlier entry—by the margin of one day. Alfonse D'Amato, the Presiding Supervisor of the town of Hempstead, in Nassau County, on Long Island, announced his candidacy last January 7th. He has the backing of Nassau Republican Chairman Joseph Margiotta, the state's most powerful Republican boss. Until shortly before D'Amato, who is stocky and dark-haired, entered the Senate race, he had referred to himself as the Fonz, in honor of an even better known Italian-American figure. Then some of D'Amato's advisers suggested that he didn't look like a Senator. He quickly invested in a new wardrobe, new glasses, and a new hairstyle, all in the conservative mode, and signed on a public-speaking coach, who began by advising him to stop making upward gestures with his thumbs. By late this month, D'Amato had the endorsements of the state Conservative Party and the Right to Life—that is, anti-abortion—Party. His rivals for the Republican nomination had included Bruce Caputo, the 1978 candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the losing Duryea ticket, who eventually withdrew his name, and Jacob Javits, the incumbent, who is running for his fifth term. Having been a Senator since 1957, the seventy-six-year-old Javits doesn't have to worry about whether he looks like one. He does have to worry about his health, which is not good. As one of the few remaining national symbols of liberal Republicanism, he must also cope with the con-

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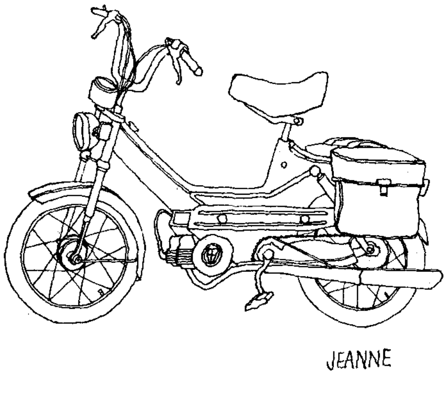
viction prevalent among more conservative Republican leaders, such as Margiotta, that, with Nelson Rockefeller, the Senator's longtime ally (and big bankroller of the state Republican Party), out of the picture, they should have no trouble replacing Javits with someone of D'Amato's political philosophy, which in their view now represents the Republican mainstream. Much as, in the campaign for this year's Democratic Presidential nomination, Senator Edward Kennedy has kept saying that it is time to put a Democrat in the White House for a change, D'Amato, in his television commercials, identifies himself as "Al D'Amato, a Republican who is a Republican." Javits, who declined to campaign for Barry Goldwater in 1964, is not taking the conservatives' challenge lightly: in April, he agreed to serve as a Ronald Reagan delegate at the Republican National Convention.

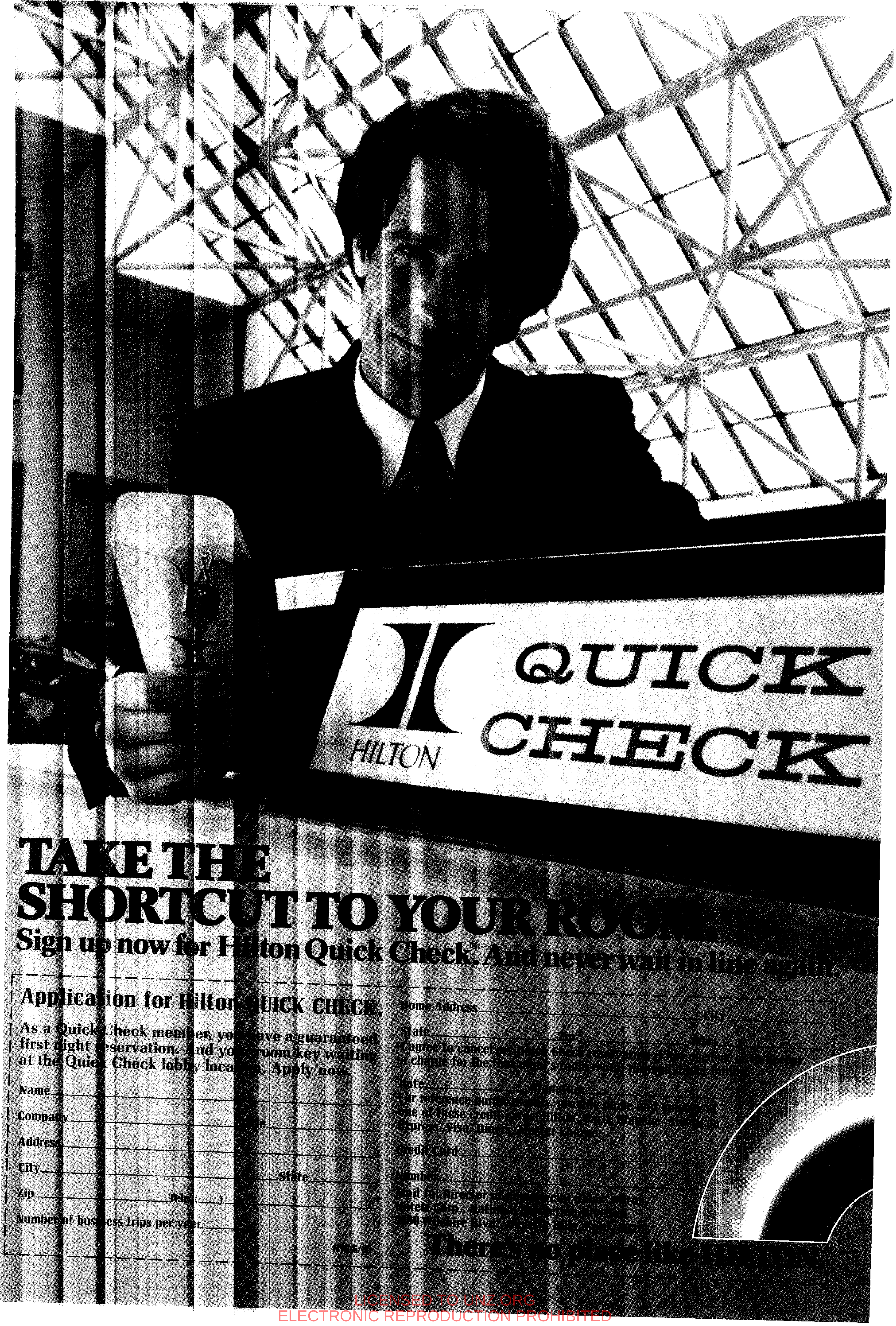
THE lesson of the 1976 Presidential campaign that the race is to the first out of the gate may turn out to have better results in this year's New York Senate race than in the national campaign. Illinois Representative Philip Crane took Carter's example so seriously that he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination way back in August of 1978. He called it quits this April after winning only four delegates. George Bush didn't formally declare himself until May of 1979, but he had been a full-time traveller on the campaign trail for two years before he withdrew late last month, saying, "I am an optimist, but I also know how to count to nine hundred and ninety-eight"—that being the number of delegates needed for the Republican nomination, and a number that Ronald Reagan already had in hand or in sight. Last January, ticking off the high points of his political résumé when his prospects seemed very bright, Bush said of his long months on the road, "If Carter could do it with no credentials, I can do it with these fantastic credentials." While some New York politicians may benefit this year from the Carter example in the 1976 national race, Bush could perhaps have learned something from a local political rule handed down from the days of Big Tim Sullivan, a turn-of-the-century member of Congress and Tammany leader. In his clubhouse lectures on how to get ahead in his line of work, Big Tim advised that the first principle was not to sound like a showoff, since, as he put it, "God and the people hate a chesty man."

Probably the most useful lesson out of New York State politics, old and new, for those significantly involved in this year's national campaigns is the one about not being too respectful of polls. One reason such head counts tend to be warily received here is that polls in local contests—particularly those taken early in a campaign—have often borne little relation to election results. In a March, 1974, poll gauging the chances of various candidates in that year's race for Governor, those of Carey, then a Brooklyn Representative, appeared among the asterisks. Yet after a bitter fight he took the September primary by a three-to-two margin, and in November he won election over the Republican incumbent, Malcolm Wilson, by over eight hundred thousand votes—the largest plurality in a New York gubernatorial contest in forty-two years. In May of 1977, a poll on the prospects of various contenders for the Democratic mayoral nomination that year ranked Manhattan Representative Edward Koch seventh in a field of seven. Four months later, Koch got more votes than any of the six other candidates in the Democratic primary; then he won the runoff and the election. Even polls taken on the eve of the voting here have often turned out to be way off. In the final days of the 1977 campaign for Queens District Attorney, they gave the flamboyant former Special State Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari a ten-per-cent lead over Santucci, who won it nearly two to one.

President Carter—who earlier this month, on the night his delegate total topped the number that would ostensibly assure him the nomination at the Convention, thanked his campaign workers for having "turned what eight months ago was a prediction of absolute defeat into a wondrous victory"—would find the most comforting New York parallels in that 1978 Carey-reëlection campaign, with its happy ending for a beleaguered incumbent. In May of that year, polls showed Carey to be so unpopular that he would lose the governorship to a Republican even though many of those polled admitted that they had never heard of his possible Republican opponent. Two months later, after Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak announced that she could not run again on the ticket with Carey because he was "inaccessible" and unwilling or unable to fulfill the obligations of office, the *Times* described the Governor as politically "bleeding from every pore." Some commentators have suggested that if Carter becomes the 1980 Democratic nominee, Reagan's campaign has already been laid out for him by Senator Kennedy, Carter's fellow-Democrat, with his charges (in contrast to the more gentlemanly and less destructive exchanges among the Republican Presidential-primary candidates) that Carter is weak, incompetent, and a failed leader, and is responsible, through his wrongheaded financial policies, for "the deepest recession since the depths of the Great Depression." At the 1978 Republican state convention, held the same week as Miss Krupsak's attack on Carey, Louis Lefkowitz, New York's Republican State Attorney General, told the delegates, "Carry with you at all times the statement made by our Lieutenant Governor. Carry it in your pockets. . . . Put it under your pillow at night." Duryea assured him, "I have it with me. . . . That is my campaign." A poll earlier that year had shown that Miss Krupsak could beat Carey for the Democratic nomination, and in late June she entered the primary against him, as had Brooklyn State Senator Jeremiah Bloom. Miss Krupsak and Senator Bloom did not attack each other or the Republican nominee but instead, during the summer, took turns heaping abuse on the Governor. In the weeks to come, a similar drumbeat of attacks (which by their one-sidedness can begin to sound to the voters like overkill) faces the President, who, like the Governor two years ago, has the full defensive advantages of incumbency.

Once in a while, Duryea, from his snug sideline perch that year, would add an abusive anti-Carey word of his own, but for the most part he just enjoyed the spectacle of Democrats in disarray. All this was in accordance with the traditional Republican plan. In New York, a primary date is a movable event, coming sometimes in June, sometimes in September, at the Legislature's choice. The Republicans, through their control of the State Senate, have usually been able to set it in September. The G.O.P. theory was





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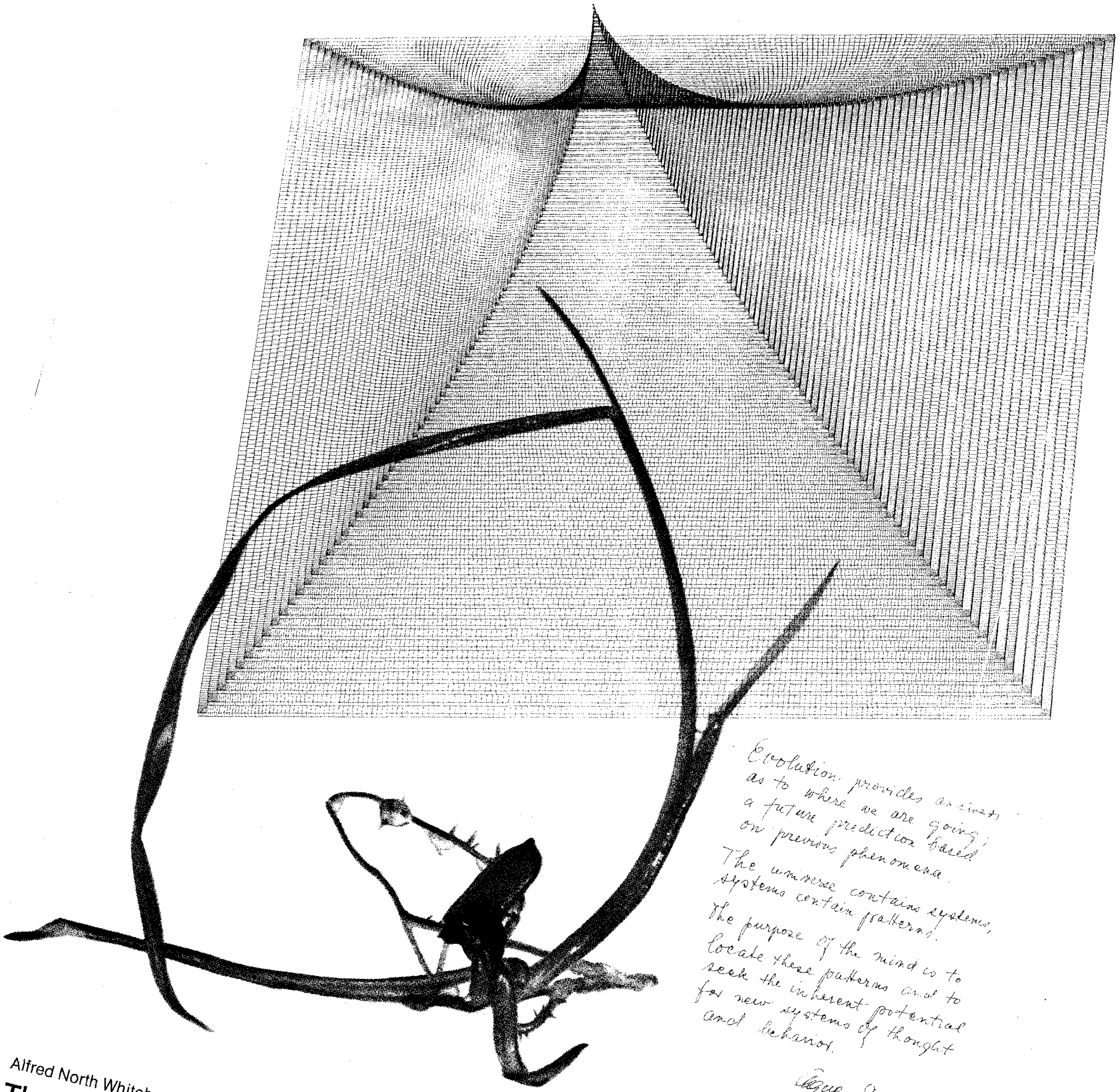

Evolution provides answers as to where we are going; a future prediction based on previous phenomena.
The universe contains systems, systems contain patterns.
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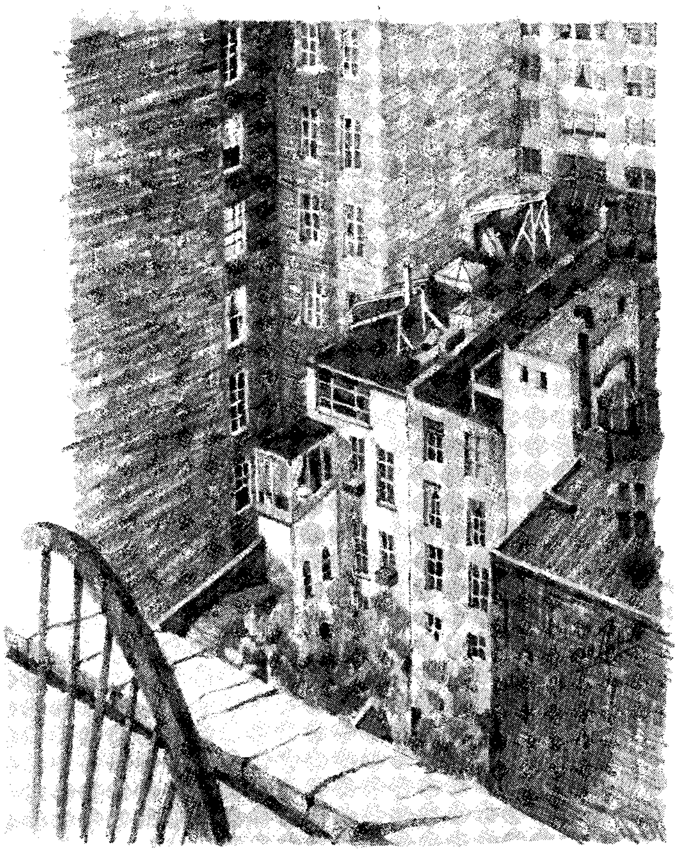
ON "The Image Merchants," a WABC-TV program that was presented here last month and that dealt with political media consultants, one of the experts who appeared was John Deardourff, of the Washington-based firm of Bailey, Deardourff. Most of the program was devoted to the lessons in campaign management that could be learned from Presidential races, real and fictional. (A scene was shown from the movie "The Candidate," in which the media adviser said to Robert Redford, "O.K., now, for starters, we got to cut your hair and eighty-six the sideburns.") The Bailey, Deardourff firm had been the media adviser for Gerald Ford's 1976 campaign and for Senator Howard Baker's unsuccessful primary effort this year. It had also served in that role for Duryea's race for Governor. Deardourff spent most of his time on the program using the 1978 experience as an example of how the best-laid image-selling plans can go wrong. The scheme that year, he said, had been to present Duryea as "an open, forthright, straightforward kind of man"—the antithesis of the inaccessible Carey. Yet toward the end of the campaign Duryea had declined to join Carey in revealing his tax returns, and so had encouraged the impression that he might have something to hide, and suddenly, Deardourff recalled, Duryea's inaccessibility became the issue.

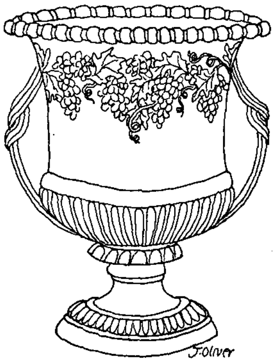
An especially big disappointment, according to Deardourff, had been the question of capital punishment, which Duryea favored and Carey opposed. All polls had made it clear that a large majority of New Yorkers were on Duryea's side. "I think the people are going to make it the paramount issue," Duryea had said just after he was nominated. During the campaign, he brought it up at every opportunity, while Carey continued to stress his strong opposition and his refusal to engage in what he called "the politics of death." But whatever the voters had told the polltakers about being against the death penalty, noted Deardourff, on Election Day many of them obviously pulled the lever for the man who stood for the opposite view. Similarly, throughout this year's Presidential-primary campaign polls showed that the voters' major concern was the failing economy, and Senator Kennedy made this his paramount issue. Yet, whatever they had told the pollsters, three-fifths of the Democrats who took part in the primaries gave their votes to the man whom Kennedy directly blamed for the hard times they had complained of.

The 1978 New York election involved another phenomenon: the politics of lovability. Duryea was known as a genial sort of fellow, while Carey made few changes in his familiar moody and distant style. It was explained to the Governor that even some people who admired his achievements in Albany were saying that because they didn't like him they wouldn't vote for him. Carey may not have been the first major political figure to spend the last weeks of a campaign declaring at frequent intervals, "You don't have to like me to vote for me" or, sometimes, "You don't have to love me to vote for me," but it is not a commonplace political pitch. In this year's Presidential campaign, Kennedy has encountered the problem of unlovability. Scouts have reported that even Americans who agree with him on the issues will sometimes say they plan to vote against him because "I just don't like him." Kennedy is, of course, not the only Democratic Presidential contender this year who has failed to arouse affection in many voters. Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, the President's campaign chairman in this state, said last month, "The most important thing to remember about this election is that you don't have to like Jimmy Carter to vote for him." By contrast, Reagan seems not to be encountering that particular problem. Even voters who deeply mistrust his positions on issues often say that they rather like him.

Increasingly, it appears that political campaigns are taking their direction from the world of television, on which they already depend to reach most of the voters. As the Nielsen ratings exercise life-and-death power over TV programs, poll standings now often govern whether or not a candidate stays in a political race. And the defensive reminders that you don't have to like a candidate to vote for him (implying the prevalence of the opposite view) and the questions about whether or not a candidate looks physically right for the part he's trying out for suggest that politics is already heavily influenced by television's Q-rating system, which determines whether a performer gets the job. A Q rating (the "Q" stands for "quotient") is a specific calculation of a performer's public appeal, with weight being given to the familiarity (or viewer recognition) factor, and, particularly, the strength of the favorable response to his name and face: likability, or—since sexiness counts—lovability. (In early television days, lovability judgments were also made, but less formally. The songwriter Allan Sherman once wrote of a producer who discovered that Garry Moore was unavailable for a scheduled show and went around his office asking, "Who else do you know that does warmth?") Polls and Q ratings are fast becoming the political "p"s and "q"s that candidates must keep an eye on. If this Q-rating trend for those



running for office continues, the choice of future government leaders could be made according to precepts not so very different from those used to select the next co-host on "The Mike Douglas Show." At this distance, it is not known, of course, what Q ratings George Washington and Abraham Lincoln would have received. From all accounts, Warren G. Harding's would have been high.



A Q rating of the polls themselves would have to include a credibility factor. The relatively low credibility of political polls in New York State reflects not only their poor record in some past elections but also the fact that municipal and state politics are not covered by the armies of print and television journalists that swarm around nationwide campaigns. Those national reporters and commentators have played a considerable part in elevating the role of polls in American political life and turning the polling business into the industry it is today. Reporters travelling with a candidate are warned about the hazards of being carried away by the size and enthusiasm of crowds they see with their own eyes; better then to rate election chances by citing some poll. Talking off the top of one's head is dangerous, as NBC's political expert Tom Pettit discovered the day after the Iowa caucuses, in which Reagan was badly beaten by Bush. "Ronald Reagan is politically dead," said Pettit. Waiting for a poll is safer. For those covering campaigns from any vantage point on days when there are no new developments but something has to be filed anyhow, polls are a special godsend. Probably the most slavish users of polls are the scores of syndicated political columnists who have to turn out a piece three times a week. On Monday, they can discuss the significance of the latest poll. Wednesday is the day to compare it with some other recent poll. And Friday there can be a learned discourse on the contrast between these polls and some taken six months or a year earlier. Along the way, certain questions of credibility may arise, but such a writer can't afford to cast much doubt on the polling process—otherwise, where will he get his columns for the following week?

By its nature, polling is a guessing game; the polltakers bet that their sample of voters, chosen according to their own rules, is in fact representative of the larger electorate, as claimed. Footnotes to the effect that the results are subject to a five-per-cent margin of error only reinforce the impression that something really scientific is going on. It is rare to get any sense from the statistical results that those polled might have been playing games of their own. Percentages attached to the views of people who have identified themselves as registered voters or have declared that they intend to vote on Election Day may have no meaning at all. Who likes to admit that he's politically irresponsible—and who's checking? And how many people will admit that their responses could be merely testy or frivolous—that, for example, they oppose an incumbent because they are temporarily bored with him, or that they support a newcomer in a race for no reason except that at the moment any new face is welcome in an increasingly dreary show? The latter feeling almost certainly helped Illinois Representative John Anderson in the late-spring polls (whose results gave the syndicated writers something to fill their columns with for many days) without necessarily proving anything about what may happen in November. And those polled may be undependable in other ways. In the Glendale section of Queens, where Archie Bunker lives (the fictional one, not Carroll O'Connor, who has been featured in Kennedy commercials predicting that Jimmy Carter's depression will be worse than Herbert Hoover's), a potential voter may decide not to say out loud that he intends to vote for Barry Commoner. Nor is a supporter of Reagan certain to reveal himself in the reform-Democratic territory of Manhattan's upper West Side.

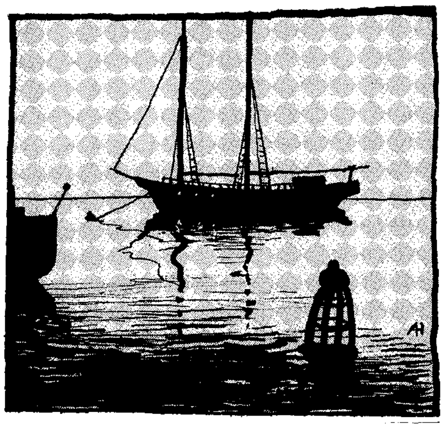
Exit polls—interviews with voters as they leave the voting places—have been in wide use this political season. Within hours after the end of a Presidential primary, poll followers were able to read about which candidate had got the most votes from citizens between the ages of fifty and sixty, from those who never finished high school, or from those who made over thirty thousand dollars a year. Such reports inevitably leave out voters who have to get back to the office or the home front as soon as they cast their ballots or who simply believe that there are better things to do with their time (head for the nearest bar, say) than to accommodate nosy strangers. Also left out are voters who consider it nobody's business how old they are, how far they got in school, how much money they make, or, especially, whom they voted for, this being, after all, the land of the secret ballot. Thus, exit polls exclude many of the very voters whose independent ways might significantly affect the results. Like other aspects of current politics, such polls seem to take their cue from television: from those man-in-the-street interviews operating on the theory that you'll get a valuable look at the views of the average citizen by talking to people who have time to stand around watching television crews set up their equipment—people who may be standing around just because they have an axe to grind.

THE standard comment of politicians who do poorly in polls is that the only poll that counts is the one taken in the voting booths on Election Day. Lately, considering some of the results of past elections, New York Republicans have evidently been having second thoughts about their long-standing practice of staying complacently out of the line of fire while their Democratic rivals ruin their chances in primary fights. Besides the two Carey campaigns in which the plot had a different ending from the one that the Republicans had had in mind, there was the 1976 race here for the United States Senate. Local Republicans reacted with delight to the Democratic-primary lineup: besides Moynihan, it included Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug, former United States Attorney General Ramsey Clark, the millionaire garage builder Abraham Hirschfeld, and City Council President Paul O'Dwyer—not a lowered voice in the crowd. However, the nasty months-long Democratic free-for-all was followed by Moynihan's election that November with a half-million-vote plurality over the Republican incumbent, James Buckley. The moral seemed to be that the voting public did not find political sideshows during the summer doldrums so deplorable. And after the primaries the Democratic nominees were in a position to hit the ground running, while the Republicans had to campaign from a standing start.

Recently, the New York G.O.P. has been playing it the other way. This year, there is the primary fight for the Republican senatorial nomination—the first Javits has faced since he became a Senator. And in 1979 the race for County Executive of Suffolk County, which occupies the eastern half of Long Island, saw the incumbent, John Klein, and Islip Town Supervisor Peter Cohalan battle through what Klein later called "a bitter, vicious primary" for the Republican nomination. In this first Republican primary in Suffolk history for County Executive, the polls again didn't perform well. At the end, they showed a close race, with Klein a bit ahead, and the *Times* headline two days before the voting read, "KLEIN SLIGHT FAVORITE." Cohalan received more than twice as many votes as Klein. Writing in the *Times* last month, William Safire endorsed the theory that open Republican squabbling should be encouraged. During most of the summer, he noted, the continuing battle between Carter and Kennedy "guarantees good ratings," while the Republicans will look like "Dullsville." To remedy this condition, he suggested that Reagan toss the names of perhaps five Vice-Presidential candidates in the air and let them fight it out publicly and thus, said Safire, "snatch back the attention of voters" and "show the nation that the action is on the right."

In the Klein-Cohalan race last year, Reagan got a taste of the dangers of delving into the morass of New York politics. He endorsed Klein, who Nassau Chairman Margiotta had assured him was a certain winner. Undaunted by this mishap, Reagan's supporters have now begun to talk openly of the possibility of winning New York's forty-one electoral votes in November. In mid-May, over forty-two hundred people gathered at a Long Island dinner, sponsored by Margiotta, in honor of Reagan. The Republican nominee-presumptive had insisted that Javits be invited to the Long Island dinner. Not only had the Senator given Reagan his endorsement but he also has a long history of drawing votes from independents and Democrats—an accomplishment that would be very helpful to Reagan in carrying this Democratic state. Javits attended the dinner, but the elder statesman had to face a banner the Nassau Republicans had stretched across the back of the ballroom reading, "NASSAU COUNTY SALUTES OUR OWN AL D'AMATO—UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK." Duryea, the state's most recent Republican gubernatorial candidate, was among the forty-two hundred at the dinner, although he has largely withdrawn from politics since his dismal experience two years ago. This month, after John Anderson broke with his leading financial supporter, Stewart Mott, it was revealed that Mott had wanted to bring in John Deardourff to improve the efficiency of the Anderson operation as it was being run by David Garth, the local media consultant who ran Edward Koch's 1977 campaign as well as the two Carey campaigns. "I'll check with Governor Duryea on that," said Garth. Last fall, William Buckley mentioned that Duryea had a familiarity-factor problem with Reagan, who regularly refers to him as Dan. Buckley then suggested that the actor Dan Duryea "would make a fine director of the F.B.I." He thus seemed to endorse a political revolution in which government leadership would go not to the politicians but to the actors who even more strikingly looked the part.

PROBABLY in no other place has the 1980 polling process misled so many political experts as it did in New York in the days just preceding the state's March 25th Presidential primary. On March 21st, a headline in the *Daily News*, whose own polling record in local contests has been very good, reported, "CARTER'S THE ONE—IN A POLLSLIDE." A Louis Harris poll it had commissioned gave Carter sixty-one per cent of the vote to thirty-four per cent for his opponent. It is true that a Harris poll published the day before the primary showed Carter's lead cut to eighteen points; still, that was a substantial margin. Political writers reacted accordingly. Three days before the primary, the heading of Murray Kempton's column in the *Post* read, "Teddy Shows How to Wear the Mantle of a Fallen Hero." Wrote Kempton, "He evokes the legend of General Ney at Waterloo . . . lifting his sabre and calling on friend and foe to come and see how a Marshal of France dies." A James Reston column on Kennedy in the *Times* that appeared on the stands here late in the evening of the primary concluded, "Despite his gains . . . he is undoubtedly finished." (James Wechsler, of the *Post*, pointed out later that in the last *Times* edition, after the returns began coming in, Reston's final four words were changed to "his overall problem remains.") In the Washington *Post* on the day after the primary, a David Broder column on the Massachusetts Senator said, "No one can deny that he is going down fighting. His campaign is ending with a bang, not a whimper." There were numerous other accounts that David Garth described as "Gallant Teddy stories." Their message was that losing well was the best revenge. Instead, of course, Kennedy confounded both the polls and the premature political-obituary writers by taking the New York primary, fifty-nine per cent to Carter's forty-one. Since then, despite the rocky time his campaign had until his good showing in five of the eight final primaries on June 3rd, the message of his supporters has been that winning was the best revenge: that although they could count to sixteen hundred and sixty-six—the number of delegates necessary for the Democratic nomination, and a number that Carter now has in hand with several hundred to spare—the counting wasn't over. Most of those at Carter-Mondale headquarters put the blame for the March 25th debacle on the angry reaction of New York's large number of Jewish voters to the American vote in the United Nations condemning Israeli settlements on the West Bank—the vote that was later disavowed by Carter, but only in part. The President's national campaign manager, Robert Strauss, traced the trouble to complacency over the polls. ("Those optimistic polls killed us.") Carter's New York City campaign director, Joel McCleary, was quoted as saying that New Yorkers were simply "a perverse people." White House complaints about New Yorkers' insistence on going their own way were not quieted by the appearance this month of Mayor Koch, an early Carter supporter, before the Democratic Platform Committee in Washington. The Mayor said he continued to support the President, and then compared Carter's urban policies to those of Richard Nixon. His speech set off discussions in the White House as to the relative usefulness of avowed friends and political enemies.



Despite New York Democrats' reputation for quarrelling among themselves and behaving badly, the parcelling out of offices among Carter and Kennedy delegates at the Democratic Convention was accomplished in orderly fashion. At a meeting here on June 8th, two Kennedy delegates—State Senate Minority Leader Man-

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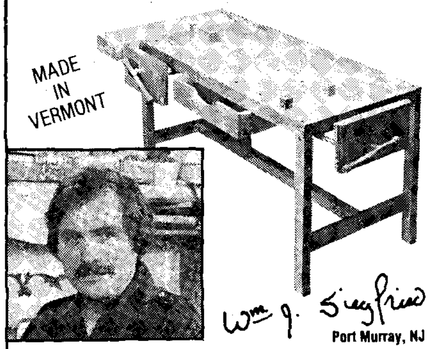

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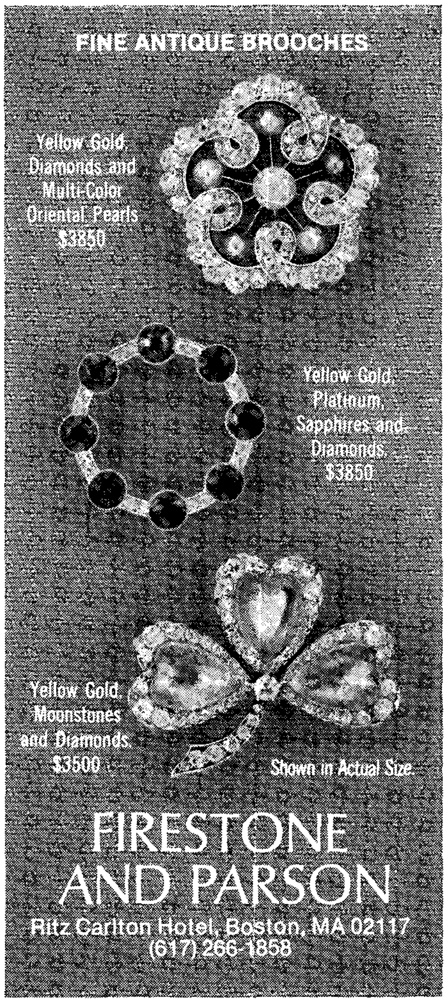
fred Ohrenstein and Brooklyn Representative Shirley Chisholm—were named to head the delegation. (Unfortunately, they were designated as "chairpersons.") A Carter delegate, Dominic Baranello, who is the Suffolk Democratic chairman and also the Democratic chairman for the state, was then given the title of executive vice-chairman of the delegation. Said Baranello, who is fifty-seven, "Would you believe it? When this process started, I was twenty-three years old."

For a time, the momentarily peaceable atmosphere among Democrats here was in sharp contrast to that on another local front. Although most of the municipal labor contracts that were being negotiated this month expire on June 30th, Philip Caruso, the newly elected head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, had suggested that the unions could put the maximum pressure on the city by threatening possible widespread strikes just before the Democratic Convention, which begins at Madison Square Garden on August 11th. Joining in, Barry Feinstein, the head of Local 237 of the teamsters' union, which represents a substantial block of city workers, had said, "I think August 10th is an interesting date." Even if labor upheavals during the Convention are averted, as now seems probable, the threats of rules changes, favored by many in the Kennedy camp, and Governor Carey's call for an open Convention make it a certainty that the August meeting will be a long way from the so-called love-in that the Democrats held in the Garden four years ago.

The last National Convention here at which disorder reigned was the one in 1924, when it took the Democrats a hundred and three ballots to choose a nominee. "WELCOME LONG OUTWORN," read the *Times* headline when the delegates finally left town, after meeting for sixteen rancorous days in an earlier Madison Square Garden. Although the man eventually nominated, John W. Davis, was a lawyer practicing in New York, the unruly performance of the Democrats at the old Garden apparently helped turn the voters against the Party's ticket in the five boroughs here, as in most of the rest of the country. That year, Calvin Coolidge carried not only the nation but also New York City—the last Republican Presidential nominee to pull this off. Possibly the Democrats can find consolation in the lesson of recent political history here, which is that the spectacle of Democrats in disorder has not inevitably led to disaster in November.

—ANDY LOGAN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RUSSIAN JOURNAL

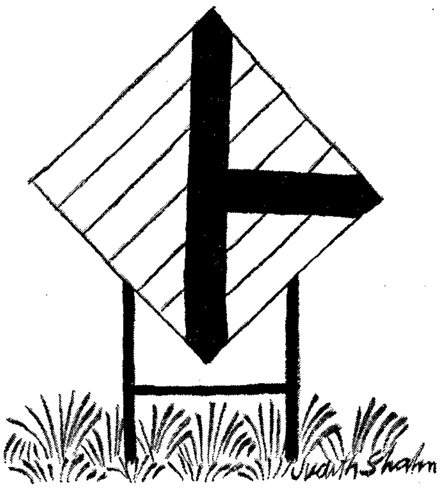
I—SUMMER AND FALL

AUGUST 21

TODAY, my husband and I took a trolley to visit a *rynok*, or peasant market, in southwest Moscow. We asked a passerby at the University Metro stop for directions—a middle-aged woman with gray hair and a hard, pleasant face. She was surprised and pleased to meet Russian-speaking Americans, and answered us with a friendly shout that was almost military in its forcefulness: "Go to the corner! Yes, that corner! Then take any trolley! Yes, any will get you there! Excellent! Very good! Good luck to you!" This brisk openness and almost violent enthusiasm set the mood for the afternoon. On the trolley, my husband, Tom, who is doing research in Russian history at Moscow State University, told me a little about the peasant markets. They are an indirect result of Stalin's program of forced collectivization in the late twenties and early thirties. Peasants expressed vehement opposition to the program, in some cases slaughtering their livestock and resisting armed brigades from the cities. Faced with such resistance, and the dire shortages that followed, Stalin was forced to compromise: collective-farm workers were granted the right to farm small plots of their own and sell the produce for a profit. Most of the trading that takes place in this private sector of the economy is conducted in government-owned *rynok* buildings, but citizens do sell their produce elsewhere. During the month we have been in Moscow, I have often seen old women carefully spreading out a few cups of berries in a tiny display by a subway entrance.

After a ten-minute ride, we stepped off in front of the market, a long, low building that looked like a field house at a Midwestern American university. In the street, a queue stretched back from a yellow cylinder that resembled more than anything else a child's toy locomotive enlarged; this was a *kvas* wagon, from which cups and pails were being filled with *kvas*, the foamy semi-alcoholic drink made from rye bread. We had always wanted to photograph a *kvas* line, with its workmen, teenagers, mothers, and *babushki* (grandmothers), but had heard from local photographer friends about hostility to such picture-taking. Russians seem to consider *kvas* a mild vice, suitable for young people and sunny afternoons but nonetheless disreputable. We thought up a ploy: spotting a cute puppy in the line, we asked its teen-age owner if we could photograph her pet. She and her companion, both wearing bright miniskirts and platform shoes, at first dissolved in giggles and then explained—with the pert gravity that makes Russian girls seem so prim and provocative at the same time—that it was impossible, that they had a friend whose dog had died after being photographed. Picture-taking was a clear danger for a young puppy. The entire *kvas* line had turned to look at us, and we backed away before the unassailable strength of this superstition. I thought how often the primitive roots of this society broke the surface, and remembered how last week a sophisticated graduate student from a highly connected, well-to-do family, a young man versed in Western slang and current events, had confided to me his fear for the future moral character of his unborn child, conceived when he was drunk with vodka.

We walked toward the entrance of the market, which was ringed with *babushki* and *dyedushki* selling flowers—old women and old men thrusting stalks of red and white gladiolus into the afternoon sun. Russians of all ages and professions were happily inspecting and buying flowers; like Scandinavians and other victims of especially harsh and prolonged winters, Russians seem to appreciate the ephemeral products of summer—fruits and flowers—with almost ravenous intensity. Inside the market, the scarcity and preciousness of such products was confirmed as we looked at the outrageous prices of vegetables. Three rubles a kilo for carrots, five for apples—and this in a city where an average worker makes about a hundred and fifty rubles a month. The market was a bustling big room filled with tables and with the smell of fruits, meats, and cheeses, like farmers' markets in the United States. Meat and dairy counters lined the walls, and in the center of the room fruits and vegetables were set out in small, careful arrangements. I was amazed by the quality and the variety of the produce: peaches, eggplant, lettuce, and squash as well as the Moscow summer staples of tomatoes, cucumbers, and cabbage.



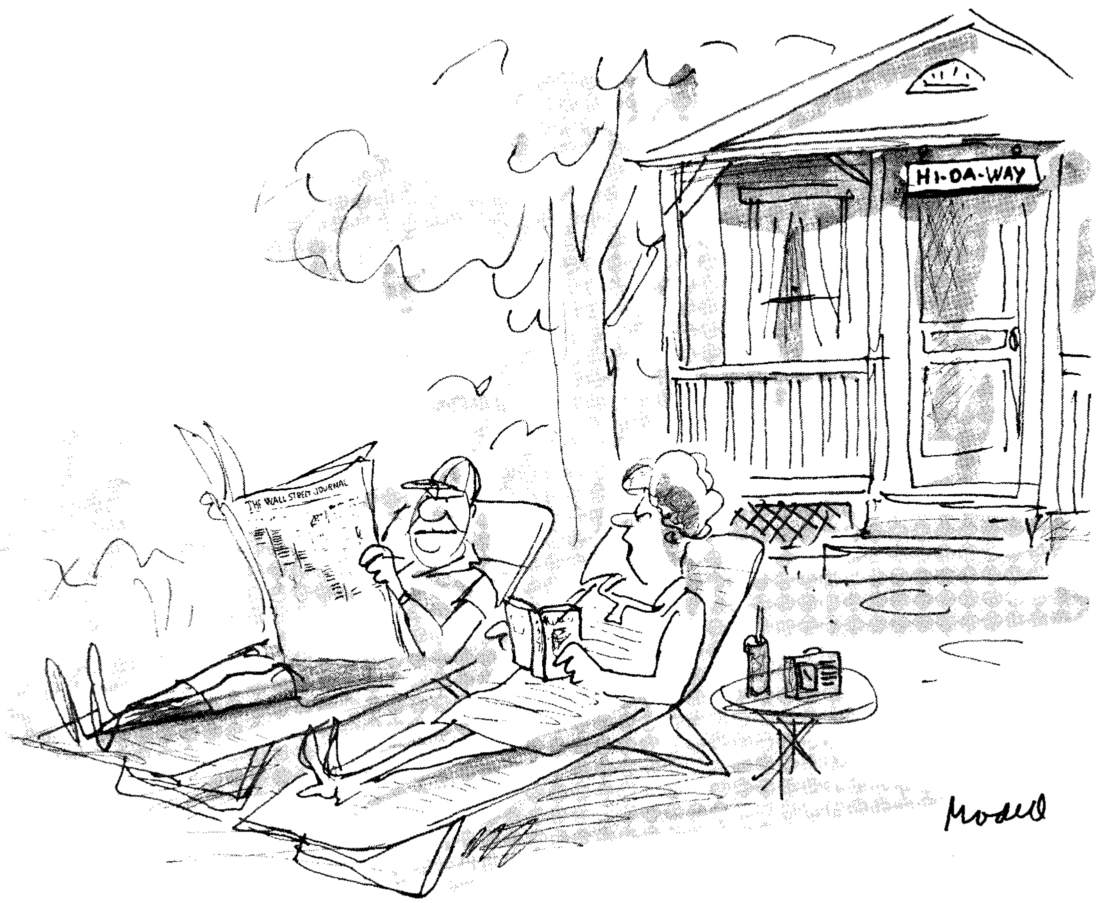
Behind the counters were not Muscovites but farmers from the Caucasus and Black Sea regions: Armenians, Georgians, Moldavian women wearing copper earrings and brilliant scarves, Uzbek men in embroidered skullcaps. In the manner of venders all over the world, they were vocal and dramatic, posturing, cajoling at the top of their lungs. "Expensive, you say! Just take a look around—no price is better! Did you come to look or to buy?" "Taste this pear, just taste it—sugar and honey!" For all their village dress, the farmers looked sleeker than many Muscovites. Tom explained to me the double source of their prosperity. They come up from the Mediterranean climate of the south carrying fruits and vegetables, which they sell for immense profits; with some of the profits they buy luxuries unattainable in their regions—shoes, fashionable clothes, records—and resell the goods for inflated prices at home. Russian humor is full of jokes about wealthy Georgians—who buy entire rivers or have gigantic hidden warehouses stockpiled with goods—but these venders are no such Soviet Texans. Their wealth means small-time provincial ease, and the week they spend in the capital, which for many comes only once or twice a year, is a time filled with the unimaginable excitements of the big city. Unlike blasé Muscovites, they greet foreigners with enthusiasm. "Where are you from?" demanded an Armenian woman selling pears. "From America?" She caught her breath on the second syllable, as if her astonishment were too great to contain. A small furor sprang up in our corner of the market as venders craned their necks to gawk at us or urged us to buy. An old Moldavian woman in black, framed by a rack from which hung strings of dried mushrooms, beckoned to us and asked, "Is it really better there?" When we began an equivocating answer, she waved us away. America had to exist as a promised land of big cars and cheap jeans; it was an attitude we had found before.

Now we were caught in a tourists' quandary: longing to take pictures but afraid of offending. We asked an old Azerbaijani woman at a flower stand if we might take her picture. She blushed like a young girl and shrank back among her flowers. "She's shy about her face," said her equally aged but more aggressive sister, who had gold teeth and an insinuating smile, and who immediately agreed to a picture. The first sister had a large wart on her cheek, and both sisters looked more than a little like Baba Yaga, the Russian witch I used to hear stories about as a little girl. The second, bold sister posed with a broad smile and with a bunch of flowers held up like a torch, and at the last minute the shy sister darted into the shot, with a timid grin.

A few minutes later, we took a second picture, of an Armenian girl selling apples and beeswax candles. She was in her late teens, with hennaed hair, modish clothes, and an incongruous wide, yearning smile. She also said "A*mer*ica," with that breathless catch of excitement on the second syllable. Her companion, another villainous Baba Yaga, in a Paisley shawl, pinched the material of my denim skirt, muttering "*Jeansi, jeansi*—how much did you pay for this?" Tom told the girl about Armenians in California, and she begged us to visit her n a small village outside Yerevan, gazing at us all the while with a smile of astonishment and longing. It was a ready and unhealthy feeling to be ooked at like that; I understood all at once why even the most levelheaded Americans abroad sometimes succumb o the urge to act like travelling princes.

Later, we stood and looked around he room. The pace of the market was picking up as the afternoon wore on. Fruit venders wheedled and babbled; dairy women slapped huge cream heeses into shape; from across the room came a dull thudding as a butcher beat a carcass with the blunt end of an axe. Customers stuffed paper horns of peaches and tomatoes into net bags while the farmers complacently counted their money. In the air was an intense, almost palpable feeling of private satisfaction. These venders were hustling for themselves, and the result was a nearly complete absence of the shrugging, languid atmosphere that pervades so many state enterprises, where there is no sense of personal gain. I remembered the state *gastronomi* and vegetable stores where I had shopped. They are usually dimly lit places whose products lie in functional heaps and where there is a universal, disheartening smell of dry rot. The long lines of customers creep forward, and one often has the baffled, angry feeling of having just missed out on whatever is good. Compared with those stores, the *rynok*, with its huge choice, its bright displays, and its lack of lines, seemed to my Western eyes a real paradise. My Russian friends complain about the high prices of the peasant markets but admit that these are the only places where you can find fresh vegetables in winter. So the little islands of capitalism continue to thrive throughout Moscow, serving Russians who can afford their prices.

Our musings were interrupted by one of the venders nearby, a tall Georgian woman with a disdainful face and with a headkerchief tied up in two points, like cats' ears. "What is the matter with you two?" she called out. "You walk all around, and all you do is look. Then you stand in a corner and talk and talk. Why did you come to the market? Look, my eggplants are good. Come over here and buy them!"



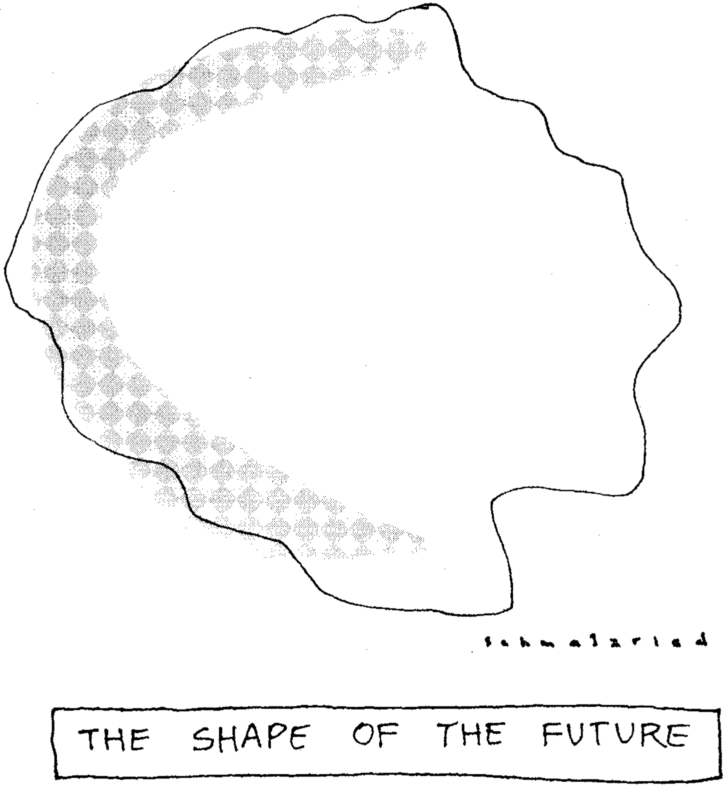
"'The Wall Street Journal' is not vacation reading!"

• •

AUGUST 25

TODAY, I visited Sasha the Photographer. (I have changed the names of all the Russians in this account.) He is a recent friend—a stocky, round-faced man with gray eyes. He has a strange trick of avoiding the gaze of the person he is talking to and staring off into some mysterious middle distance; I thought at first that this was because he was shy, but it turned out to be because he is a fanatic and sees only one vision. Tom and I met him in his little rat's nest of a studio when he took our pictures for university I.D. cards. The place is in the basement of an apartment house near the Lenin Hills—a small, damp room full of broken furniture and tattered draperies, ruled by a despotic *babushka* who thinks Sasha is a goof-off and a nut. We found her scolding him the first time we went there; she ranted in her shrill, aged voice about reading and drinking on the job. Sasha came forward to meet us with the guilty, good-natured look on his face of a comic-strip character always destined to be the victim of women—a bumbling Dagwood. He answered our Russian greetings in English. "Welcome, my friends!" he cried. "I am very glad to meet Americans. I have studied your language for many years! I find it very stimulating to speak English." His voice was loud and hoarse, with a peculiarly irritating, insistent edge to it. I had never heard such an accent and intonation: a haphazard mixture of American and British pronunciation, bound together by a heavy, monotonous stress on every syllable, which after a few sentences began to strike my ears like the thud of a boot.

While Sasha's profession is photography, his obsession is the English language. His dream is to speak perfect, idiomatic American English. Unlike our Russian student friends, who have picked up elegant British and American accents from their university teachers, Sasha is entirely self-taught, studying during free moments in a career that has included factory work, forestry, and now photography. He is thirty-six. His interest in English dates from twenty years ago, when he began listening to American jazz programs on shortwave radio. Over the years, his love for jazz became transmuted into a passion for English, and he began to read whatever textbooks and literature he could get his hands on. Strangely, his love of the language is not accompanied by a fascination with American culture. He is deeply, outspokenly patriotic, and finds our cars too gaudy, our women not "simple" enough. He likes twentieth-century American literature the best; his favorite writers at the moment are Saul Bellow and Ralph Ellison, although he thinks there are too many sex scenes in Bellow's work.


THE SHAPE OF THE FUTURE

I've spent a couple of afternoons drinking beer and talking with him in the studio. It's a queer place, with dusty hangings and dim pink walls lined with ancient, soupy shots of girls with beehive hairdos. Student customers drift in and out, and the *babushka* scowls at us as she knits behind a desk. Sasha knows two topics of conversation: himself, and English language and literature. When I offer him any information about myself, he gives me an opaque glance and continues in his bulldozing voice. Often, he uses me as a kind of reference work, to supply him with the meaning of expressions he has come across in his reading: "By the way, Andrea, what does this mean—'a tisket, a tasket'?" Or "Can you tell me what is a 'chinkapin woods'? Mr. Ellison has a phrase, 'I was chased out of a chinkapin woods . . .' What is it, please?"

There is a quaint flavor to his English which it took me a long time to figure out. Once, when I mentioned Halloween, his face lit up and he said, "Ah, yes, like Hogmanay!" It fascinated me that a Russian photographer would know the name of an obscure Scottish holiday. When I questioned him, I found that although he is fond of English and American literature, his greatest love is not a novel or a poem but Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. He reached into a drawer and brought out a battered copy given to him years ago by another American friend. I jokingly began to test him on obscure words, and the game quickly became serious: he looked straight ahead with his bulging pale eyes and gave me correct definitions for "kerf," "grommet," "stirrup cup," and "bogie." In the next twenty minutes, he missed only one word—"spud," which he thought had to do with the breeding of animals. I found out that for twelve years Sasha has read and memorized Webster's New Collegiate the way some old fundamentalists I know read and memorize the Bible—with the same rapt, undiscriminating attention. "It is hard to obtain books," said Sasha, passing a fond hand over the dictionary. "This is the best."

His love of English often antagonizes those around him. His neighbors speak of him as "that nut of a photographer who can't take a decent picture." The *babushka* raves when he takes out his dictionary in the studio. And his wife and his mother-in-law despise his hobby and do all they can to thwart it. Both of them call Sasha's English studies moon-gazing and a waste of time; instead of studying, they think, he should take a second job to augment his salary and move them all to a larger apartment. Recently, Sasha's wife threatened to smash his shortwave radio and burn his precious books. He speaks of her in Websterian terms, with a kind of gloomy relish. Today, he said, "My wife—she is not encouraging to my studies. In fact, she is a hellcat, a termagant! And her mother is the same. In harmony they sing!" Standing by the studio door, with his rusty-black suit and abstracted gaze, he looked more than ever like a comic bumbler. He glanced at his watch, gave me a rueful smile, and said, "Now I am late to be home for dinner. And when I reach home I will hear a 'curtain lecture.' Do you know what a 'curtain lecture' is? It is a lecture given by a shrewish wife to a wayward husband." He sighed. "She is a true virago."

Poor Sasha, I thought. I said goodbye and left. As I closed the door, I saw him carefully putting away the worn dictionary. The *babushka* had stopped knitting and was talking loudly and angrily about some negatives he had neglected to print that afternoon. And Sasha, forced to abandon English, was nodding his big head confusedly and saying, "*Da. Da. Da.*"

AUGUST 28

EARLY this morning, we met our friends Zhenya and Svetlana near the Sandunovsky Baths. I had begged to visit these baths, drawn by tales of their pre-Revolutionary luxury. Zhenya and Svetlana seemed amused and bored by the request; they are a well-to-do young husband and wife, and they made it clear that they could wash at home. I'd seen this attitude before. Americans are thrilled by Russian steam baths, which we regard as a luxury; for many members of the Russian intelligentsia, however, the *banya* is a reminder of a peasant heritage they'd rather forget.

We turned a corner and got a whiff of herbal steam. Along a short street, a row of old men sat selling small green bunches of birch and oak twigs piled up on crates. The baths were low buildings with the yellow plaster walls that give an odd tropical air to so many nineteenth-century Moscow neighborhoods. Lines were already forming in the street—men and women with sober expressions, all clutching loofahs and towels. In Russian style, we established our place in line by waiting there for five minutes; then we left to meet Yura and Volodya, two student friends, outside a beer store. We bought beer and retired to a vacant lot nearby, where we sat on crates and drank. All around us in the cool early morning, little groups were doing the same thing: everyone was waiting for a turn in the baths. There was a long line at the beer store now, and a scuffle broke out when one man tried to cut in front of another. An alcoholic woman came up and begged us tearfully for vodka; when we offered her beer, she tightened her scarf around her red face and set off grimly down the street.

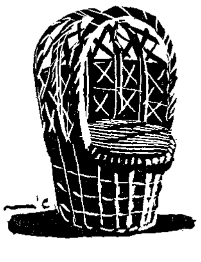
Zhenya, Yura, and Volodya were eating breakfast: black bread, and raw eggs sucked through a hole in the shell. A heavy, back-slapping kind of affection existed among these three young men, who had grown up together in a small industrial town outside Moscow. They kidded each other and used old nicknames.

"We have been rivals all our lives," said Zhenya, leaning over to pat Volodya on the shoulder. Volodya, a burly young medical student with dark hair and a vulpine jaw, looked at him and grinned.

"Rivals for women?" I asked.

They burst out laughing. "Women, yes, yes!"

Three drunks had installed themselves on crates in the bushes behind us. They were eating salt fish and teasing a black terrier who stood snapping up morsels. One man leaned over and thrust a purplish face against the muzzle of the dog. The dog snarled at him, and he snarled back, affectionately. "Oh, dog, dog!" he said. "Oh, my dear friend! You'd like to bite me, wouldn't you? You'd like to eat me! You'd like to gobble me up like a sandwich!"



I left for the women's bath with Svetlana. When we paid our rubles and stepped into the dressing room, I was stunned. I had expected remnants of opulence but nothing like this—an upholstered turn-of-the-century interior, with soft colors, curving wood, and lace-shaded lamps. (Perhaps the lamps made the difference. Modern Soviet elegance does not include any subtlety in lighting; most restaurants in Moscow are lit by a fierce overhead glare.) Rows of mahogany benches upholstered in white filled the room; oval mirrors were set at intervals above the seats. A flowered carpet covered the floor, and friezes of plaster cupids lined the pink walls. I was struck, as I had been before, by the lavish decoration of public buildings in the Soviet Union—theatres, churches, Metro stations. Much of this public decoration dates from before the Revolution, some is post-Revolutionary, but all of it contrasts wildly with the bleakness of the homes I have seen.

The dressing room was full of naked women. For a second, the combination of bare flesh and lamplight gave me the jumpy feeling that this was a vicious place—a seraglio or a Victorian brothel. Then my vision cleared; I saw here a peculiar wholesomeness that is characteristically Russian. On closer inspection, the room had a homely shabbiness, the feeling of human use that is typical of any Soviet apartment or office. The carpet was neatly darned at worn spots; the plaster cupids were chipped; the *babushka* in charge sat knitting comfortably behind a table where a large gray cat slept. The nude women here were the women I had seen carrying string bags on the Metro. Minus their flimsy flowered dresses and cheap shoes, they were as I might have imagined them: mainly stocky, often bulging grotesquely, but so unpretentious and unself-conscious that they had a powerful appeal. Many had magnificent braids of hair. Old and young, they chatted, strolled idly around, put on makeup, drank beer. I tried, and failed, to imagine American women of all ages in such a setting.

In the steam and scrubbing rooms, mountainously fat mothers lay on marble slabs while their small daughters scrubbed and massaged every inch of their flesh. In the hottest part of the steam room, *babushki* sat clutching their withered breasts while beside them adolescent girls narcissistically searched their hips for bulges, slapping the skin to increase circulation. No birch slapping was allowed in the women's bath. When I asked Svetlana about it, she made a face and said that the women who used birch twigs were "hicks," not born Muscovites, and very uncultured. Like other sophisticated Russians I've met, Zhenya and Svetlana have an outspoken contempt for *krestyanye*, or peasants.

I made a face back at Svetlana. I like her. She is a small-boned, attractive girl who has an urchin haircut and a tough grin. She has the mixture of demureness and teasing flirtatiousness I see in so many Russian girls, and the queer blend of romanticism and ruthless practicality. Naked, her slight figure shows a thickening at the waist: she is three months pregnant, and her grin softens when she talks about the baby.

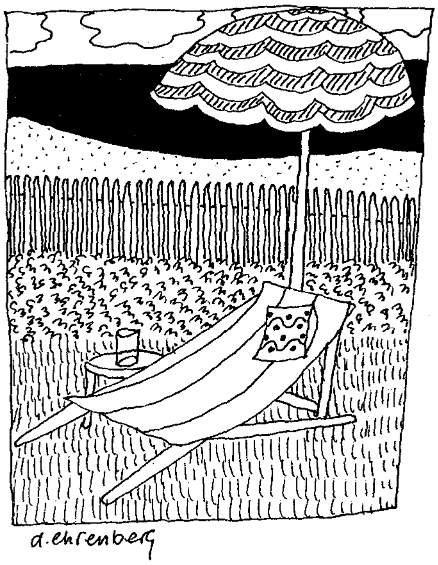
The two of us went from the steam room to the small pool, where we began to splash and play. The water around us was full of women playing tag, shrieking and ducking each other, paddling awkwardly across the pool. The pool itself was elegant, tiled in a mosaic design of garlands. In a niche at one end stood a gold statue of two cherubs, one attempting a half nelson on the other. With their bulging naked bodies and homemade knitted bathing caps, the splashing women looked a little incongruous in this setting of neoclassical elegance. There was a magical feeling of freedom in the air: the unhindered freedom of women in a place from which men are excluded. I have felt this intoxicating sense of liberty in similar situations at home in America, but for Russian women the feeling must be even more intense. It is fairly well known, I suppose, that most Russian women with families have two jobs: an official, often physically exhausting one, and the exceedingly difficult one of keeping a family groomed and fed—a task that few Russian husbands lend a hand with. I have been impressed during my time here by the subordination of Russian women in social situations. Svetlana and other female friends of mine sit quietly at parties while their husbands drink and talk; even among students there is a feeling of constraint when the sexes are mixed. This constraint disappears in the segregated world of the *banya,* and with it goes the puritanical veneer that leads Russian women in mixed company to squeal and blush at the slightest mention of sex. I saw this clearly a little earlier in the scrubbing room, when a man tried to peek at the women through an air vent. Instead of screams, the air was filled with loud laughter and raunchy comments. Two muscular *babushki* grabbed buckets of hot water and dashed it at the peeping Tom, who disappeared abruptly. Then everybody—teen-agers, matrons, grandmothers, and children—lay back and laughed.

Later, Svetlana and I sat on the edge of the pool with our feet in the water. A group of plump pubescent girls jumped into the pool and began bobbing up and down next to an old woman who was quietly paddling back and forth, smiling serenely. In a corner, three matrons were ducking a fourth, who sputtered and shrieked. After a few minutes, one of this group clambered out, her large breasts quivering as she adjusted her bathing cap. She giggled and called out to her friends, "*My khuligani!*"—"We're hooligans!" Her smile was pleased and girlish. Back in the dressing room, I saw her again, pulling on a print dress, coiling her heavy braid of hair, gathering loofah and soap into a string bag: a respectable wife of Moscow. In a minute, she left, dragging a child behind her, her round face still pink from the steam. She was like any woman I might encounter on the streets. It had been good to see her kick up her heels in the tiny, self-enclosed world of the *banya.*

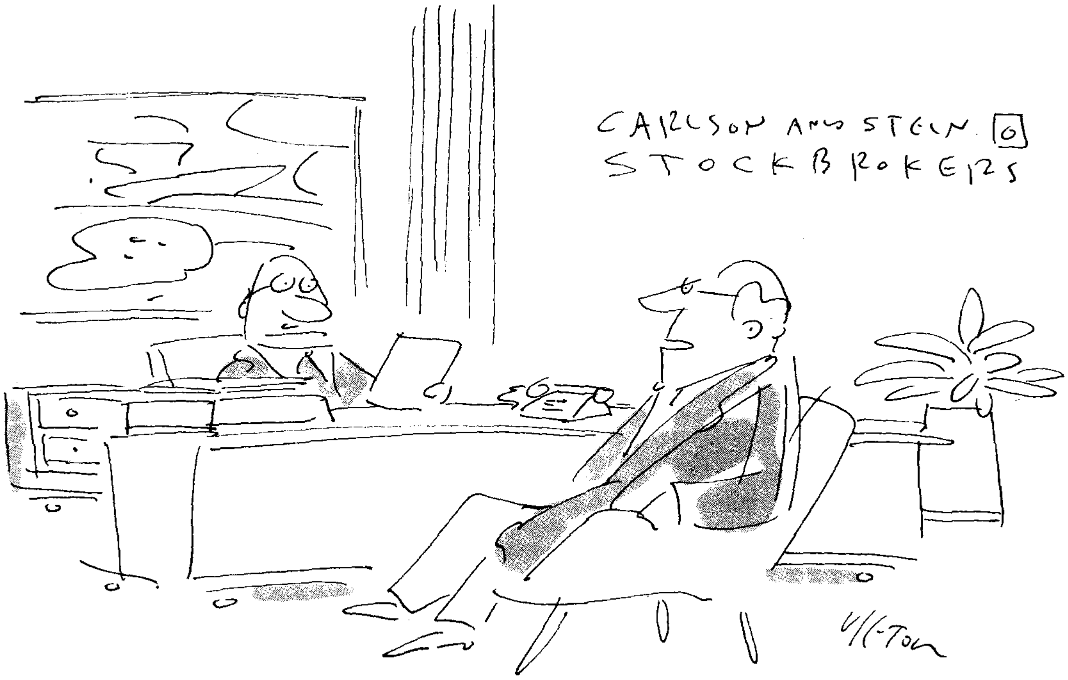
SEPTEMBER 1

THE nights are cold; the apples are ripe on the trees in the university orchard. Today was the first day of school, and though I slept late and missed the cute and much-photographed primary schoolers (marching in starched pinafores, with flowers for the teachers), Tom and I did catch the opening exercises tonight for freshmen here at Moscow State. We had seen the buildup to the ceremony over the past month, as entrance exams took place around us. Outside the immense glass-and-steel humanities building, crowds of parents stood staring anxiously up at the windows of the examination rooms. The children of many of them had spent the past six months in intensive "prepping" courses for three days of tests. This is an expensive procedure, especially for provincial families, whose children must come to live in Moscow during the half year. The expense is often worthwhile, however, since these all-day examinations really do determine a student's future career. Three papers are posted on the bulletin board outside the humanities building: a description of the exams; a list of appeal procedures for students who fail; and an employment ad from an automobile factory, addressed specifically to candidates whose appeals are turned down. (These young people don't always face a future of factory work. Russian friends have told me that a common tactic after rejection from Moscow State is to try institutes whose prestige is less and which have fewer applicants. Determined students can find a place in these humbler schools, as students of, for instance, forest management or soil chemistry.)

The hundreds of students in the auditorium tonight were the happy winners, survivors of a tough selection system; they seemed like freshmen anywhere. Before the ceremony, they straggled into the room smoking cigarettes, laughing, calling to their friends. A few loners stood gazing at the vast embossed ceiling, obviously overwhelmed by the stupendous size of the building and perhaps as well by the prestige of the institution they were entering. One or two couples strolled in with their arms around each other, but for the most part the sexes stayed in packs, eying each other covertly. By Soviet standards, they were dressed modishly: the girls in bright miniskirts and clumsy platform shoes, the boys in wildly patterned polyester shirts. Among them, a small group stood out in especially naïve clothing: crop-headed boys in tight suits, girls whose tremendous coiled braids were topped with frilly ribbons. These, I guessed, were country kids, in Moscow for the first time. A sophisticated Russian friend had described to me the reaction of these rural students to the university cafeteria: "They all came charging in, wearing these incredible suits—narrow lapels and short trousers. They gawked at everything, and then they started to gobble the food—gristly meat and watery soup—as if it were the best thing they'd eaten in their lives." Aside from the provincials, the students made a fairly homogeneous group. I was surprised to find so few representatives of the various Soviet ethnic and racial groups. Most students were clearly Great Russian, the ethnic group that dominates Central European Russia and makes up most of the population of Moscow.



The huge auditorium filled, then quieted, and at seven o'clock the head of the university began to speak. At his first few phrases, I felt stealing irresistibly over me the memory of my own freshman year: the universal confusion; the unexpected liberty; awe; the endlessly proffered, absurd advice, which we ritually ignored. The faraway official, with his plump vest front of medals, was urging the students to uphold the standards of Lenin. He reminded them to follow the principles of the Twenty-fifth Party Congress in their scholarship. He told them that university life was an educational experience, that one must be fit in mind as well as body. Two grave, pink-cheeked Komsomol (Young Communist) leaders carried in the flag of the Order of Lenin, and the speeches continued. I felt my ears closing, and I guessed that the ears of hundreds of students around me had closed as well. For a few minutes, they had all stared up at the platform with the polite forbearance of the young for the pompous old; then the natural life of the crowd took over. Boys elbowed each other and stared at girls; girls put on lipstick and passed note down the rows to their friends. I could feel the classic freshman sense of universal ogling, and also the question burning in the back of every mind What will happen tonight? Becaus



"Never mind the charts. I just want to buy General Electric because I love G.E."

what was important was not the ceremony but afterward, when the freshman class had been promised a dance with live music.

The long series of speeches ended with a memorial to the Moscow State University students killed in the Second World War. The freshmen grew quiet as a soldier marched slowly forward with a wreath. I was curious about what they were thinking, these children of the early sixties, to whom the forlorn hope of crudely armed students in the defense of Moscow could mean little more than an excerpt from a cycle of legends. The young faces around me wore only a strict ceremonial gravity. After a few minutes of silence, a stylishly dressed girl beside me glanced down at her watch and gave a little frown of impatience.

Later, Tom and I watched the dance. It was held in the main hall of the dormitory, a dreary marble room whose walls give off a penetrating cold even in the summer. On a small platform in the center, four young men in jeans and suspenders played English and American rock music. Their hair was shoulder-length and their expressions were grim; they pronounced the English words with savage precision. A few girls in miniskirts hovered on the loor below, staring up at the musicians ind hurrying to adjust microphones ind amplifiers. As the lead singer shook iis hair and began to sing "Satisfacion," I had an acute sense of time ag. The music, the setting were those if any small college dance a decade go in the United States. But there vas a naïveté about the crowd which vould have been unusual for any group if young Americans. The tiny refreshnent stand served only fizzy *limonad*, nd we didn't see anyone slip off to drink vodka or beer in a corner. A vall of spectators surrounded the dance floor, where a few shy couples vere moving in the strange rhythmess combination of Monkey and Jerk vhich makes up Russian "pop" dancig. The action, however, was not n the dance floor but among the overing watchers. Packs of girls and oys approached and fell away from ach other, giggling at the near interactions but never actually meeting. I iought of the formality that seems to overn encounters of the sexes in the Soviet Union. Most of my young married Russian friends were introduced by relatives.

So the freshman dance at Moscow State failed as a meeting ground for male and female students. Both sexes listened raptly to the music. Boys roughhoused in corners. Someone upset a tray of *zakuski*, or snacks, and the floor was slippery with bologna sandwiches. The band played a slow song, and the few dancers moved heavily and chastely, their heads on the shoulders of their partners. At exactly eleven o'clock, a uniformed guard appeared and told the band members to pack up. The dance was over, and in a minute the students had filed obediently away. The freshman class needs its rest, I discovered. Early tomorrow morning, they leave on a bus to fulfill another first-year tradition: a month of work in a potato-harvest brigade at a collective farm.

September 24

I SHOULD write this down while it is still fresh. We have just come back home, tired. It's not weariness brought on by physical exertion, it's the gutless exhaustion that follows shock. Early this morning—a beautiful, hazy autumn morning—we set off for the apartment of our friend Seryozha. We three planned to visit the monastery at Zagorsk, a town about forty-five miles outside Moscow, and make a day of it; Tom was carrying a bottle of cognac and six *pirozhki* (meat dumplings), still warm in their paper wrapping. Now, barely two hours later, we're back, and we don't know when we can see Seryozha again. When we left his apartment, he told us that after everything was over he would send us a letter giving only a date and a time for a meeting. The place we would already know; it would be a Metro station where we had met before. After Seryozha said this, he told us to run, not walk, away from his apartment, avoiding anyone we might see. The danger, of course, was to him, not to us, but I still felt panicky. We dashed down the stairs and out of the place, the bag of food banging absurdly against Tom's legs, and then walked rapidly until we reached a bus stop around a corner. There we stood, catching our breath. Both of us felt a little sick.

We had known very little about Seryozha's troubles at first. American friends had introduced us. He is a thin young man with the mobile face and the expressive body of an actor or a mime. He has curly blond hair, which he wears long, and hazel eyes, which reveal a lively and ironic wit. Seryozha works as a chemical researcher, but, like so many Russians, he is in a profession that has little to do with his real interests: art, literature, music, and anything concerning the West. (Strange that so many scientists we've met here are passionately devoted to the arts. In the past month, I've met three or four young poets and novelists whose nominal calling is chemistry or physics.)

The first time we visited Seryozha, he met us at a Metro stop near Arbat Street, and we took a trolley to his apartment. He was with his friend, Anya, an attractive dark-haired young art student. Tom and I were both struck by their stylish Western clothes: Seryozha wore jeans and an English tweed cap, Anya, a subtly striped sweater dress and heavy silver bracelets. In Moscow, such clothing is a mark of high status, of black-market connections, or of a devotion to taste and quality extreme enough to sustain days and weeks of combing the barren stores. In any case, it is a statement of nonconformity. I was also impressed by Seryozha's apartment. It was closer than anything else I have seen in the Soviet Union to the apartment of a student or a young professional in the United States. Most of the apartments I've visited here combine sheer bleakness with depressingly gaudy attempts at modishness; this one was not only spacious and comfortable but tastefully, even imaginatively, furnished. The kitchen, where we spent most of our time, was a snug place decorated with English and American photographs and posters; there were plants, an old brass lamp, and an elegant china tea set. The bathroom, in true student fashion, was lined with metal signs stolen from construction sites. In Seryozha's bedroom, a wall of books faced a wall covered with photographs of poets and other writers.

That night, we drank tea and then vodka with lemon peel steeped in it. The four of us talked in Russian and English about mutual friends and American railroads and the Rolling Stones. Seryozha loves the Stones, and his face grew wistful as we spoke about their recent album, "Some Girls." He played a tape of "Let It Bleed" over and over, until we could translate some difficult phrases for him; after that, he came out with the phrases at intervals during the evening, in a pretty decent imitation of Jagger's Cockney snarl. He was an adroit and oddly formal host, inconspicuously filling our teacups and politely urging us to eat bread and cheese and chocolate. While he talked to us, he teased Anya, calling her "Piglet," and she shook back her bangs and glowered at him. It was clear that theirs was a fiery relationship. After a while, we talked about ourselves. Anya told us about painting and printmaking, and about how hard it was to buy supplies in Moscow. There had been something angry in her dark face since the beginning of the evening; I thought at first that it meant she didn't like Americans, but now I realized that it was constant, barely suppressed rage at her own situation. Imagine being a painter, she said, and having only four colors of acrylics to choose from, and being unable to buy canvas. A little later, I mentioned the Louvre. Anya gave a sardonic smile. "Oh, *Paris*!" she said, and her voice was full of bitter humor.

She left the room for a moment, and Seryozha told us that her deepest desire was to travel. "She's ready to do anything," he said. "But it's no good—she won't be allowed." He explained that Anya's father, a Pole living in Moscow, had been sent to a labor camp in the late fifties. The sentence had left a mark on the entire family, and it was unlikely that Anya would ever get to Paris.

"And what about you?" Tom asked.

Seryozha said, "I have some problems of my own." He put his slim hands on the table, looked down, and then hesitated. "I'll tell you about them later," he said. "Not now—the next time."

He took us into his bedroom to see his collection of photographs: heads of Pasternak and Mandelstam; Akhmatova leaning backward in black draperies. Among these was a small sepia portrait of several children in identical sailor suits sitting under a tree.

We asked who they were.

"This is my grandmother, sitting with her brothers and sisters," said Seryozha, pointing to a girl with a long blond braid. "And this is their village," he added, pointing to another old picture. From his intonation, and from the look of the children, it was clear that this was not a village that they inhabited but one that they owned. Seryozha explained to us that his family had for generations been noble landowners in the Volga region. He told us his mother's maiden name, and we recognized it. The family has a long tradition of literary and artistic achievement. One ancestor of Seryozha's was a distinguished minor poet of the eighteen-twenties, and his maternal grandmother is well known as a woman of letters, a friend of Pasternak and other writers. Seryozha showed us two daguerreotypes—one a portrait of a beautiful young woman in a riding habit and the other a formal shot of an officer with sharply pointed mustaches. "Two of my great-grandparents," he said. The family, he told us, was listed in the General Armorial of Noble Families of the Russian Empire, Imperial Russia's oldest and most distinguished book of heraldry.

Seryozha had given us all this information in a flat, half-mocking voice. Now he flashed his wrist at us and gave the same sardonic smile Anya had given. "We say in Russian, 'blue, blue blood,' " he said.

"But how in the world did your family manage to survive the Revolution?" I asked.

Seryozha shrugged. "They managed." A little later, he explained that his grandparents on both sides had quietly decided to go along with the new regime. His father joined the Party in the early thirties and has remained active in it ever since. This membership eventually placed the once noble family in a position of privilege under Soviet rule. But Seryozha hates the Party, and feels that his father's devotion to Communism springs from willful blindness. "My grandfather—my father's own father—was shot down in the street during the purges," he said. "And my father pretends that it was an accident—that his dear Party could not have deliberately killed an innocent man. The rest of my family think differently." Seryozha's refusal to be active in the Komsomol has become a focal point of tension between father and son, in much the same way that draft resistance did in American families ten years ago. In fact, listening to Seryozha talk about his father made me think of endless conversations I'd heard in the late sixties. "We can go for a drive together and not agree on one single thing," he said. "My father hates the Rolling Stones, my books, my foreign friends, my long hair." Seryozha prefers his grandparents, who carry on the genteel family tradition of literary and artistic involvement. Often, he talks to his grandmothers for hours about their life before the Revolution. It's interesting to me that one way in which the minor sixties-type rebellion taking place in Russia manifests itself is in a devotion to all things pre-Revolutionary. Many of my student friends pointedly call Leningrad St. Petersburg or "Piter."

Seryozha doesn't entirely condemn his father, however. "In the thirties, the family had no money, and my grandmother was sick," he said. The entire family was starving in the big old town house they'd been allowed to retain. (The place, torn down in the early sixties, was a crumbling wooden mansion like many that still cluster in the formerly aristocratic neighborhood around Arbat Street. Seryozha was born in the house. He remembers it as a series of big, dark rooms full of old people and enormous stoves.) Seryozha showed us a picture of his father, a dour-faced man in his late fifties. He glanced at the picture himself, and began to whistle through his teeth; the tune was the Stones' "Ruby Tuesday." He was leaning against the bookcase, looking very slim in his jeans and sweater. "My father had to do it, I know," he said. "But he started to believe in it, and that was his great mistake."

On the Metro going home, I said to Tom, "I think it shows."

"What shows?" said Tom.

"The blue, blue blood."

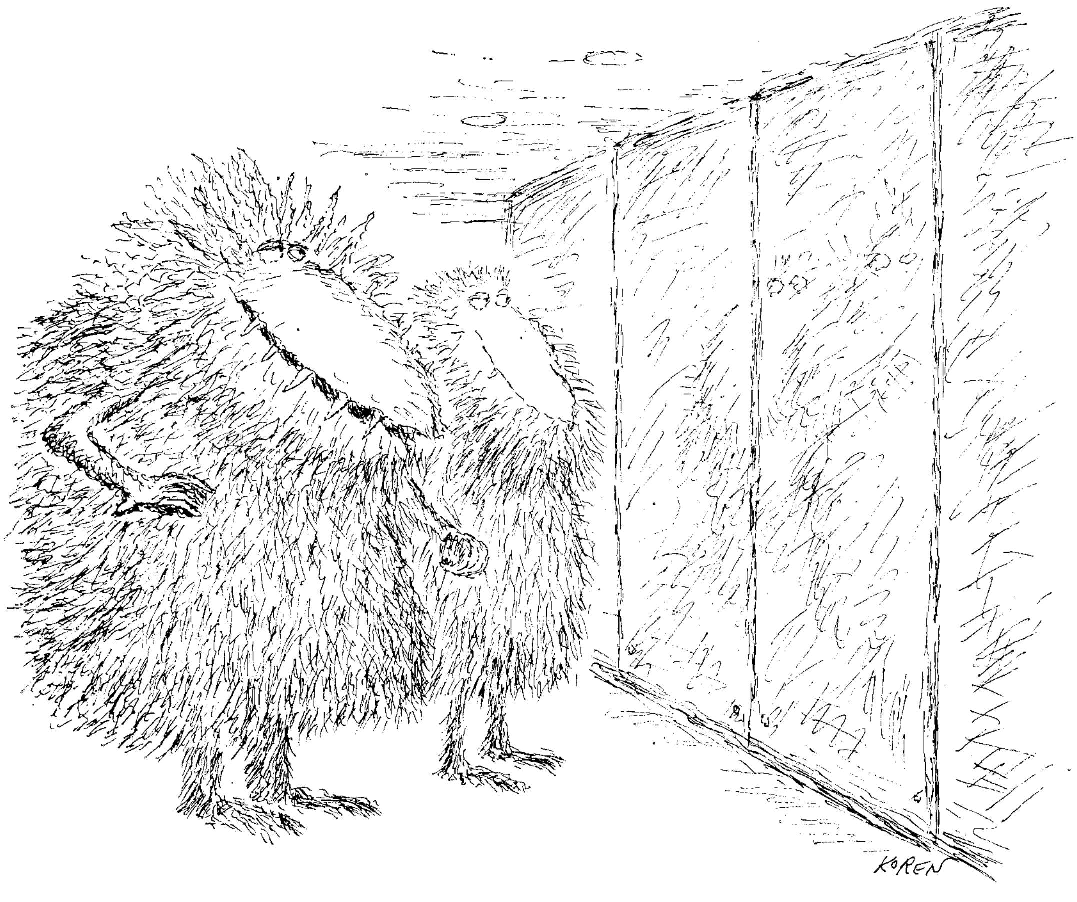
Tom laughed, and said that I was in love with anything that had to do with fallen fortunes. "If you hadn't heard that story, you would think he was an ordinary Russian," he said.

I disagreed. I thought I recognized in Seryozha a courtesy so ingrained that it operated by reflex, an instinctive delicacy of wit. There was something else, too—a peculiar frailty. I think that most Russians are tougher, physically and spiritually, than anything we can imagine in America. But Seryozha was not tough. I thought of this as the train crossed the Moskva River and we looked out at Moscow. The huge city was well lit in the cold fall night; with the gigantic Stalin Gothic towers poking up at intervals, it looked a little like a sinister Oz. In this context, the apartment we had just left seemed like a refuge, a shelter for a very fragile way of life. I wished suddenly and intensely that Seryozha lived in any other city in the world.

The following Sunday, we visited Seryozha again, arriving half an hour later than we had agreed. (The end of a visit with Russian friends is always occupied with elaborate arrangements for the next meeting—time, place. No one likes to use the phone in Moscow.) After we knocked, we heard quiet footsteps coming toward the door. They stopped, and there was a long pause. We knocked again. There was another pause, and finally two heavy bolts were shot back. Seryozha's face appeared through a crack in the door. "Come in, come in," he said rapidly. Once we were inside, he berated us for being late. "You see, when you come to visit me you have to be on time," he said. "Exactly. I will unlock my door for you and only you."

This was our first glimpse of what we took to be Seryozha's paranoia. We learned that there was a reason for it after he made us tea and sandwiches. He put on a Rod Stewart tape, and then sat down and looked at us gravely. There was a pause, which I could not help thinking was a little stagy; like many of my Russian friends, Seryozha has an exaggerated sense of the moment, the grand gesture. "I'll tell you my story now," he said, in his stilted English. Then he laughed. "I sound like a novel. But it's a very dirty story."

It was a very dirty story, and one that unfortunately seems not at all out of the ordinary in this country. Here it is, briefly: Seryozha is married, and he and his wife are separated. Like many of our friends here, he married very young; Masha, the wife he chose, was a young Siberian woman. She didn't share his high education or his cultural interests; her parents, Party members in Irkutsk, were conservative, and thought their aristocratic son-in-law a bad bargain, with his interest in literature and Western music, and his disdain for the Party. After a few years, Seryozha and Masha separated amicably, leading independent lives in a way that seems common in this country. (Many young Russians we know seem to have a shadowy spouse, even a child, off somewhere—perhaps in another province, perhaps across town.) All fine. But Masha's family, as families will, intervened, pressing their daughter to get a divorce until she finally agreed. They also wanted to make trouble for Seryozha; the most effective method of accomplishing this was to denounce him to the K.G.B. (Strange, incidentally, to hear these letters whispered against rock music in a kitchen. The power of their mere sound to awaken nervousness in Russians is incredible. Tom once casually mentioned the K.G.B. as he sat with a Russian friend in a remote corner of a park. She shivered, and stopped him from saying the name again. "It makes me very nervous to hear that," she said.) Seryozha's small desk, which he kept locked, was broken into and



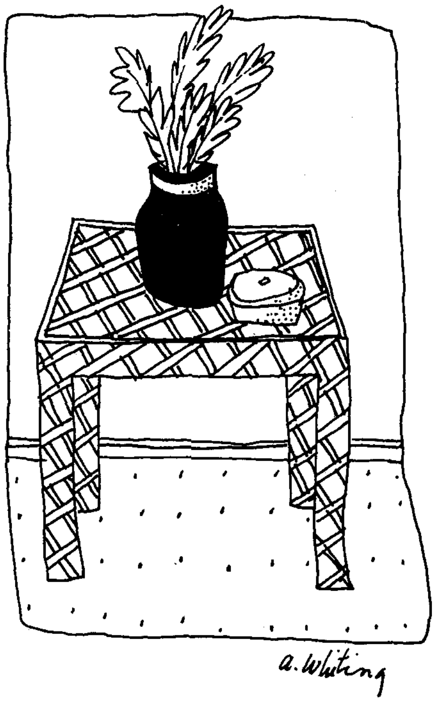
"You've got to admit we look good together."

searched—he described this to us with a peculiar wincing delicacy, as if he were talking about the loss of a limb. Inside were copies of "The Gulag Archipelago" and Mikhail Bulgakov's "The Master and Margarita," a modern classic novel banned by the government. There was also a picture of Czar Nicholas II. ("I used to light candles to it," Seryozha said ironically.) These possessions, along with his aristocratic background, a reputation for associating with foreigners, and his dislike of the Party, were enough to compromise him thoroughly.

What was behind this ugly action was the most commonplace of Russian personal motives. From far away in Siberia, Seryozha's parents-in-law had long had their eye on Seryozha's gem of an apartment—and on the alluring possibility of life in the capital. A Moscow *propiska*, or residence permit, is extremely difficult to obtain; one major requirement, as they well knew, is the existence of an available apartment. The denunciation of their son-in-law might mean that he must forfeit the apartment to Masha in a divorce settlement. Seryozha sighed as he told us this, and I thought of the nightmarish housing shortage in Moscow. The loss of a good apartment is a very serious thing. But the other consequences of the denunciation are more serious. One of them was that Seryozha would certainly forfeit any chance of fulfilling his dream of travel outside the Soviet Union. Moreover, his father might be demoted from his rather high position in the Party. This was what Seryozha feared most of all. Anonymous letters concerning Seryozha had already been sent to his father's superiors. "Russian families have strong ties," he told us, "but this would create a rift nothing could bridge."

For the next month, Tom and I visited Seryozha twice a week. It was a period of limbo for him. The divorce hearing was set for the indefinite future; the outcome of the denunciation was uncertain. Although we thought that meeting with foreigners at this time might compromise him further, he insisted on inviting us over. He acted with a strange mixture of recklessness and paranoia. We spent one amazing afternoon with him and Anya at the sixteenth-century Novo-Devichy Convent. Seryozha showed us how to slip through a wooden reconstruction barricade and climb to the forbidden top of the ramparts. He laughed as hard as any of us as he led us running around the top of the convent walls, ducking to avoid being seen by guards or tourists. In a taxi going home, however, he forbade us to speak any English—too dangerous for him, he said. At home, he would often lecture us on our naïveté about the Soviet Union. "You are not critical enough," he said. He told us about hidden cameras and listening devices. Often, as he spoke, he would get up and turn the tape player up louder. He told us about a friend of his who had been reading a forbidden book while riding on the Metro and had been spotted by a K.G.B. agent. The agent hustled his friend off the train and threatened to turn him in. But Seryozha's friend had the presence of mind to offer a bribe of forty rubles, and the agent went away after only issuing a warning. "The danger always exists," Seryozha said, drumming his fingers on the table. "But it is not often the kind of danger you envision. For most of us, it is an ugly, petty danger. The long arm ends in greedy little men."

When we saw Seryozha in the middle of last week, he was uneasy. He had heard rumors that his wife's parents were now in Moscow; this meant they were planning some decisive move. But he promised to visit the monastery at Zagorsk with us on Sunday morning—today. When we knocked on the door this morning, we heard the usual footsteps, then silence, then the rattling of the locks. Seryozha finally opened the door and pulled us inside. The apartment was unlit. Seryozha wore jeans and a shrunken black sweater that made his slim body look theatrically thin. He was very pale, and his mouth wore a trembling smile. He hurried us into the kitchen, putting a finger to his lips until he had shut the kitchen door. He said, "I'll explain to you very quickly, and then you have to go."



He told us that his wife's family had pulled some strings to advance the date of the hearing, that it was set for noon on Monday, and that until then he was being watched constantly—by his wife's family, by his own family, and by the K.G.B. His lawyer had told him that the denunciation was uncontestable; it was almost certain that he would lose his apartment and that his father would suffer as well. Our presence there was dangerous to him: if he should be seen with Americans right now, it would make his case far worse. As he told us this, there was a loud knock at the front door. We froze. The knock was repeated. We heard a slight commotion of voices in the hall, and the sound of someone trying the lock. Seryozha crept out of the kitchen to listen through the door, and then returned to us. "They're all there," he said. "My wife's family—the vultures! But they can't come in. I've changed the locks They'll leave for a while, and when they do you must go quickly. Run down the stairs, don't walk." He said this last in English; then he added still in English. "It's a very dirty thing. Very dirty."

The knocking and rattling went on for a few minutes while the three o us sat in the dim little kitchen. The knocking disturbed me very much. I was not loud, but it seemed to be breaking through something inside me a membrane of privacy I hadn't known existed. I saw Seryozha wincing, and I thought of the purges, of Anya' father—times past when a knock on the door meant the breaking apart o lives.

The knocking stopped, and there was silence. The three of us took several deep breaths. Seryozha grabbe our arms and hurried us out of th kitchen. He set his ear against the door Then he thrust our coats at us. "A right, go, go!" he said. Then: "Wai I'll see you sometime when this over." And he made the arrangements for getting in touch with u which I have described. As he shoo our hands and said goodbye, I took good look at him. I thought that in th States he would have been a studen friend of mine: well-mannered, idl artistic, mildly radical—in short, someone to frequent a coffeehouse in Ha vard Square, not to head a list of political victims. Then I thought of th family who had just left his door. H had got entangled in this shabby we of denunciation not through the ope ation of some gigantic, all-seeing m chine but through the greed and pet

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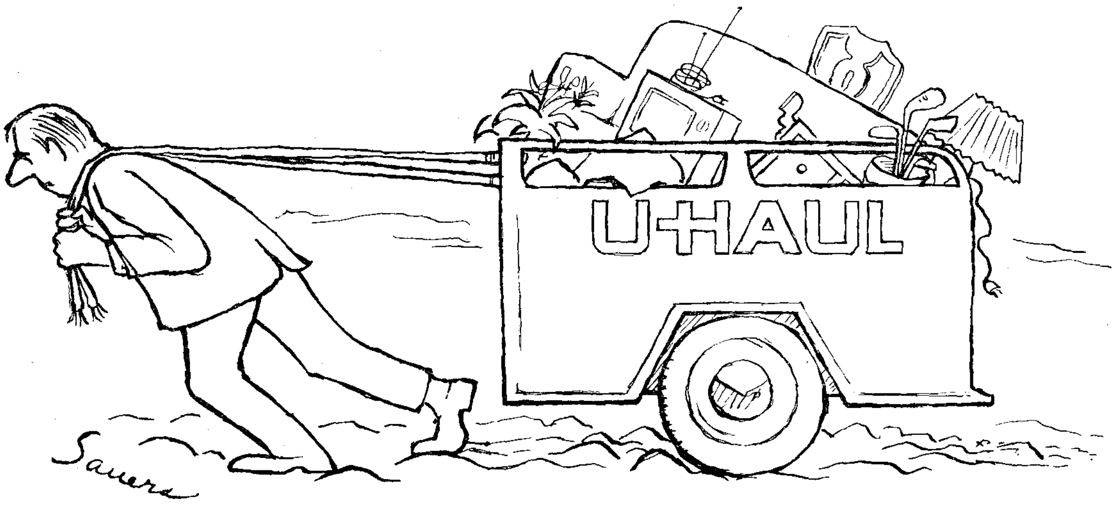


vindictiveness of those near to him. Seryozha's life was not shattered—it had only been disrupted in a particularly degrading way. I remembered his story of his friend's encounter with the K.G.B. agent on the Metro. This, it seemed to me, showed the same theme, which is one I've run into constantly since I've been in the Soviet Union: that the evil of the system is aided less by a desire to uphold that system than by some of the nastier personal motives that drive human nature. The greedy little men are everywhere.

All this went through my mind in a rush, confused by fear. For a few seconds, Tom and I stood in the hall, looking at Seryozha across the barrier that misfortune erects around a friend. There was nothing to say except "Good luck" and "We will think of you." He opened the door and gave us a slight push. "Go, go!" he whispered, with his trembling smile. I gave him a kiss, and then we bolted down the stairs.

OCTOBER 5

A POPULAR Moscow night spot right now for trendy Russian youth is the Sinyaya Ptitsa, a dinner-and-dancing club on Pushkin Street. If you arrive there after seven on any evening, there is a line of denim-jacketed kids in their late teens and early twenties waiting without much hope outside its door, which is locked. We got there around 5 P.M. the other day, and were welcomed inside by the manager, a gray-haired gentleman in a stylish Western suit. He looked sleek and prosperous, and there was about him a touch of something I hadn't seen since I left the United States: the high-bouncing m.c. who loves "the kids" and the money they bring him. We paid a three-ruble cover charge and were seated by another sleek character, in a French suit. A waiter brought us "cocktails" that were weak and oversweetened; that didn't matter, because we were busy staring at an amazing phenomenon—a Moscow night club that looked like a night club. The lighting is dim, and the walls are dark tile, with a bright mural depicting the namesake of the café, a bluebird. The tables are grouped around a small dance floor, which faces—wonder of wonders—a bar with bar stools. The recorded music was loud and good. It mainly featured the Swedish group Abba and the Caribbean group Boney M., two wildly popular bands that play soft, disco-type rock with English lyrics. (When Boney M. performed live in Moscow a few weeks ago, young people stood in line for more than twenty hours to buy tickets. Scalpers' prices reached a hundred rubles.)

A friend of mine at the university had told me that the Sinyaya Ptitsa was the main hangout for Moscow's *Zolotaya Molodyozh*, or Golden Youth—the popular name for the spoiled offspring of the Communist élite. I looked around and concluded that he was right. The young clientele looked richer and more bored than any Russians I'd ever seen before. At each table, a couple or a threesome leaned back in their seats, smoking with the almost ludicrous cigarette-in-the-air gesture that seems to be the mark of the Soviet snob. I could see packs of Marlboros and Gauloises lying on the tables. Every second person was dressed in denim—the girls in fashionably narrow slit skirts, the boys in name-brand American jeans and jackets. (Labels are very important now in denim-conscious Moscow. I have several times been drawn into debates on the merits of Wrangler vs. Levi's.) It was an expensive gathering. How many thousands of rubles did these yards of bluejeans represent? How many trips abroad? Many of the girls had fluffy Parisian-looking bobs, a real rarity in this land of long braids and coiled chignons. Everyone seemed to know everyone else; no one laughed or appeared to be having a good time. There was a lot of wandering around between tables for cigarette lighting and brief, intense conversations. I went to the ladies' room and found two beautiful, sulky girls improving their faces with French mascara. Part of their conversation went like this:

"Sasha's here tonight."

"I know. He's here with Olya."

"And so?"

A pause while one girl closed and opened her lashes in the mirror. Then: "Well, then, *I* won't say hello."

After a while, couples got up to dance. They danced well, doing an exaggerated version of the Bump which was the sexiest thing I'd seen in this city of chaste, energetic dances. (Most dance floors in Moscow are arenas for crowds of hefty drunken couples, who do an oddly innocent kind of bob and lurch.) Girls in tight dresses danced with boys in very tight pants, and over it all swirled a kind of psychedelic show of colored lights. I thought of my friend Elena's tales of dances in Moscow fifteen years ago: they used to call in the police if anyone did anything other than the waltz or the polka. A shout went up from the tables as a song came on that has been a hit in Moscow for the past few months. It is a song about Rasputin, by Boney M., and it gives an informal account of the sexual prowes of the mystic from Siberia. Its choru goes like this:

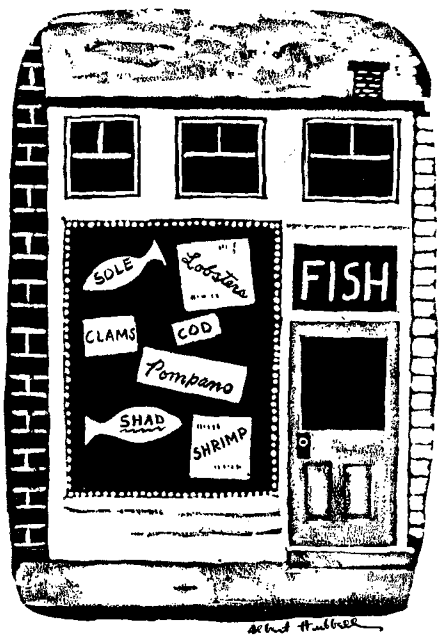
Rah! Rah! Rasputin,
Russia's greatest love machine!
It was a shame
How he carried on!

Everybody was up on the danc floor for this one, still bored-looking still unsmiling, but singing along Stomping their Italian leather boots bumping their bluejeaned backsides, th spoiled rich kids of Moscow were cele brating this cosmopolitan in-joke: a irreverent song about Russia sung i English by a black group that record in West Germany. I saw the slee gray-haired manager standing near th dance floor snapping his fingers and smiling complacently as he watched the dancers. His hair was pouffed and swept, and I bet myself that he owned one of the few blow-dryers in Moscow. I had been seeing big tips change hands, and I could read his thoughts clearly. He was watching the growing success of the only Western-style club in town and thinking, These kids! Right on! Crazy, but I love 'em!

OCTOBER 11

THE past week has been a succession of clear, windy days, a relief after the cold rain of September. The Russians call this *babye lyeto*—grandmother summer. I've been running almost every afternoon in the woods around the university; there are nearly four hundred acres, crisscrossed by little paths, and deer roam remoter corners. This afternoon, I came out of the main entrance of the dormitory and jogged slowly down the red clay path past the reflecting pool. Then I stopped and looked back at the dorm. It's an absurd Stalinist wedding cake, the tallest building in Moscow, looming so entirely out of scale with the surrounding landscape that it seems not quite real. The building rises into a thirty-two-story tower that is like a Disney version of a ziggurat; it bristles with bronze statues, stars, victory flags, even a barometer. My feelings about it are complicated: sometimes its vulgarity alarms and repels me, and at other times I feel for it the amused affection one might feel for a monstrous, shambling pet—maybe a brontosaurus. I remembered one rainy night ast month when Tom and I stood ooking up at it through a rapidly movng mist. The huge tower, with its dim red light at the top, seemed to rock and bear down on us like a gigantic hip in a storm. Now I turned and an on toward the Lenin Hills, the teeps bluffs that fall down to the river. There's a path I like here along the dge of the woods. It's a path worn y university sportsmen (who pass me ccasionally in their blue sweatsuits and heir flimsy black sneakers), but I've seen narrow, muddy paths exactly like in the countryside far outside Mosow, stretching from villages to bus tops or to neighboring hamlets. The woods are birch and maple, and their aves these past few weeks have turned pure, clear yellow, unmarked by any ouch of red. This is how I think of the Russian autumn—as the simple color old. The sky this week has been a peuliar blue: not vivid like a New ampshire fall sky but with a deep, glassy shine to it. Pasternak has described this weather perfectly. "On such days," he writes, "the sky is incredibly high, and through the transparent pillar of air between it and the earth there moves an icy, dark-blue radiance coming from the north." The suggestion of winter in the word "north" is correct: there is an intense, almost perilous feeling to this short Nordic fall, as if the first snow (which my friends have predicted for the end of this month) were already bearing down. Even now, it's quite cold once you're out of the strong sunlight. Running, I can feel the shadows of the trees on my back.

Today, the woods were full of people. There were old women in black coats and gray shawls sifting the fallen leaves with long sticks as they looked for mushrooms. (These accessible woods are usually picked clean.) In the distance was the university orchard, an unkempt clearing full of tall, pale grass and stunted fruit trees. Here I saw an old man helping an old woman to climb up; she rattled her stick among the branches, and he gathered the tumbling fruit into a large basket. I passed mothers and fathers whose small children were already extravagantly bundled up in scarves and waterproof suits; many of the families carried bouquets of huge yellow maple leaves, which all Russians seem to gather at this time of year. (Leaf collecting amounts to a craze here. I recently came across the old woman attendant in the library cloakroom pressing leaves with an iron to decorate her windows. And in all my friends' apartments summer flowers have been replaced by vases of leaves.) As always, I passed great numbers of lovers, strolling through the trees or embracing in clearings. Half of them seemed to be university students, half well-dressed middle-aged men and women. Seeing them made me think of a conversation I'd had with my friend Zhenya. We were talking about sex, and I asked him if it was true that the lack of privacy in communal apartments made most Russian lovers delay sex until marriage.



"Not true," he said. "Nobody waits." Then he explained that lovers, young and old, found privacy in the woods. "The things that you can see in the woods on a summer afternoon!"

"What about the winter?" I asked.

Zhenya shook his head. "We have an expression," he said. " 'In the summer, the bear eats; in the winter, he sucks his paw and dreams of summer.' We say this about making love. In winter, there's no place to go. All you can do is wait and think about the woods."

In a few minutes, I came out of the trees onto the Lenin Hills. This is one of the best views in Moscow. It looks northeast. Under the long crescent of wooded hills that rise so abruptly and strangely in this flat landscape, the Moskva makes a single immense curve. On the other side lies the main part of the city. As an entity, spread out in a view, Moscow is not a beautiful city. Its beauty lies mainly in old neighborhoods invisible at this remove—haphazard clusters of wooden or plaster houses that were preserved from the mass construction of the fifties and sixties. From a distance, Moscow gives most of all an impression of denseness—not height—and industrial vigor. Barges and riverboats move constantly up and down the broad, dull waters of the Moskva; watching them, I thought of the historical importance of this river, which from medieval times has linked Moscow to trade routes leading to Central Asia and the Baltic. Back then, the city must have been scarcely visible from these bluffs above the river. This was true even in 1914, when Baedeker described the same view:

> VIEW. In the foreground, surrounded by fields of vegetables, is the small white Tikhvinski Church; farther off is the Church of the Redeemer; in the background is the many-towered city of Moscow, with the Kremlin; to the left (N.) is the Novo-Dyevitchi Convent; to the right (E.), on the high, wooded bank of the Moskva, is the *Merchants' Poor House.*

Well, the vegetable fields, the churches, and the poorhouse have vanished, and many-towered Moscow has spread to the other side of the river. The Kremlin is hidden behind a new wall of apartment houses, but the bright bricks and bulbous gold domes of Novo-Devichy Convent still shine in the distance. Beside the convent is the round white Lenin Stadium, built for the Olympics; in the background is the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a Stalin Gothic tower that seems to be the twin of the university building. Otherwise level, Moscow is dotted with these horrific pointed towers, which give the city a sinister appearance on misty nights.

I stopped running and began jogging slowly when I reached the overlook, which, as usual, was crowded with tourists, mainly Soviet. They gave me some strange glances: a female runner is very unusual in Moscow. There was a group that looked as if it might be from Soviet Georgia; the men and women had dark, Mediterranean good looks, and their clothing was stylish and expensive by Moscow standards. From the corner of my eye, I saw two Russian students laughing at them, and I thought of the undisguised hostility with which Russians regard Georgians. (Zhenya describes them as "rich, dark, and dirty.") I remembered a popular expression I'd recently learned: "*Vy iz aula!*"—meaning "You must be from the *aul!*" An *aul* is a mountain village in the Caucasus; Russians often use this remark to ridicule someone acting especially uncouth.

I left the overlook and ran along a tiny path that traces the crest of the Lenin Hills. Below me, a rich sweep of autumn foliage descended to the river. The path was bordered by rowan trees, with their rust-colored foliage and clusters of red berries. Sparrows and huge magpies flew wrangling around the fruit, and I remembered that the traditional name of this area was Sparrow Hills. The Sparrow Hills used to be imperial forest. Ivan the Terrible is reputed to have had a summer palace here, though no one now can point out the site. But there are palaces still standing. Every day, when I cross the river on the Metro I see a cluster of domes in the unmistakable pre-Revolutionary yellow, high on a wooded slope. A cabdriver told me that this was formerly the home of a minor member of the royal family; it is now a physics institute, closed to the public. Today, I circled this building, which is hidden by a high yellow wall, and followed a path into the woods behind it. In a few minutes, I found what I was looking for: traces of a formal garden. Following a muddy path, which showed a bit of red brick, I entered a clearing waist-high in goldenrod and camomile. At one end stood a sad ring of dishevelled lilacs. Among the trees at the other end I saw the remains of an old orchard, the shaggy fruit trees overshadowed by birches and maples. A group of little boys stood smoking cigarettes nearby. I caught my breath in the hot sunlight. For some reason, the ruins of gardens always move me much more than the ruins of buildings. Perhaps it is simply that the neglected plants still live, and so preserve some of the life of their past, perhaps that in a wilderness of new growth they stubbornly trace out the formal patterns of man. The clearing was a pleasant place, filled with the bright silence of mid-autumn, when the frosts have killed the summer insects. A brindled cat came by and looked up at me, and suddenly I realized that my jacket was covered with burrs. After I pulled them out, I set off for home.

It was almost five, and a rosy-brownish glow had begun to spread over Moscow and the river. A big gibbous moon had risen to my right, and far ahead of me I could see the gleaming yellow walls of MosFilm, the Soviet Union's largest film studio. Near the overlook, I passed a bridal party that had come to be photographed in the Lenin Hills. The bride was red-cheeked and pretty, with a long braid, a long, clumsy white gown, and platform shoes; her husband was an earnest young man in a brown suit. They opened champagne, they kissed, and their relatives photographed them against the view. A Chaika waited nearby—one of the hideous chrome-encrusted limousines that Stalin introduced; rented for the day, it was decorated, as usual, with balloons and a bride-doll attached to the grille. To be photographed in the Lenin Hills immediately after the marriage ceremony is a very popular custom in Moscow. Countless friends of ours have shown us what is essentially the same bridal picture: "That's me, Mama, Yurochka, Papa—and that's Moscow behind us!"

I was tired and eager to get home. The light was already gone from the woods, and the cold was surprising. It made my ears sting. I pulled my fingers inside my jacket sleeves and ran faster. There was a smell of burning leaves; through the trees I could see university grounds workers, big women in quilted coats raking and spreading embers. In one grassy clearing, under the lopsided moon, six young men were tumbling after a soccer ball. At last, I came to the edge of the woods, where the preposterous bulk of the university tower loomed in front of me, and there I stopped to pick my own bouquet of maple leaves. The electric lights were just coming on as I walked up the steps.

NOVEMBER 16

YESTERDAY, around three o'clock in the afternoon, I was standing waiting for Misha in front of the Manège, near the Kremlin. It was a dark, wet afternoon with a fine sleet in the air; Russians of all ages crowded up the steps of the Manège, a huge yellow building that was formerly the imperial riding school and now holds exhibits of contemporary art. Misha and his friends were supposed to come by and take me to a café, the Aramat, near Gorky Street, and they were late. I scanned the crowd and thought once again how much nicer Russians looked dressed for cold weather: they are ungainly and ill at ease in their badly cut summer clothes, but winter in Moscow means fur, rich fur, everywhere, spangled with melting flakes of snow. Suddenly a slight start went through the crowd. People paused to look, an old woman nearby said "*Gospodi!*" ("My Lord!"), and a policeman standing in front of me turned his head thoughtfully. It's them, I thought, and, sure enough, I saw Misha waving his big hand as he made his way nonchalantly toward me. Behind him came a little troop of six men and women dressed as he was, their long hair blowing in the sleety wind, their bells and beads tinkling and rattling.

"Hi!" Misha said in English, cheerfully taking my arm.

"Hi!" I said. "You forgot the *shub* today, huh?"

This is a joke we have. A *shub* is a heavy fur coat. Whenever I se Misha, I reprimand him for his ligh clothing, and he promises he will dres in furs for the next meeting. Today, he wore his usual outfit: a thin purple jacket embroidered with the English words "Love" and "Rock Explosion," and a pair of tattered orange pants.

The others had gathered in a circle around us, and Misha began to make introductions. "I would like to present you," he said, quite formally, "to some more of our people, *nashi hippi.*" As always, it seemed strange to hear the English word "hippie" used in a Russian sentence. Misha and his friends, however, are adamant about their identity. They are *hippi* (for them, the word is a collective plural and is pronounced "heepee"), and their adoption of the word suggests their fascination with Western culture. Misha took me around the circle: "This is Petya, Kolya, Vitya, Natasha . . ." Looking at the austere young faces, the beads, the long, tangled hair, and the bright clothes gave me a sharp thrill of nostalgia; I thought of the streets of Philadelphia, Rittenhouse Square in 1968, when I, too young to join in seriously, had watched the hippies drifting by—knights and their spacey ladies bound on some quest I burned to understand. But this was Russia, ten years later, and the dated ook of the whole assemblage was almost ludicrous. I felt like a traveller who has chanced upon an outpost in India where Victorian England still survives.

We set off down Gorky Street, eaving a wake of stares, turning heads, and muttered comments in the afternoon crowd. The public reaction was rarely hostile; it was more one of unbashed curiosity, which Misha and his riends blandly ignored. "Russians nevr get used to anything," Misha had told me earlier. "There have been *ippi* for years now. But still they stare like peasants, and still *babushki* stop me on the street to scold me about my hair." I was walking with Misha nd his girlfriend, a Lithuanian named Aldona, who had a cherubic face and mass of frizzy brown curls, with narrow black band tied around her orehead. Misha was telling me about ravelling; he talked very loud and ast, and made the rest of us scuttle o keep up with his rapid, bouncy walk. Misha is from Orenburg, a city n the Urals. He is nineteen, tall and hin, with long, stringy brown hair, pimpled face, and an expression of enial astonishment at the rest of the orld. He left Orenburg a year ago, ecause it was boring and because his arents did not understand his desire be a hippie. Since then, he's been hitchhiking around the Soviet Union, moving from Central Asia to the Baltic with his little migratory flock of friends. He spent the summer living in a tent near the Black Sea, then came to Moscow, where he's been staying with friend after friend. "But it's getting too cold here," he said, tugging down his sleeves. Soon it will be time to move on to Kiev, and from there to Samarkand, with its sun and melons and that famous Central Asian hash.

I asked Aldona how she became a hippie. In a small, shy voice, she told a nearly classic story. She is seventeen and has been away from home for four months. A little while ago, she was living with her family in Vilnius, attending an institute for advanced study of English. She was bored and unhappy; her father had recently remarried, and his new wife hated Aldona. "I couldn't stand it," she said. "I heard about the life of *hippi*, and I decided to leave home." Like Misha and the rest of her friends, she has a strong, if vague, reverence for Tolstoy—whom she has never read. She and a friend left Lithuania and hitchhiked to Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy's estate, near Tula; she had heard rumors that a great hippie gathering would take place there to celebrate the hundred and fiftieth birthday of the author. The gathering took place, but the two hundred hippies who showed up were denied entrance to the estate, because of their hair and clothing. They paid homage to their idol by setting up camp for two days in the woods outside the gate. Here Aldona met Misha and his friends. "It was a paradise," she said. "Such gentle people, so loving and kind. I left my friend, and when the *hippi* came to Moscow, I came, too." Now Aldona wears a bell around her neck and a pair of Soviet jeans with English words embroidered on the knee. "It says 'This Little Light of Mine,' " she told me. "A spiritual. Mahalia Jackson. Ah, so beautiful." In Russian and in English, "beautiful" is one of Aldona's favorite words.

"And what will you do in the next few years?" I asked.

Aldona gazed at me uncomprehendingly, and I was struck by the beauty of her wide brown eyes and childish mouth. She pulled her short velvet jacket tighter around her. "Well, I guess I'll be a hippie for the rest of my life," she said. "And do you know what my father says? He says that I am right—that if he were younger, he'd be a hippie, too!"

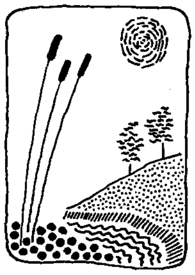
By now, we were rounding the corner onto Tverskoy Boulevard, with its central strip of iron-railed park, which looks like Paris. The brown leaves left on the maple trees were rattling with sleet, and a keen wind had started to blow. Taxis swooped by, splashing through puddles. The Café Aramat is near the square where Herzen Street intersects the boulevard; there are two churches there, and the magnificent Art Nouveau house where Gorky once lived. The café itself is a hole in the wall which you go down two steps to get into. Inside are five or six round tables and a counter where a surly old woman sells tea and buns. As the seven of us piled inside, blowing on our cold fingers and stamping our wet feet, she called over to us, "So you're going to buy something today, are you?"

Misha said, "Yes, Grandmother, we'll drink tea all afternoon." To me he whispered, "They hate for us to come here. Often, in the evenings, they get the police to throw us out."

I had heard bad things about the Café Aramat. Friends had told me it was a place that foreigners should stay away from, because of police surveillance and frequent raids. Misha and his friends are very fond of the Aramat. Their name for it is Vavilon, or Babylon, because they claim that, like the ancient city, it is a meeting place of all nations. "Here you can find hippies from all over the Soviet Union," Misha once bragged to me. "Sometimes from all over the world!"

The place looked innocent enough, with its pink walls, half-empty tables, and students and middle-aged people reading newspapers or chatting. We sat down, and Misha started lecturing me in a whisper about the police. Russian hippies have the same obsession with the police which American hippies once displayed; *hippi* and *militsiya* have a dependent, almost symbiotic relationship of mutual irritation. Misha's friends speak of their police skirmishes with the expert fabling of soldiers who have seen action. One of the first questions Misha ever asked me about the United States was how the police are there. He laughs with delight whenever I tell him rude words for "cop": "pig," "*flic.*"

By this time, we were clutching hot cups of tea. Misha and his friends all added many lumps of sugar and drank greedily, sharing a few small buns. I reached for my bag and offered a carton of milk I'd just bought. At first, everyone declined scornfully, but then Aldona reached out shyly for the carton. In a few minutes, they were all passing the carton around and gulping down the milk; I guessed that for most of them it was the first meal of the day. I studied the faces around me and saw that every one of them—except Aldona's, with its radiant young complexion—was blemished and haggard from lack of food and sleep. I thought of Misha's queer elusiveness when he is asked where he lives in Moscow—"With friends, with friends," he always says—and tried to imagine the life of transients here: panhandling; sleeping on splintery floors, on sagging chairs, in the bleak, high-ceilinged vestibules of Soviet apartment houses. An interesting thought is that in the Soviet Union such a life style isn't as much a rebellious departure from a social norm as it was for hippies in the United States. Even middle-class Russians are always putting friends up for the night, always borrowing or lending money for living expenses. The communal life forced on most Russians by the housing crisis makes the hippies' close-knit groups seem like a continuation of, rather than a break with, tradition. Besides, the Protestant ethic has never quite caught hold here. The Russian nature seems to hold fewer reserves of guilt about not working or about living off someone else; characteristic generosity and interdependence have placed such situations almost in the common run of things. I know a number of older Russians whose lives are as precarious as the hippies'.



Inevitably, we started to talk about America. Misha and his friends have the typical Soviet fascination with things Western—especially the counterculture of the sixties. The talk quickly became an interrogation. Allen Ginsberg—what's he doing now? What about Jerry Rubin? Jane Fonda? Eldridge Cleaver? What are American hippies doing now? Do young people still live in communes? Hitchhike? The faces of the group bent in toward me, their eyes searching mine ravenously. I felt a curious embarrassment as I tried to describe to them the changed temper of the seventies. It was a near-sad feeling, as if I were the bearer of tidings to an isolated group of believers that their leaders had lost the faith. They laughed at me in open disbelief when I said that Rubin had married a rich woman and was living with her in a luxurious apartment in New York. "What about the revolution?" asked Petya, a young man wearing a hood.

"Most American radicals from the sixties have decided to work for change within the system," I answered glibly.

There was a pause. Misha pushed back his hair and lit a cigarette. (On his wrist I could see one of those woven-yarn charms that I myself used to wear nine or ten years ago—good karma.) "I understand that most of those people are old now," he said. "Almost our parents' age. But what about the *hippi*?"

"There are not very many hippies anymore. There are people who have decided to live in a different way. But they are not hippies."

"But what is the youth doing?" he asked.

"It's dancing in discothèques and hoping to get into law school," I said.

The dark afternoon had got darker, and the fluorescent lights in the café came on. The *babushka* had several times waddled over to us to say threateningly that if we weren't going to order more tea we'd better go. The group at our table was a fluid one, with people constantly arriving and leaving, new arrivals bearing little gusts of cold air on their coats. One of these new arrivals, a beautiful girl with a cascade of hair under a drooping felt hat, whispered to Misha that we could go to the apartment of a friend of hers. The place was just off Gorky Street; we jogged the short distance, hurrying to get out of the sleet. I found that this is the way that Misha spends most of his days in Moscow: migrating between the Aramat and various apartments.

The place belonged to a young artist named Slava. He was a slight young man with a beard and a mild, sarcastic smile. We all sat down around a table in a small room with peeling walls and a bed heaped with clothes in one corner. By a window were some examples of Slava's work, which was very bad: psychedelic pastel drawings alternated with murky religious scenes, apparently painted with a stick. We drank more tea, and Misha, Petya, and Aldona started teaching me how to panhandle. "Hey, man, can you give me ten kopeks?" The group doubled up with laughter at my repetition.

Slava put a Jefferson Airplane tape on a very fancy West German machine. He had a huge collection of tapes, mostly American jazz or sixties rock. He grinned when he saw that I was impressed. He borrowed Western records wherever he could, he said, and a friend at a music store taped them. We were all talking about the problems of the *hippi* with the *urla*, their name for working-class toughs. These men, short-haired young factory or construction workers, like Western hard rock but hate hippies and Hare Krishnas. (Yes, there *are* Hare Krishnas in Moscow.) Everybody seemed to know somebody else who had just been beaten up by the *urla*. I was interested in the stories about the *urla*, and still more interested in what Misha had to say about drugs. It seems that Soviet hippie culture places a lot less emphasis on drugs than the American hippies of the late sixties and early seventies did. It's obvious why: scarcity and strong government suppression have left most Russians unexposed to drugs. (Just recently, a student friend asked me whether I'd ever "shot up" marijuana and whether I was all right after the experience.) Misha and his friends have smoked marijuana—which they call *trava* ("grass")—and hashish a fair number of times; they say it's not hard to get hold of either in Central Asia. Harder drugs—cocaine, heroin, LSD—they have not tried. The group laughed knowingly about different names for marijuana, but it was clear that getting stoned means very little in their lives. It was strange for me to see and hear all around me vestiges of the American drug culture of a decade ago—the psychedelic drawings, the fantastic clothes, Grace Slick wailing on the tape player—and to know that the core of the experience was missing. This seemed like one of the latest examples of Russia borrowing form but not content from the West.

Misha and his friends like being crazy more than being stoned. Their vision of the ideal state of things is the universal hippie dream of a kind of gentle anarchy, where every mortal does his own divinely inspired thing in an atmosphere of peace and brotherhood. Because present normality accepts violence and repression, it follows that the insane must be on the right track. In the course of the afternoon Aldona said to me, "I *want* to be crazy. I hope I am." A pretty typica desire, I thought, remembering our own adolescent crowning of insanity in the sixties. But it became a sad joke when I found out that Misha and two of his friends had spent time in insane asylums—a popular Soviet method for controlling intractable young people as well as older dissidents. Being locked up was a convenient—perhaps a deliberately courted—fate for these young men, since it helped them avoid the mandatory military service at age eighteen. But aside from a few jokes about haircuts and lack of knives they wouldn't talk about the experience.

"Was it bad?" I asked Misha.

For a minute, his face lost its expression of vague good will. "Yes, very," he said.

Aldona stared at him with wide eyes.

As it got later, we started to talk about dissent. Misha and his friends discuss political protest against the Soviet government with the same vague, eager enthusiasm with which they talk of any rejection of convention. In the same way, they—and most of my other young friends—are religious. They wear crucifixes and go to church reguarly, partly because the Russian Orthodox Church provides the kind of pageantry that hippies are drawn to, and partly because church attendance s an act of nonconformity. Even church lingo has become an in thing. Misha mockingly crosses himself when omething surprises him, and some of his friends say goodbye by raising a hand and intoning, "God be with you, children." The double attraction of pageantry and rebelliousness also draws he *hippi* to the culture of the pre-Revolutionary past. They adore anyhing old: peasant huts, the crumbling mansions near Arbat Street, icons, ewelry.

In politics, things are simple. There re the good guys—the young, the razy, the gentle fans of Western music and culture. And there are the ad guys—the K.G.B., the Komsomol, arents, policemen. Misha and his riends are fuzzy on the Jewish queson, and disapprove of violence, but hey applaud any kind of dissident beavior as moving toward the new Eden they envision. "Overthrowing he Party would mean happiness here," Misha told me, leaning across the able with a beatific smile. "Everyone ould do what he wanted."

Certain incidents have become symols or touchstones for them the way Kent State or the Chicago riots did or American youth. One of these is he folk-rock-concert demonstration hat took place last summer in Leninrad's Palace Square. Petya had been here, and he described how Voice of merica and the Leningrad newspaers had announced that Santana, Joan Baez, and the Beach Boys were coming to Leningrad on July 4th; how hundreds of kids—workers, students, hippies—had made their way to the city from all over the Soviet Union; how when the concert, without explanation, failed to occur, the angry and disappointed crowd began chanting and refused to disperse. (I found out later from American friends that the concert had been aborted early in the planning stages by Soviet officials, who quite naturally disapproved of anything having to do with Western music, youth, and the American Independence Day. The announcement in the Leningrad press was a profound error, which must have cost some journalist his job.) "We were right under the windows of the Winter Palace," said Petya, running his fingers through his hair. "It was a real nation of youth. And do you know what happened? We were all angry and determined to stay. I was there with my good friend. We had been chanting 'Santana! Santana!' Then, farther up in the crowd, they started chanting 'Down with the Party!' After that, we all started to yell it, and then the *militsiya* came with fire hoses."

"Did you get beaten up?" I asked. I had heard five or six versions of this story, with and without chanting and fire hoses.

"Of course," Petya said modestly.

Next, the group took turns telling me about Kaunas, Lithuania. This is a city that has gone down in dissident lore as the scene of two days of rioting in May of 1972, after the funeral of Romas Kalanta, a Lithuanian Roman Catholic who had set fire to himself to protest Soviet rule, especially the suppression of Catholicism. "Thousands of young people marched through the streets," Aldona told me. "The police beat them up, and arrested hundreds. The Russians sent in parachute troops and K.G.B. units."

"And what do you think about that?" I asked, remembering that most Lithuanians I know are fiery patriots.

Aldona gave me her lovely, naïve smile. "I think freedom is a beautiful thing," she said.

I had to go, and said so, but Misha pressed me to stay for a minute. "We have something to show you," he said. He reached into his shoulder bag and produced a large school notebook. He opened it and said, "This is our book." It was a neatly kept scrapbook of the American youth movement in the late nineteen-sixties. There were pictures of Rubin, of Leary, of Peter Fonda squinting over motorcycle handlebars, of Joplin, of Hendrix, of the archetypal hippie girl, with beads and cascading blond hair. The neatly clipped pictures were grainy and distorted—culled, I was sure, from the most improbable sources. The Cyrillic lettering under each picture was large and childish. Looking at this curious monument to the sixties, I felt amused and a little melancholy.

Misha and his friends walked back to Arbatskaya Metro station with me. The sleet of the afternoon had turned into a stinging hail; the lights of the cars coming up Arbat Street showed up the pellets whirling through the dark. "My God!" said Misha, trying to pull his collar up around his ears. "What a wind!"

"It'll soon be time to move on to Central Asia, right?" I said.

"You're right. There's still sun there. And melons."

Beside us, Aldona scurried along silently, her red cheeks buried in her fur collar, and her hair streaming out under her headband. Petya was taking long strides ahead of us, clutching his ragged hood and talking to a girl named Tanya about Bulgakov. In front of the Metro (the brick-colored entrance near the Praga Restaurant), we stopped and said goodbye. Rush-hour crowds came shouldering by us and paused to stare at the *hippi*, with their fanciful clothes and bedraggled hair.

"How do you like our café and our people?" asked Misha.

"I like both very much," I said.

Aldona gave me a kiss, and a blond boy with a steel tooth said, in English, "I dig it the most!"

Then all the members of the group, much to my dismay, and much to the intense curiosity of the subway crowd, raised their hands and gave me a peace sign. I watched them, and wondered how this graft of the American past on the Russian present would survive. I wondered, too, about their future under the system—these children whose clothes and behavior can win them a stint in a mental hospital. But I couldn't just stand there, so I raised my hand and returned the sign, wondering what, exactly, I meant by it.

—ANDREA LEE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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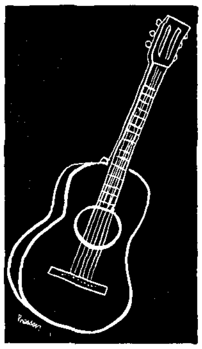
Steve Henderson led off with a single to center field, Jerry Morales walked and Henderson stole second.—*The Times.*

Way to go, Mets!

MUSICAL EVENTS

Ceremony of Innocence



THERE is an opinion that "The Turn of the Screw" (1954) is the greatest of Benjamin Britten's fifteen operas. Hans Keller proposes it in the keen, crackling introduction he wrote for "The Operas of Benjamin Britten," a handsome volume of essays and librettos edited by David Herbert (Columbia). In January, the editor of the magazine *Opera* stated it. And it could be heard voiced after the beautiful and moving account of the opera presented this month by the Opera Theatre of St. Louis. But "greatest" is a superlative hard to assign among the works of a great composer who has been prolific. (Which is Mozart's "greatest" opera? Which Verdi's?) Some one-epithet characterization is perhaps possible. "Peter Grimes" (1945) has undoubtedly been Britten's most successful opera. "The Rape of Lucretia" (1946) is perhaps his most beautiful; "Gloriana" (1953), for all its intimate scenes, his grandest; "Death in Venice" (1973) his most delicate and, one might add, most personal. Among the rest, the comedy of "Albert Herring" (1947), with its serious inner theme, has proved unfading. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1960) is an enchanted and enchanting piece. How should one rank "Billy Budd" (1951), so potent and arresting, or the puzzling "Owen Wingrave" (1971), with merits, some claim, that have still to be discovered, or "The Turn of the Screw," which in performance can seem to be as beautiful, delicate, personal, potent, enchanting, and arresting as any of its companions, and which is fast becoming another popular favorite? It was a long while before any of Britten's operas except "Peter Grimes" found wide acceptance in his native land, but now "The Turn of the Screw" as well as "Grimes" is in the repertory of four full-time companies—those doing "The Turn of the Screw" being the English National Opera, the Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera, and Kent Opera, each of which from a home base plays up and down the country. In New York, the City Opera continues to show from time to time its strong production, first seen in 1962. Western Opera Theatre did the piece in 1972-74. A sensitive and accomplished Juilliard production in 1975 remains unforgotten, and that year there were also productions in Texas (by the touring Texas Opera Theatre) and in Chicago. Scanning *Opera* back to 1977, I find reports, too, of productions in Wexford, Paris, Vienna, Genoa, and at the Herrenhausen festival. The Scots took their production to Łodz, Warsaw, and Zurich. This month, the Welsh played theirs in Leipzig and Dresden. Wherever "The Turn of the Screw" is done now, it is admired. The superlative that Peter Evans uses of it in his austere, thorough, penetrating study "The Music of Benjamin Britten" (University of Minnesota Press) is "Britten's most intricately organized opera." After a masterly analysis of its thematic and harmonic marvels, he concludes his chapter on the piece by noting that a conscious appreciation of all these marvels is not needed for a listener to be emotionally overwhelmed, "drained," by the opera in performance.

IN that introduction mentioned above, Mr. Keller suggests that Britten's "Death in Venice" transcended the Thomas Mann novella on which it is based, because while Mann's work was "packed with personal complications without universal significance," in Britten's "universal significance and uncompromising personal statement . . . coalesced without the slightest friction," as never before in the history of opera. For similar—not quite the same—reasons, Britten's "Turn of the Screw" transcends, I believe, its Henry James original. James's novella, which appeared in *Collier's Weekly* in 1898, is a chilling ghost story (I remember my prickling spine when first I read it), a brilliantly controlled narrative, and an imaginative psychological study of a twenty-year-old Victorian governess confronted for the first time in her life with, at once, erotic infatuation, great responsibilities, the aftermath of human evil, and, she believes, the continued, haunting presence of that evil. Britten's opera seems to be more: both a vivid drama in which nothing essential in James is lost and a stretch of music so eloquent that it can stir and shake its listeners to emotions of terror, pity, and love—to "identifications" and understanding far beyond those felt by the reader of the tale. The allurements by which the ghosts of Peter Quint and Miss Jessel seek to gain possession of the two children in the Governess's charge steal into our own minds. Through Britten's music, we feel their attractiveness and respond as the children do. We share Quint's arrogant confidence in his own seductive powers; throb with the anguish and despair of Miss Jessel, whom he seduced and then spurned; know the ghosts' yearning to be reunited to the children whom when alive they had corrupted. Not only through the Governess's eyes (as in James) do we behold these things; they become as real to us as they were to her. And so the opera ignites strange, fierce feelings in those who watch and hear it.

The librettist of "The Turn of the Screw," Myfanwy Piper, contributes an essay, "Writing for Britten," to "The Operas of Benjamin Britten" and tells of her difficulty in devising words for the ghosts to sing; in James they are silent. For the refrain of their colloquy, which opens Act II, she borrowed a line from Yeats' apocalyptic poem "The Second Coming" (1921)—"The ceremony of innocence is drowned"—which, she says, "seemed to epitomize the story." How much of the line's context did she intend to evoke in listeners' minds? It is a well-known poem:

> Things fall apart; the centre cannot
>   hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the
>   world,
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and
>   everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is
>   drowned;
> The best lack all conviction, while the
>   worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

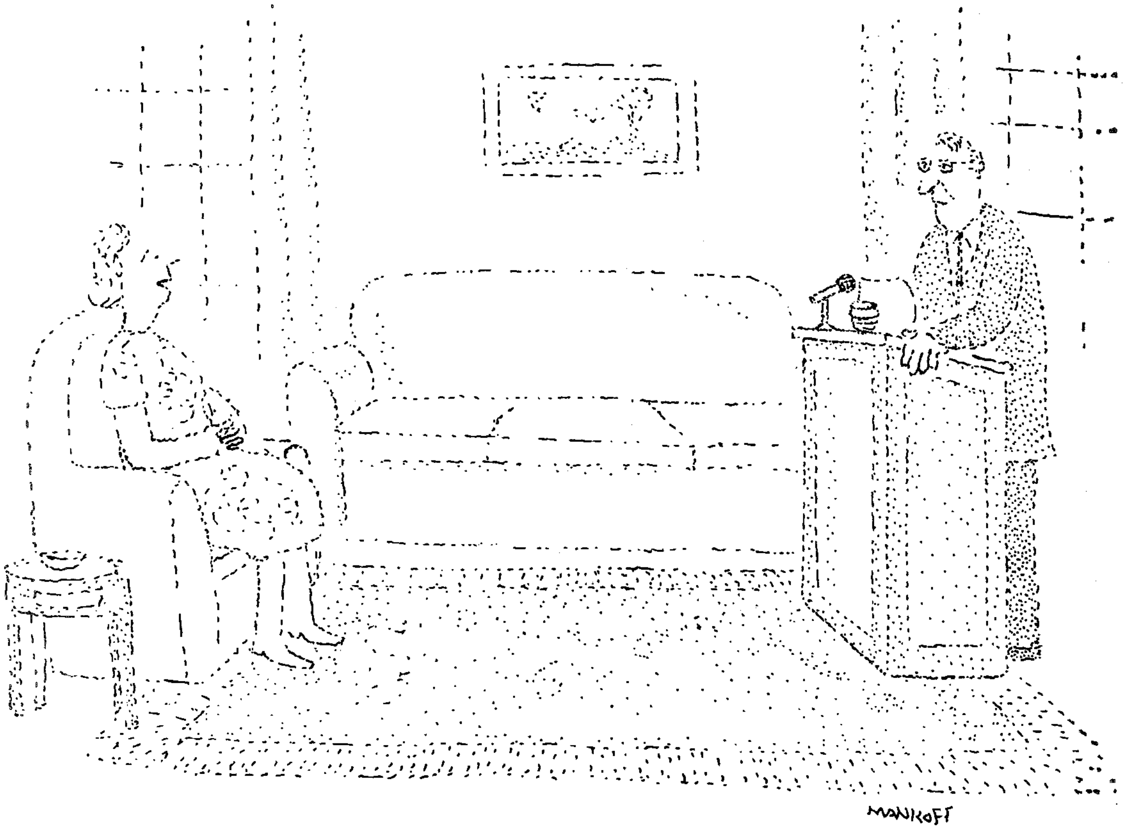
On a trivial level, listeners who know Yeats may be disturbed by the ability of the mid-nineteenth-century ghosts to quote him. More important, the line moves from the Governess's particular plight to suggest the horror of a world where the fixed and familiar are lost. "Innocence" ("the murderous innocence of the sea") and "ceremony" are important words in "A Prayer for My Daughter"—the poem that follows "The Second Coming" in the collection "Michael Robartes and the Dancer"—in which Yeats, like the Governess, meditates on a sleeping child.

Colin Graham, the director of the St. Louis production, presented this spectral colloquy as a nightmare of the Governess, and by doing so he raised a question to which different productions of "The Turn of the Screw" have given different answers: Did the Governess imagine it all? James sets her story within a double frame: a first-person narrator introduces a friend who then reads aloud a tale the Governess penned and on her death entrusted to him. As evidence of the ghosts' independent existence, the Governess cites her ability to describe persons she had never seen in life. But the "facts" are of her presentation; it is still left open to the reader to reinterpret them. In the theatre, however, Britten's music gives "reality" to the evil haunting; as Mr. Evans says of the work, "the view that all its shadows of evil darken only the Governess's mind cannot be sustained in the opera." I saw, in 1966 at Morley College, a powerful production of "The Turn of he Screw" whose director, Geoffrey Connor, took a different view. Of the Governess, he wrote, "She conjures up wo ghostly adversaries, endowing hem with seductive, sensuous qualities absent in herself, and Bly [the country house where the action takes place] gradually becomes a neurotic world of watching eyes. . . . So many revealing phrases of pride, sexuality, and frustraion fall from her lips that, in the end, ides cannot but be taken in deciding where the evil lay." The opera is so rich nd strong that it can bear that interpretation, but I do not now believe it to be a right approach. In her essay Mrs. Piper says, "Neither Britten nor I ever intended to nterpret the work, only to e-create it for a different medium," and: "'The Turn of the Screw' . . . is ague only in one thing: in what, if anything, actully happened between the hildren and the haunting air. This vagueness does ot affect the drama in any way, it only affects what eople think of it. In every ther particular Henry ames is precise." And:

> What is absorbing and fasnating about "The Turn of the Screw" is not the sin hat lies beneath the fine mist of evil, nor yet the Governess's unfulfilled love, which it was at one time the Freudian fashion to make responsible for the whole afair, but the vulnerability of nocence at all ages. The hildren's inquiring innocence assailed from outside, the oung woman's is attacked om within by her own fears and imagination and from without by the evidence of her bemused senses, which she constantly mistrusts.

In James, for an "instant confounding and bottomless" the Governess wonders whether she is mistaken in believing Miles, the boy in her charge, to be possessed: "If he *were* innocent what then on earth was I?" Mr. Graham's treatment of the colloquy—which is followed at once by the Governess's monologue "Lost in my labyrinth"—reflects that instant. The Governess's own fevered imaginings have here led her beyond the "evidence." For the rest, he has, rightly, presented the ghosts with the clarity, the sharp physical presence, insisted upon in the story. James's ambiguity, his "frame," *is* retained in the opera, which begins with a narrator: "It is a curious story. I have it written in faded ink." But when that story begins it is up to the director to follow Britten and present it as reality, something that happened, not gloss it as a self-induced hallucination of the protagonist. That possibility can be left to the spectators.

MR. GRAHAM was stage manager at the première of "The Turn of the Screw," given by the English Opera Group. He directed the second E.O.G. production of it, and directed the work again for the English Music Theatre Company. He directed the premières of six of Britten's later operas ("Noye's Fludde," the three church parables, "Owen Wingrave," and "Death in Venice") and was, in effect, a collaborator in their creation (for, as he notes in a contribution to "The Operas of Benjamin Britten," the composer "usually wanted to involve the director and the designer at the libretto stage of conception . . . *before* he started composing"). He directed the British stage première of "Paul Bunyan." Over the years, he has directed all but one ("Billy Budd") of Britten's operas. In short, he has a thorough command of Britten's style and a thorough understanding of Britten's intentions, and he inspired the St. Louis cast to wonderfully vivid and sensitive performances, fine in details, strong in impact. Sheri Greenawald was the Governess. A flame of emotion burns in everything this singer does. To hear and watch her in Pamina's "Ach, ich fühl's" ("The Magic Flute" was another St. Louis production this year) or as the Governess is an experience almost alarming in its intensity. It is as if part of her substance were consumed by each performance she gives. One fears for her, yet is reassured by the professional discipline and the sure vocal technique that accompany her



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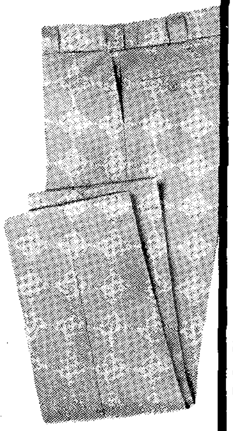

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passion. Her voice is purely projected, exact in its focus. Sometimes under stress its timbre can become too narrow, when emotional and physical tensions seem to pinch the tone. But usually the sound flows freely and beautifully, alike in pianissimi that can be clearly heard and in full-throated outbursts—such as the Governess's climactic song at Miles' death—that soar out to fill the theatre. Her phrasing has uncommon distinction. She uses words tellingly. She is a beautiful woman and a subtle actress. I should dearly like to hear her as Mozart's Countess, Ilia, and Donna Elvira.

Miss Jessel was cast at strength in the person of Marianna Christos, lustrous in appearance and lustrous of voice; I have never heard and seen a better account of the role. Nor since Joan Cross's in 1954 have I heard and seen a better account than Judith Christin's of Mrs. Grose, the "stout simple plain clean wholesome woman" who is housekeeper at Bly. In recent years, it has become common to assign the parts of the Prologue and Peter Quint, both created by Peter Pears, to different singers. I regret it, not for dramatic reasons (such as make a division between the Two Priests and the Two Men-in-Armor of "The Magic Flute" regrettable) but because the very economy of "The Turn of the Screw"—so much achieved with a cast of six and an orchestra of thirteen—constitutes one of its beauties. (When Sir Peter himself, still a matchless Prologue but no longer easy in Quint's coloratura flights, is at hand, it's a special case.) In St. Louis, Neil Rosenshein did both roles and did them well, for he is an elegant tenor with a gleaming presence. Miles was Peter McDowell, a treble pleasantly audible and an able little actor. Beverly Hoch, a skillful young soprano, played his sister with tact and resource.

William Harwood, who seems to me the most stylish and sensitive of America's young opera conductors, led a first-rate performance, in which emotion and musical structure, passing dramatic incident and the long formal line of the acts were excellently balanced. The orchestra—all thirteen players must be soloists—drawn from the St. Louis Symphony, was eloquent. About the look of the show I had reservations. Maxine Willi Klein's set was a stand of tall Mylar screens ranged to form a projecting V, with behind them a labyrinth of tall mirrors. It looked rather like store decoration. Onto the screens projections vaguely suggestive of locality were thrown. It

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was ill devised for a theatre with a
:hrust stage, for only from center seats
:ould all the projections be seen. "The
Turn of the Screw" can hardly be
›layed in solid realistic scenery, since in
:ach of its two acts there are eight
cenes. Britten plainly expected sugges-
ive, evocative décor. But the more
losely the sets suggest the reality of a
ineteenth-century country house and
he park around it the stronger the ef-
ɛct of the piece. Ghosts are unsurpris-
ıg when they materialize in a vague,
hostly setting. Practically, too, there
/ere awkward things. Essential pieces
f furniture drifted in and out on pon-
›ons. When the ghosts sailed out on
ıem, advancing for the colloquy as
in two punts, they looked silly. But
Ir. Graham kept most of the action
›rward of the screens, and the singers
eld our eyes on their vivid acting.

THE St. Louis company, now in
its fifth season, prospers. The sea-
›n is short—four weeks—but during
four bills are played in busy reper-
›ry. The casts are assembled from
nong America's brightest and most
teresting young artists—"stars of to-
orrow" set in a firmament where
ey can shine more clearly than do
e big-house stars of today when
aced in less carefully rehearsed and
ss thoughtfully conceived productions.
ı past years, I have described the de-
ghts and drawbacks of the Loretto-
ilton Theatre and its setting and the
ımerous incidental yet not irrelevant
easures of operagoing as practiced in
. Louis. This year, the program was
›mpleted by "The Magic Flute,"
›nducted by Mr. Harwood and di-
cted by Mr. Graham; "Falstaff,"
›nducted by Bruce Ferden and over-
rected by Rhoda Levine; and a dou-
ɛ bill of Emil von Reznicek's "Fact
Fiction" ("Spiel oder Ernst?") and
urt Weill's "Seven Deadly Sins." All
ɛre accomplished ensemble shows
ntaining admirable individual per-
rmances. The Mozart and Verdi
ɛre done in my translation, and so I
ıst say no more about them, but
xt week I hope to review the double
l. —ANDREW PORTER

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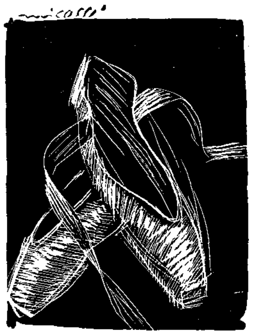
DANCING

Slowly Then the History of Them Comes Out

FIRST, it was Louis Horst and Martha Graham. Then it was John Cage and Merce Cunningham. Now, it seems, Philip Glass and Robert Wilson, between them, are filling the role of mentor to the choreographers who are shaping the most pervasive new dance aesthetic. Glass, like Horst and Cage, has composed for dancers—notably, for Lucinda Childs and Andrew deGroat, with whom he began to work after collaborating with them and Wilson in 1976, in "Einstein on the Beach." Wilson, except in the most informal sense, does not choreograph, but as a writer and director of esoteric visionary plays and as a teacher of movement he has been the biggest influence, after Cunningham, on choreographers working today. These young (or young*er*) choreographers—among them Childs and deGroat and Meredith Monk and Kenneth King—reflect different aspects of Wilson's work, just as Trisha Brown and Steve Paxton and Douglas Dunn reflect different aspects of Cunningham's work. They all belong to the generation commonly referred to as "post-modern," although "post-Cunningham" would be a better term. The various streams of activity which they represent, Wilson's included, are all ultimately traceable to the climate of inspiration which was established by Cage and Cunningham thirty years ago. Even the big idea that seems to divide the Mysterians from the Mercists—the idea of a return to music—isn't really as sharp a break with the older tradition as it seems. (That secession was actually launched some time ago by Paul Taylor and continued in due course by Twyla Tharp.) Cage and Cunningham taught that a musical accompaniment and a dance have nothing in common but the length of time each takes to happen. Of course, they have much more in common—the theory of aleatoric structure was never denied, either in the dancing or in the music. A dance to a Glass score is also likely to be constructed according to the same laws as the music—laws of "repetitive structure and modular form," to quote a recent program note—but whether it then goes its own way or not is open to question. Besides principles of construction, there is a very heavy beat tying dance and music together, and usually, although not always, there is a cryptic, spectral, incantatory atmosphere. These two elements—the beat and the misterioso—aren't much, but they're enough to create a new sensation in dance. And they're beginning to crop up all over the place.



In recent weeks, I have seen a deGroat work choreographed to Glass music; a new ballet presented by the Alvin Ailey company to a portion of the score of "Einstein on the Beach;" a film about choreographers which incorporated part of Lucinda Childs' "Dance," with its score by Glass; a "Dance in America" TV show in which this trend was represented by Laura Dean dancing to her own music; and a live concert by Dean, again dancing to her own music. Before she took to composing her own scores, Dean used to collaborate with Steve Reich, the country's other best-known composer of loop music, or music of incessant repetition. Terry Riley and Sergio Cervetti have also worked with dancers in this form. But it is Glass who has come to dominate the dance field. When Laura Dean composes, she sounds not like Reich but like Glass; and Meredith Monk, who has been producing her own sound for a long time, has done several remarkably Glass-like scores. School of Glass tends to feature electronic keyboards, eerie harmonies, pulsing rhythms, and vocalise; it is very loud. Like rock, School of Glass is meant to engulf you. As Andrew Porter wrote in his review of "Einstein on the Beach," once the listener realizes that the endless repetitions are actually going somewhere, Glass's music is easy to take for quite long spells. Glass habitually works in long forms: a piece called "Music in Twelve Parts" lasts four hours. "The mind may wander now and again," Mr. Porter adds, "but it wanders within a new sound world that the composer has created." To be within that world is to experience music as a succession of instants. Glass has asked that his listeners surrender their usual equipment of memory and anticipation; perhaps the reason he is attracted to dance is that dance is a present-tense art form, with no precise way of recalling or predicting itself. Glass's hammering beat seems to drive dancers ever onward into the outer space of unanticipated movement.

This doesn't mean that the movement will be new; it means that the sensation of the movement will be new. In the work of Childs and deGroat and Dean, the steps are elementary, with no embellishments of technique. The repetition aims at creating a cumulative effect of movement beyond the movements that you see, and the total experience of action and sound can be all-involving. To thos who are susceptible to this intangibl process, there are degrees of abstraction and purity even within the ultimate high that it provides. Lucind Childs' choreography is a maze o footpaths laid out with Euclidean austerity. To her followers, she was th first—some say the only—choreographer to elevate the sensations of th form to the level of an aesthetic. The may be right, although in actual fac the aesthetic came first. Childs worke for years cutting her school figures i silence. When she added music, th figures took on a brightly sensuous elegance, a change she acknowledge with a switch in costume: corduroy were discarded for flowing silk an lamé. But basically Childs does wha she has always done. The atmospher of chic that envelops her performanc these days can be as irritating to thos who know why she does it as to thos who, like me, don't. Childs has evolve something that looks like prehistor ballet. The erect, springy carriage, th walking and skipping and hopping pa terns seem to want to accumula technique. I see nothing in their log to prevent their turning into actu dance steps. Maybe they will, and we see the first SoHo Civic Ballet.

At the moment, Childs' work closer to that of her fellow-minimal Trisha Brown than it is to her fellov cultist Laura Dean. Dean, like d Groat, like William Dunas, like t intramedia specialists Monk and Kin and like numerous other choreogr phers from unallied schools (K Takei, Phoebe Neville, Anthony L Giglia), is a Mysterian. The shado and strategies of Robert Wilson ha heavy over them all. Brown isn't li that. Her work is sunny and ope with a practical base easy—fata easy—to penetrate. If she uses mu at all, it's usually an afterthought— bit of country-and-Western sing-alo or early rock. Like Steve Paxton Brown's concerts resemble worksho in which the audience is taught mo ment logic. The leap in logic which takes us from the studio into the theatre is never made. (When Brown gets a theatrical idea, it usually pertains to production, not movement. At her most recent concert, her company danced through clouds of steam.) For a while, Brown and Childs and Dean were alike in having intensively systematic methods of producing choreography as an end in itself. Childs and Dean have customarily presented surface as substance. But in Dean's latest work, "Music" (at the Brooklyn Academy), the naïve, plainspoken little phrases seemed to dissolve back into a motive for doing them, which was apparently to put the dancers into a rance. I found myself looking not at a dance but at a rite. Perhaps the resem-lance to the Gurdjieff dances in the movie "Meetings with Remarkable Men" was intentional; perhaps not. Dean's dances have always had their trancelike sections, their protracted se-uences of dervishlike spinning, which ut me off; "Music" is the first dance to start building up a trance with the rst step. Instead of developing her formal choreographic devices, Dean seems ent on evolving ever more extended xercises in concentration for her dancers. The first forty or so minutes of Music" (the whole piece lasts seven-y-five minutes) were devoted to a ow-motion legato exercise performed y the group of six in unison while an rchestra consisting of piano, violin, nd synthesizer sustained an unbroken ave of chords. It looked like T'ai Chi uck in a groove, and the audience xpressed its disgruntlement by walk-g out in numbers. The choreogra-hy turned to individual variations canon, then to an allegro section, here it settled into the familiar spin-ng patterns. One couldn't just close ne's eyes and spin in a "new sound orld;" Dean's music for "Music" is compulsive and lethargic as her ances. Fellow-worshippers in the au-ence gave the company an ovation while those of us who'd stuck it out ptoed up the aisle.

DeGroat began his performance se-s at the Midtown Y with a film of nself spinning with a rope; the film as projected as deGroat in person rformed the same rope dance in the rk. Then several dancers did some w-grade ballet steps to a tape of hopin. By the time the ensemble rew itself into a scrimmage of runs d lifts while a voice intoned and lled out "Brick Brintzonhofe" over d over, we were well versed in de-roat-style misterioso. It seems to take something from everybody; the aspect I am most uneasy about is its celebration of the work of Christopher Knowles, but I may be guilty of humanistic overreaction. Knowles is afflicted with brain damage; the things he does with typewriters and tape recorders (for example, the "Brick Brintzonhofe" spiel) also inspire Wilson, who considers him a poet. The way deGroat dances suggests that he may have adopted Knowles as an alter ego. DeGroat often looks uncoördinated and inarticulate, yet he also has assurrance and control. The mixture of rough and smooth in his choreography seems to have been planned by a master. It's apathetic yet alert—heads-up ritualism. "Red Notes," the work to the Glass score, is an anthology of influences, in which deGroat in one way or another sums up the whole of the post-modern scene for which Glass and Wilson have acted as co-mentors and throws in a few clues to *their* influences. Not that there are any surprises; instead of a Knowles text, "Red Notes" ("Read Notes") has one by Gertrude Stein, the patron saint of the avant-garde, and it includes the lines from "The Making of Americans" which could be the epigraph of post-modernism: "Slowly everything comes out from each one in the kind of repeating each one does . . . Slowly then the history of them comes out from them." If Stein were talking about dancers and repertory, her meaning could not be clearer. My quarrel with post-modernism is not with repetition—it's with ritualistic repetition. Ritualistic repetition—ritualized ritual, in other words—makes repeating more important than "the history of them." It sentimentalizes the process of repetition by attributing to it more power than it possesses. "Natural movement" is enshrined, yet movements that are paltry and meagre cannot make history no matter how many times they are done. When virtuosity is absent, personality counts for more than it perhaps should. The whole post-modern movement, from Yvonne Rainer onward, has been anti-personality, yet at this moment it is teetering on the brink of star worship. Childs and Glass are stars of increasing magnitude; Dean is amassing a cult. DeGroat's work, on the whole, has a force and variety that Dean's doesn't have, but it's also more ambivalent, heading toward, then steering away from a broad-scale popular approach. The grossest appeal that the Glass kind of music can make is to the audience for head music. At its most coyly surrealistic, deGroat's choreography is head dance. In "Red Notes," there's the druggy dissociative structure, the bits of sacerdotal imagery, and such light-show whammies as a giant shadow of a hand drawing arrows on a movie screen as the dancers beneath troop back and forth in lines. Above all, there's the pounding beat that binds one thing to another—that makes a monotonous, few-toned, desultory set of dances into a unified work of orgiastic vivacity.

Kathryn Posin's "Later That Day," done for the Ailey company's spring season at the City Center, is set to Glass music, but because it isn't inside the world of the music, it manages to do more with it than the house choreographers so far have dreamed of doing. Where Childs and deGroat have used Glass as if his were the only kind of music there is, Posin catches up his peculiarities and accounts for them in her choreography. "Later That Day" doesn't resemble "Einstein on the Beach;" if it resembles anything, it's "Les Noces." Dancers enter in a long line while a chorus repeatedly intones a five-note phrase. A couple (bride and groom?) crouches to one side on a platform. On the other side, Dudley Williams, in a three-piece suit, sits reading at a lectern or stands and waves his arms like a signalman. Preacher, guests, and bridal couple compose a triad; all are dressed by Christina Giannini in sleek playclothes of the nineteen-twenties. The guests pose and move in antiphonal harmony with the couple, like a Greek chorus. The action is entirely static, but at the end some new element has recharged the proportions of the triad. The element is time; Williams stands looking at his watch, amazed. As the response of a more conventional choreographer to the incitements of "new" music, "Later That Day" is highly suggestive. Without condescension or undue simplification, Posin manages to relate Glass to the world outside electronic circuitry and afflatus. She has found ritualistic images that match the sound, but she hasn't followed the sound to a land's-end depletion. And, by the looks of things, she has had an easier time of it than the post-moderns have had with their windy ongoing mystique.

Repetition is the sacred right of performing artists—actors, dancers, musicians. Performance art is a category in which non-performing arts may be endowed with the repetitive, mutable aspects of music or dance. You have to see a successful performance artist, like

David Gordon, to believe that it can work. Gordon's areas are dance, words, and sometimes photographs; that everything comes together on a high level of interest has to do not with the power of one or another medium, or even with their power in combination, but with the personalities of Gordon and his partner, Valda Setterfield. Their most recent concert, held in their loft, was a "performance collage," made up of previous works assembled in a new format and framing sections of new work. With Gordon, the creative process is always retrospective. The evening was a pleasure both in its novelties and in its recapitulations, but I want to bring up instead Gordon's recent movie and television appearances, in which he appears among his colleagues as post-modernism's most articulate spokesman. In both "Beyond the Mainstream" (part of the PBS "Dance in America" series) and "Making Dances," a documentary on seven post-modern choreographers, by Michael Blackwood, the importance of personality in work of this kind is accidentally stressed. Although plain, small-scale post-modern movement is easier to convey on film than other kinds of dance, the experience of a performance is, if anything, harder; it may take a whole evening to build up. The camera can show neither transitions nor highlights comfortably, but it feeds on interviews. Here, and in the cinéma-vérité-style studio rehearsals, is where we form our impressions of the choreographers. Gordon rises to the top not only because the film medium magnifies his personality but because he is used to having his personality considered a major element in his work. The David Gordon who talks to the camera is the same David Gordon who appears as a character in David Gordon/Pick-Up Company presentations. To be sure, he usually appears at some point in the evening as a talking character, but, curiously, neither "Beyond the Mainstream" nor "Making Dances" captures that aspect of his performance. The chief interest, for me, of both these productions was the bafflement they reflected. A lot of post-modernism is baffling to me, and I was looking to these films for enlightenment. Instead, the burden of explanation was for the most part on the choreographers and what they could think of to say.

One of Gordon's provocative comments (in "Making Dances") is an analogy with the movies. While moviegoers of the Joan Crawford generation now enjoy "Coming Home" and "Saturday Night Fever" even though

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the new movies are written, photographed, and cut in an entirely different fashion, "the way people approach dance is peculiarly conservative," he says. "I love 'Sleeping Beauty,' too, but I don't have to see only it for the rest of my life." I see the point, but to me the style of dance that Gordon represents is more like television than like new feature films. Audiences have no trouble accepting new ballets, but not many people are willing to take the prosaic, uncultivated look of post-modern dance seriously. Fewer still are willing to relate the materials of this kind of dance to their sources in classic art. In his piece called "The Matter," Gordon stages a parody of the En-rance of the Shades in "La Bayadère." 'I like it because it repeats itself many imes," he says (in "Beyond the Main-tream"). "One ballerina enters, and hen the next one enters, and then he next one enters, and it goes on orever. I mean, that ballet was made very long time ago. And that audi-nce is willing to sit in an opera house nd watch forty-some-odd ballerinas ome in one at a time, forever." One eason may be that at the end of forver audiences know they're going to et a ballet. It's not just the glamour r the rhetorical style that accounts or the difference in acceptance. The iminished scale of modern and post-odern choreography—the fact that it an't project over opera-house dis-nces—will always limit its appeal. his is why what Gordon calls "art isco"—amplified, big-beat walking usic—is getting popular with danc-s. It's fantasy-scale stuff, bigger in rms of time than any music, to com-nsate for dance that is smaller in rms of space than any dance. It goes forever, and why not? Monotonous petition, a feature of the folk art of nations, has also been a factor in e popularity of art of all kinds, high d low. It's the "infinity factor" that eps Ravel's "Bolero" on the Hit arade, along with the Triumphal arch from "Aida," the first move-ent of the "Moonlight" Sonata (a par-ular favorite of Robert Wilson's), Mack the Knife," and the Entrance the Shades from "La Bayadère." ysterianism could produce the next asterpiece in kind.—ARLENE CROCE

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BOOKS

The Mind's Assertive Flow

DAVE SMITH, a poet I first read in these pages, originally seemed to me a regional Southern writer. He grew up in Virginia, graduated from the University of Virginia, and wrote memorable poems about the oystermen of Chesapeake Bay. He was influenced by Faulkner and Robert Penn Warren. But even in his first book, "The Fisherman's Whore" (1974), there were non-regional poems. His second book, "Cumberland Station" (1977)—for which he received an award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters—though it continued the regional strain and became a family chronicle as well, contained some poems aiming in an allegorical direction, which I judged at the time too bald. As if to show that the poet knows his own direction better than the critic, Smith emerges in his new volume, "Goshawk, Antelope" (University of Illinois Press; $10), as a distinguished allegorist of human experience. The rich local color of the Virginia and Maryland sketches has been joined by local details from Utah (where Smith now lives and teaches) and a desolate Wyoming. The family (Smith's wife and three children, and shadowy parents and grandparents) continues to play a large part in the story. But these particularities are now subdued to looming shapes of universal fate and emotion.

Smith is torrential, impatient, exasperated. His language is theatrical, even melodramatic. His earlier masters are Hopkins, Whitman, Crane, and Thomas—poets whose temperatures, rarely temperate, become volcanic or icy at will. The "peaceable and healthy spirit" that Keats hoped to attain eludes such poets. They are outraged in pain or felled by ecstasy; at their most moderate, they are crucified by hope. It might be premature to expect from Smith, who is just thirty-seven, a calmer eye or a more ironic tone. He is an openhanded spender of language, fixing most characteristically on those moments of horror or excitement or
rapture which in life demand no hold
ing back, no irony, no mediating r
flection. Of course, no poem can exi
without mediation, and Smith's mo
estranged moments come in his co
sciousness of the gap between being a
language. In a typical Smith poe
(not, perhaps for that reason, necessa
ily one of the best), an extreme situ
tion plunges us into extremity: a chi
is bitten in the face by a dog; he
taken to the hospital; eventually,
dies. Before he dies, he relives the te
ror of the dog's attack:

Under tubing that hangs and shines li
gravity's spillage
your son opens his mouth to scream
the dog
suddenly looming at him five floors up
raw
hole oozing under his eye.
. . . You are murdero
when you see in his collapsed face
human image, meaty,
and seeping so when you think of t
later it seems
the instant of no time, a dead-stopped
frieze that is everything.

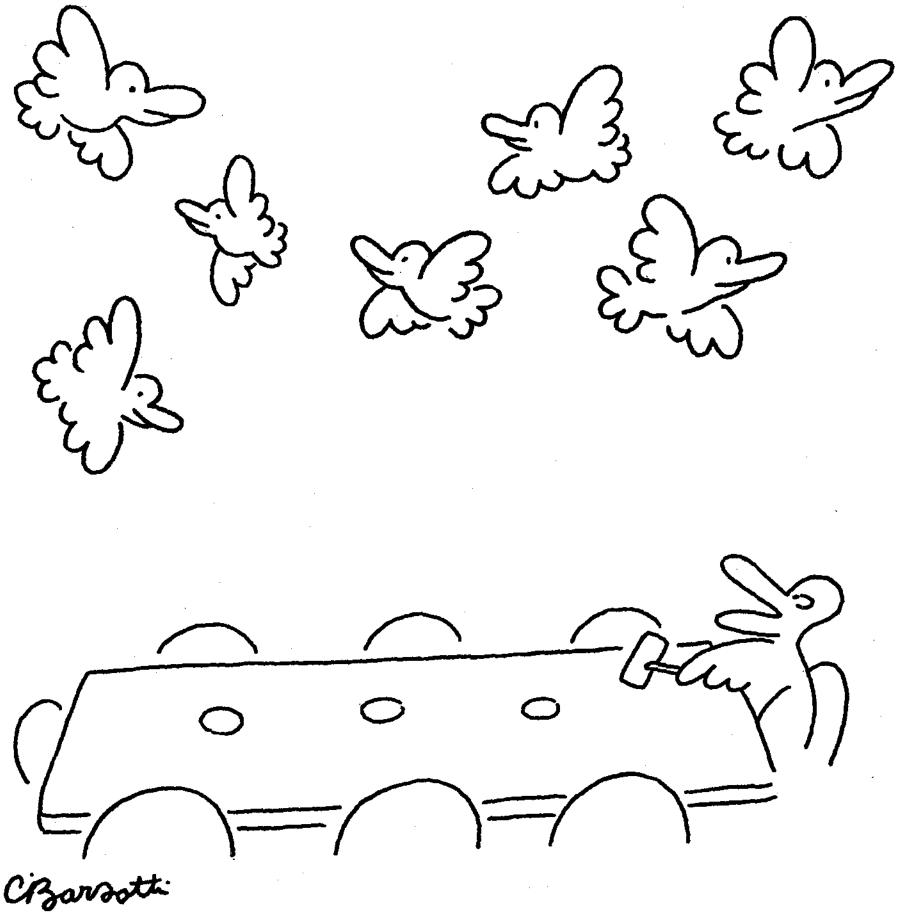
To make of any instant "a dea
stopped frieze that is everything"
Smith's Keatsian ambition, phras
here with un-Keatsian brutality.
the crisis of death, the Bible does
help ("you pick up the pebbly Gide
like your father's, finger-reading
words"), the doctor cannot help, a
art cannot help, either:

I must tell you there is no way
clinician or artist
to draw from that room the awful
of death.

The fact that art—like religion,
medicine in this case—makes noth
happen sets Smith at teeth-grind
odds with his own vocation. Even
conceiving of a new child by the p
ents will not change the savaging
this one. Every day, Smith says,
read in the paper of another c
killed:

Headl
in the morning paper are early set
sterile caps
above home snapshots.

The counters that Smith opposes
"the wreckage of promise" are pas
and hope—explicitly named but as
plicitly doubted: "Passion, if you o
believe in it, is a way of hope." Wh
er life is best considered in the agoni
terms of its worst events is the q



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Peppier 'round the pool.
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Grander after golf.
Bouncier at a barbecue.
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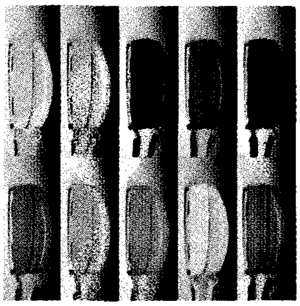

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IT'S FOR YOU

tion raised, often by Smith himself, throughout this book.

Keats, too, thought in terms of giant agonies, but he also said, less theatrically and more tellingly, that "but to think is to be full of sorrow." In Smith's best moments, the lurid highlighting of storm is abandoned for the light of day, and he, like Keats, thinks of the poet's chief burden as consciousness, face to face with the unconscious earth. As you wake in the morning, Smith says:

> The world is full,
> you are of this fullness, only you are
> what the world cannot remember in first
> raw light and nakedness.

The love of the world which comes "raking you with passion" is not reciprocated:

> Why have you lived
> if not for this love? Only it waits in a cry
> of elementals nothing explains, nothing,
> and does not seem to understand you.

Smith's blank denial of the Wordsworthian faith that "the clouds were touched,/And in their silent faces [I could] read/Unutterable love" stands at the core of his work; wedded to the shapes and sounds of the earth, which he feels reverberate in him, he fears that all this rewording may be futile. When he suspects a final illegibility and illiteracy in nature, he feels rage.

Smith retells again and again a primal deception:

> Lying awake in this moonless room
> I think of stars like a crowd of pinched
> seeds
> falling into the apples, sending little brass
> hooks
> shooting through the white pulp.
>
> By the time the apple's brown ache comes
> who will know
> the stars have been stolen, who always
> rose
> like fathers, in dignity, over the globes in
> the grass?

This is the Smith of the controlled voice, of the confident metaphor. The poem, "Between the Moon and the Sun," ends less well, in a reminiscence of "Dover Beach" and "The Waste Land" combined, as Smith's anger gets the upper hand:

> Come to the window and I will show the
> world without
> dreams, starless, mouthing itself, and the
> apples
> growing black with nothing to tell us.
> Nothing.

The obverse of this nullity, Smith would say, is passion and hope. Oddly, poetry is as unaccommodating to positive assertion as it is to positive negation: either will immediately bring a poem to an end. A poem can prolong itself, can continue its existence, only through doubling back, over and over, as Coleridge said, on its own logic. Prolongations in Smith often take the form of slow alterations of consciousness, transformations of memory, unrollings of narrative, histories of grief. Once the speaker (or his surrogate) becomes wordless, after emotion has exhausted itself or has been transmuted into an animal cry or a vegetable motion, the poem ends. Many of Smith's poems assume the form of a passage from innocence to experience. Innocence is enunciable, but experience falls silent. An implicit paradox emerges: when the last innocence vanishes, there will be no more words. It is as if the poet had a stake in remaining to some degree the boy he was, the adolescent the boy became, the young man the adolescent became; if he does not, he will no longer be able to write. It is a peculiarly Romantic conviction that adulthood is inimical to expression and spontaneity, and no soil has been more fertile for it than a young country like America. Smith, who is all care in expression, can scarcely be said to hold this conviction consciously, yet the poems again and again suggest it. I will instance one very beautiful poem about adolescent love, "Hawktree." A boy, in spring, falls in love with a girl whose name he will not even whisper in the profane assemblies of youth. He sees her standing under a pine tree: "He watched her burn like a candle in the cathedral of needles." Unable to make the slightest move toward her, he waits, certain of the claim he feels upon her, linked as they are, he is sure, by nature. The girl disregards him, and joins the society of young men whose "trucks rooted along the road of colored pleasures." In an Ovidian metamorphosis, the young man himself becomes a pine tree. The extraordinary ending is read almost literally, as an account of the warping of a life by the first failure in love:

> Slowly he knew his arms furred
> with a fragrant green darkness . . .
> Already
> he felt himself sway a little
> in the desert wind, in the wordless
> emptied gnarling he had become.

With experience, desire turns wordless and emptied; poetry is innocence preserved.

No poet has ever wanted things more violently, even as a child. There is a Christmas when, "with a war raging and a father gone," the child gets from his mother the one thing he has longed for—a white holster for his

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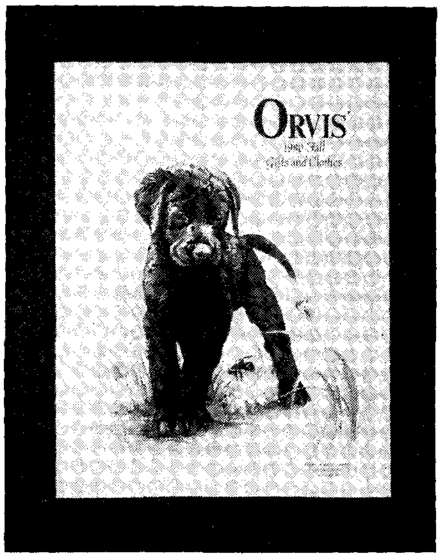

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gun, "the leather stiff and white, the red tears of glass, the black fake fur in tufts making a pony's shape." An almost disordered happiness follows:

> All day I will draw guns,
> deep in a child's joy,
> shaking the cedar like a bomb.
> *Happy*, I will shoot at her, *happy*,
> until at last the words bang
> from her mouth as she holds me,
> saying *yes, yes, yes.*

This is an unnerving poetry, willing to go so far into demand, and equally far into denial. It is, in the literal sense, unbalanced; figuratively, it often loses its balance. Its shameless evoking of its ultimate terms, love and death, dares us to deny our own obsession with them.

The goshawk and antelope of Smith's title move through the book—the hawk predatory, paternal, talons stretched out in desire; the antelope mild, fleet, free. In the title poem, a goshawk plunges, "as shapeless as obsession," while the poet, imagining himself into the antelope, tries to "buck off whatever the air had sent down." The "aching wingless shoulders of the antelope" become linked with a mother's pain, obliquely caused by the father. The poet, fleeing like the antelope "from what was unseen and there, like the red print of a hand about to fall," wants to

> see for once what had died
> out of my life but would never leave or
> come back as it had been
> like the slow growth of an antelope's legs
> into freedom
> and away from desire's black whirling
> dream.

Looking for what was, where it used to be, is the occupation of poets. At the end of this search, the poet longs for

> the flare
> of absence that came, had fallen into
> the accusing goshawk face of my father
> in that dark room
> where I walked too late, where the
> glowing fur-tufts
> of candle shadows drift on her face and
> his
> and what was held has become, suddenly,
> lost like breath.

The poems come to an end breathless or wordless after their sometimes obscure scenarios of guilt or terror. The obscurity lies not only in the telling (Smith's Faulknerian convolution of discourse is not always justified, though it is responsible for some of his most intense effects) but also in the origin of the events of life, which leave so little behind. Smith indentures himself, with an almost disabling intensity,

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to the entire past: except for us, as Stevens says, the total past felt nothing when destroyed, and Smith aims, with his tenacious memory, at an enormous work of restoration. Not only is his own past to be restored but also the past of landscape and the past of history. Yet this multiplicity in Smith is at war with his ethical strictness. He wishes to mark out life into what Hopkins called black, white, right, wrong. Relentlessly, he divides the world: this lives, this dies, as his plum tree ("In the Yard, Late Summer") says. Love and death are a single message, as "Messenger," the first poem in the new book, tells us. Against these simplicities comes the wingbeat of Smith's words:

Note by note by note we arrange what's
  known for song
while trees tower over us, spreading a
  storied gray-
gold that keeps what must be found, lost,
  and found.

"Trying to understand" is one force hat moves these poems, and Smith hurls himself repeatedly against recalci-rant mysteries. When he abandons di-ect battering, he takes to circuitous nd dogged routes. Manifestation (the morning light, the look of the world) s what he is given; understanding and motion are what he demands. The wo possibilities he awaits are revelation when manifestation meets understand-ng) and disgust (when it does not). Revelation, beautiful in the moments when it comes as pure harmonic notes "like moments so rare nothing dies"), s not always kindly. As we watch the lum tree drop "its thousand planets of weet flesh" in the late summer wind, we wait for the end:

        Knowing ourselves
wingless and bestial, we wait
for the sun to blow out,
for the return of that first
morning of pink blossoms
when we saw the dark stains
of our feet printing
what we were on that
dew-bed of the world.
The tree, too, waits
in its old unraveling
toward a naked silence,
its language wild and shocked.

mith asks our complicity in his lending language to the tree; if we remem-er "that dew-bed of the world"—and e have no better metaphors for youth an those drawn from spring—then e may offer our language to the tree reciprocity, as its metaphor for its nravelling.

Smith remembers Rilke in wishing name the things of the earth, and remembers Wordsworth in wanting

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to feel the joy and grief of the earth's seasons. At the close of the poem "Night, Our Hands Parting the Blue Air," all the elements in Smith ride in balance:

> Each sound of the cooling earth wants to become
> our speech. We hear, we can hardly bear
> not to leap up in joy and tears,
> but there is only darkness and no one
> sliding out of leaves where the world monstrously
>
> gargles its syllables without meaning until we try,
> driven red-eyed beyond sleep, to pray.
> Calling the names of parents
> who were the future and are,
> now, the past, we want to fill
> the dark with our hands. . . .
>
> We sink into ourselves as we invent
> someone who loves us. He climbs the hill
> where the gold has trickled deep blue.
> Light from our kitchen falls into his eyes.
> Night, giver of morning, comes on, swirling over us.

Here desire for speech, emotion, love, and a home meets death, illusion, insomnia, syllables without meaning, deliquescence. Implicit in the closing line is a prayer of hope: "Descend, O Night, Giver of Morning." And an implicit knell of doom lies in the declarative kernel of the same line: "Night comes on, swirling over us."

At his most truthful, Smith undoes his hopes almost as he utters them. When desire and hope overmaster vision, he risks sentimentality; when the hurling and the battering dominate reflection, he risks noisiness; when earnestness impels him, he risks explicitness. In syntactic momentum and surcharge of vocabulary, he risks excess; in ethical uprightness, he risks puritanism. He is Hebraic rather than Hellenic; flexibility and moderation are as foreign to his dour apocalypses as to his impelled communions. There are words that one would like, on first impulse, to forbid him: "love," "huge," "hungry," "joy," "fear," "hard," "memory," "kill," "dream," "longing," "boiling," "blood," "lost," "promise," "hope," "scream," "terror," "black," "naked," "dark," "wordless." He disarms our wish to censor his vocabulary by announcing that he knows his own repetitions—sounding occasionally too much like a Rilke he does not resemble:

> We walk and find there are only a few words
> we want to say: water, root, light, and love. . . .
> From time to time, someone calls out but we know
> only the words whispered from the wall of leaves:
> water, root, light, and love.

Instead of avoiding those worn or too evident words, Smith will take them up, fling them on the page, force us to digest them anew in his contexts, trusting that they will take on a fresh meaning, or a reinforcement of their old meaning. I prefer the poems in which he least depends on those words, and is least extravagant in noise. As a final example of Smith at his best, I will take "Rain Forest," where we find his most explicit account of how it seems that poetry happens within him. He renders this mysterious process in the first person plural, as if it happened within all of us, as, by memory and insight and ancestral provocation, we discovered our identity. In the rain forest (which is Smith's version of Platonic preëxistence):

> We are the dream,
> before we know better, of an old grotesque
> stonecutter. . . .
> We have entered the huge inward drift behind
> his eyes and wait to become ourselves. We stare
> through limpid eyes into the vapor-lit past
> where breath, wordlessly, like a near river
> seams up, seams in and out and around darkness. . . .
> [A] trunk rises thick and black as a monument
> that rings when struck. Here the hiking path,
> a crease, stops, then spirals around into stumps.

This still, occluded landscape writing shows Smith at his most powerful—brooding, recollected, withdrawn. The demiurge-stonecutter begins his work on us as, in silence, we recall our origins:

> We stand silent
> in the earliest air remembered, hearing at last
> the distant and precise taps of the mallet
> until our clothes, as if rotted, fall away
> and the feckless light fixes us on the column
> of our spines.

The poem becomes a meditation on Keats' urn and Yeats' dancer as we, under the hands of the stonecutter, become statuary, marble men and maidens in inhuman perpetual motion:

> Without warning, we begin to dance,
> a bird cries, and another. Our feet seem to spark
> on the hard dirt as we go round the black tree
> and for no reason we know we see ourselves
> throwing our heads back to laugh, our gums
> and teeth shiny as cut wood, our eyes marbled,
> straining to see where it comes from, that
> hoarse rasp of joy, that clapping of hands

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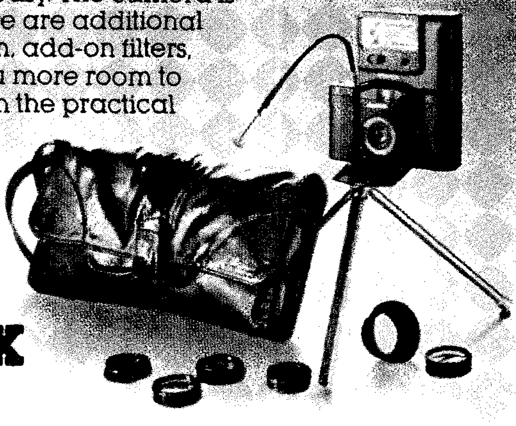

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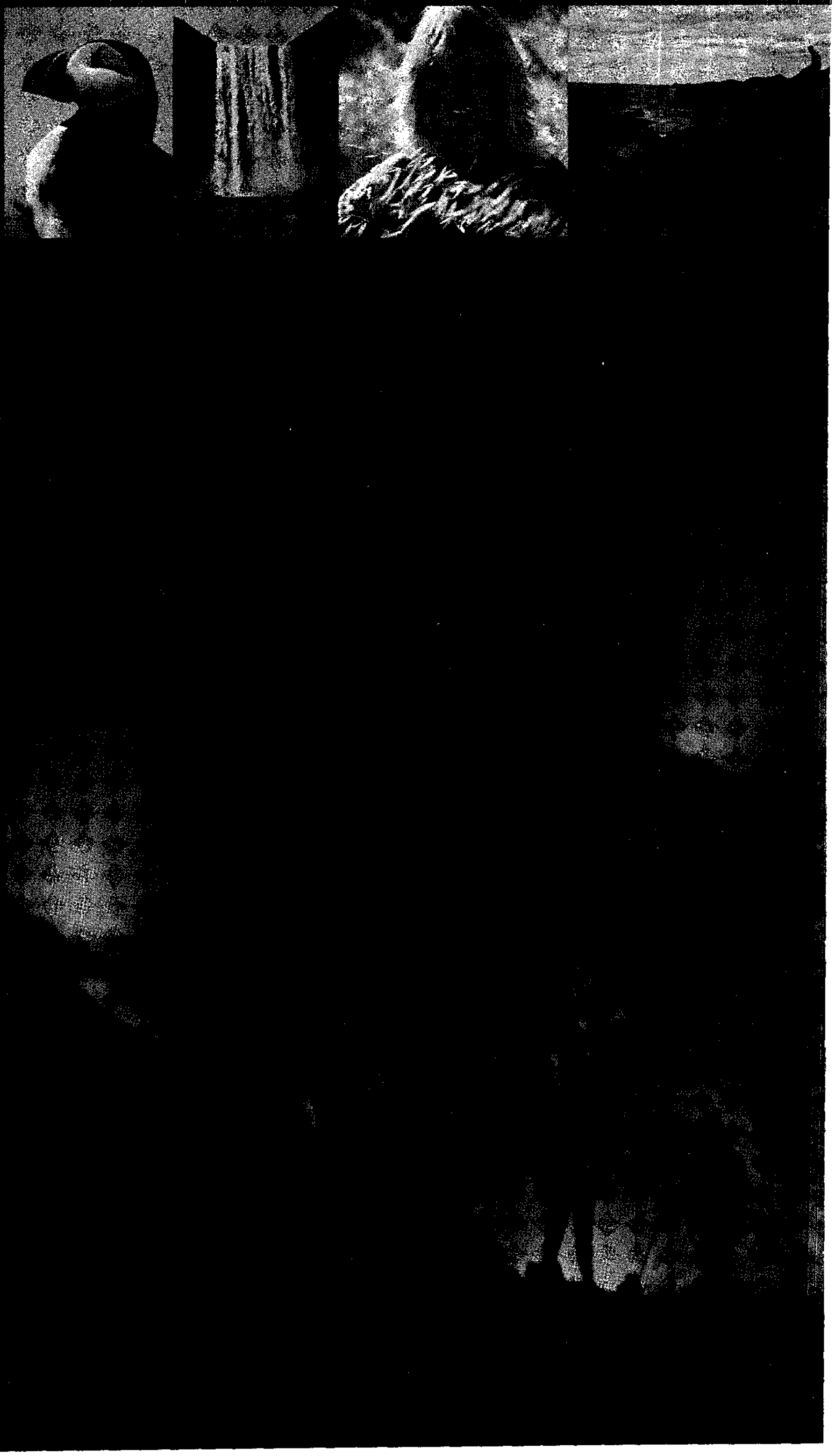

before which we may not speak or sing
or ever stop.

Smith does not evade the inhuman aspect of art (the marbled eyes, the wooden gums) or its ritual circling around a black fetish. But we seem to require the fertility of the process—that breath seaming up, seaming in and out—and we require as well the product: that hoarse rasp of joy, that clapping of hands, that dance. Before it appeared, we could not speak or sing; like Keats' fair youth, neither can we now stop, or leave our dance.

There are other beauties in "Rain Forest"—our relation to the old stonecutter (one of Smith's angry patriarchs), the soft setting of the scene ("the green mothering of moss knits shadow and light"), the proleptic phrasing ("the afternoon a long glowing stalk of marble"), the theoretical and Rilkean challenge: "there are only a few words we want to say." One can scarcely ask more of a poem than what Smith here offers us. On the plane of life, "Rain Forest" says something about ancestors, identity, and creation; on the plane of imagination, it takes us into the chiaroscuro of its green "elaborate grotto;" on the plane of mythology, it links itself to Plato; on the plane of literature, it looks back to Wordsworth and Keats; on the plane of aesthetics, it announces a theoretical challenge; on the plane of ethics, it allows the coexistence of the ugly and the lovely in its universe. It glitters, to borrow one of Smith's best lines, with the mind's assertive flow.

Smith's weight is unenlivened by humor, or self-mockery, or an easy urbanity; he is solemn, harsh, driven, obdurate, hungry for some guarantees—which he wants as much to create as to experience—of promises kept, love exchanged, hope confirmed. His bitter self-taste (as he names it from Hopkins) sits ill with his domestic yearnings. Since he is an accomplished watcher of inner states, he will write a changing poetry. He has come very far from his first, raw poems published in small chapbooks; the measure of the distance travelled is in part the measure of the talent. —HELEN VENDLER

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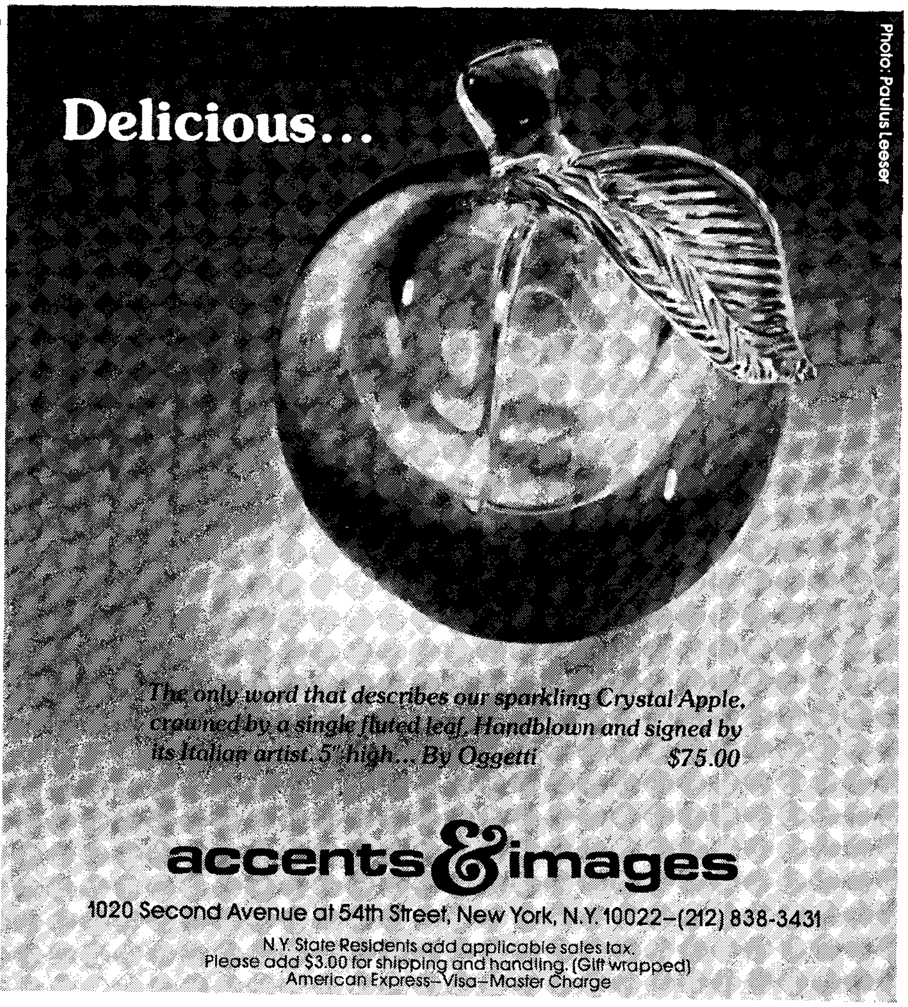
CALIFORNIA AND OTHER STATES OF GRACE, by Phyllis Theroux (Morrow; $9.95). Miss Theroux's memories of growing up in a large and largely affluent family in San Francisco are wry, reflective, and often very funny. The life that she examines, both inside and out, is in-



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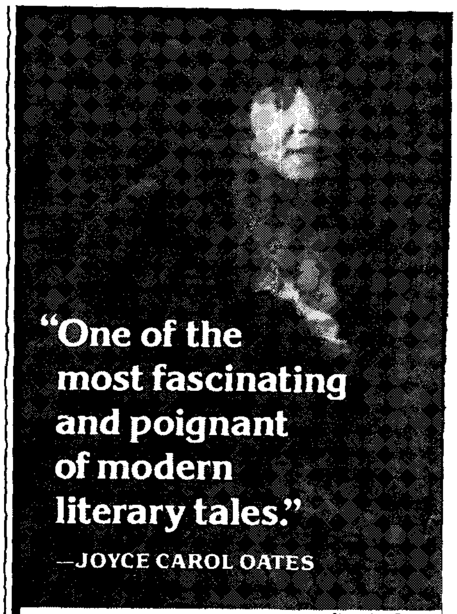
terestingly complicated and contradictory. She is a fourth-generation Californian who "cannot remember a time when I did not want to leave California," who "always felt that there was something déclassé about California itself." She is a devout Roman Catholic, the product of a Dominican convent school and Manhattanville College, who always wanted to be taken for a Protestant. She was subjected from an early age to the heavy moral hand of Moral Re-Armament, and though she longed for the life of a free spirit, "the one time I ran away [from home], I left a note saying I would be back the following morning." She married a man she did not love, bore him three children, and endured fourteen years of marriage before finally breaking away. She is the only member of her kith and kin living in the East (in Washington, where she works as a journalist), and yet her parents, her brothers and sisters, her aunts and uncles, her many cousins are constantly in her thoughts—and it is they who define her personality. Her book is an attempt to resolve her vagaries of mind and spirit, and it is illuminated by intellect and honesty, but one wishes she would restrain her flights of metaphor ("I slipped around the greased bowl of my subconscious") and of ponderous nonsense ("The family had been like a symphony orchestra that had fallen in love with its own music").

Henry Adams, by R. P. Blackmur, edited and with an introduction by Veronica A. Makowsky; foreword by Denis Donoghue (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95). The poet and critic R. P. Blackmur was fascinated by and wrote about Henry Adams for most of his life. He thought of Adams as a hero and a model—"a mountain to be mined on all flanks for pure samples of human imagination"—because he exemplified the great opposite drives: Adams never stopped looking for the philosophic, historical, and aesthetic meanings that would give us a rock-solid reason for what we do, nor did he ever shake the equally strong belief that, in the end, nothing mattered, nothing was worth the effort. Blackmur intended to produce a full-scale biography, but what he left when he died (in 1965) were so many parts that didn't quite fit. Reading this elegantly produced book, which brings together both already published material and a substantial amount that has never



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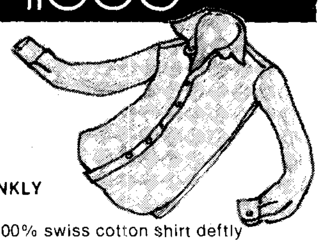

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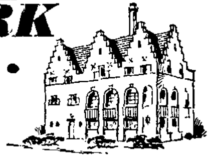

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been published, one can see why he had trouble completing his study. There are lovely perceptions throughout, and the lead essay, "The Expense of Greatness," is one of Blackmur's best. It is full of those ornately phrased but essentially sombre formulations that are the hallmark of his writing and that give his criticism the depth (and rereadability) of the richest lyric poetry—formulations about why individual personalities or visions succeed or fail, and at what cost. But the bulk of this biography is flat. Approaching his subject with the dutiful attitude that everything he thought or wrote was gospel truth, Blackmur seems only half there himself, and turns Adams into a cloud—a shapeless, faraway, intangible being.

LIFE BEYOND EARTH, by Gerald Feinberg and Robert Shapiro (Morrow; $14.95 cloth, $7.95 paper). The subtitle of this fascinating book is "The Intelligent Earthling's Guide to Life in the Universe," and that is just what it is. Feinberg, a physicist, and Shapiro, a chemist, have produced both a guide to extraterrestrial life and a clear exposition of the scientific view of what life is—not only earth life but life as it might be found anywhere. One manifestation of a living system is that it introduces order into its environment; living beings are vastly more ordered than the soup of molecules out of which they were originally made. The authors believe that such ordering can take place almost anywhere in the universe. If we restrict our search for life to those systems that somehow resemble the earth and its creatures, we may simply miss finding what is out there. For people who like to read about solid scientific speculation, this is an exhilarating, informative, and ultimately liberating book.

NATURE AND CULTURE: AMERICAN LANDSCAPE AND PAINTING, 1825-75, by Barbara Novak (Oxford; $35). Not so much a history of the art of landscape painting in America as an innovative examination of the ideas that motivated its practitioners during the fifty years it flourished in this country. The idea of nature as a manifestation of God was the major inspiration of the painters under consideration (chiefly Thomas Cole, Frederic Edwin Church, Albert Bierstadt, and the rest of the Hudson River School); many of them conceived of the wilderness as a kind of living museum of "natural antiquity." They thought that their

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huge pictures (some nearly ten feet long) of Yosemite and the New England coast were superior to European views of ancient Greece and Rome, which were sullied by man-made ruins. Miss Novak compares the American artists with such Europeans as Turner and Caspar David Friedrich, and she also stresses the exchange of ideas that went on between American painters and such writers as Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. The book is illustrated by many black-and-white reproductions, and by too few (only eight) color plates.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SOLO, by Jack Higgins (Stein & Day; $11.95). Mr. Higgins' new dime novel has to do with one John Mikali, a world-famous concert pianist who moonlights as an assassin, and what happens when he accidentally kills the young daughter of an equally bloodstained British commando, one Colonel Asa Morgan. Oh, yes, Mikali cares nothing for women (except, on occasion, for their bodies), but his merest glance inflames them, and one of those so ignited is also in love with Morgan. "Solo" is a piece of unqualified silliness—in style, in character, in verisimilitude—but it is also a model of riveting suspense and masterly melodramatic plotting.

THE TREASURE OF SAINTE FOY, by MacDonald Harris (Atheneum; $11.95). Patrick, a failed professor of art history from California, is the advance man for a group of so-called terrorists who plan to steal a priceless bejewelled gold effigy of a medieval saint from an ancient church in the remote hamlet of Conques, in the mountains of southern France. He meets and has an immediate and intense affair with a young woman employed as a guide at the church. The robbery is accomplished—with mixed results. Such are the bare bones of Mr. Harris's unusual novel, and they suggest nothing of its strength, its thrust of character, its luminosity, its wit and warmth, its creepy evocation of early Christian myth, its almost total satisfactoriness.

•

The president's remarks about Reagan were some of the sharpest he has used. He predicted that in the fall the Republicans will offer the country a series of "quick foxes and a long list of simplistic solutions."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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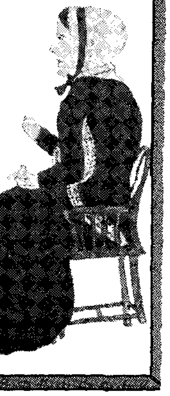

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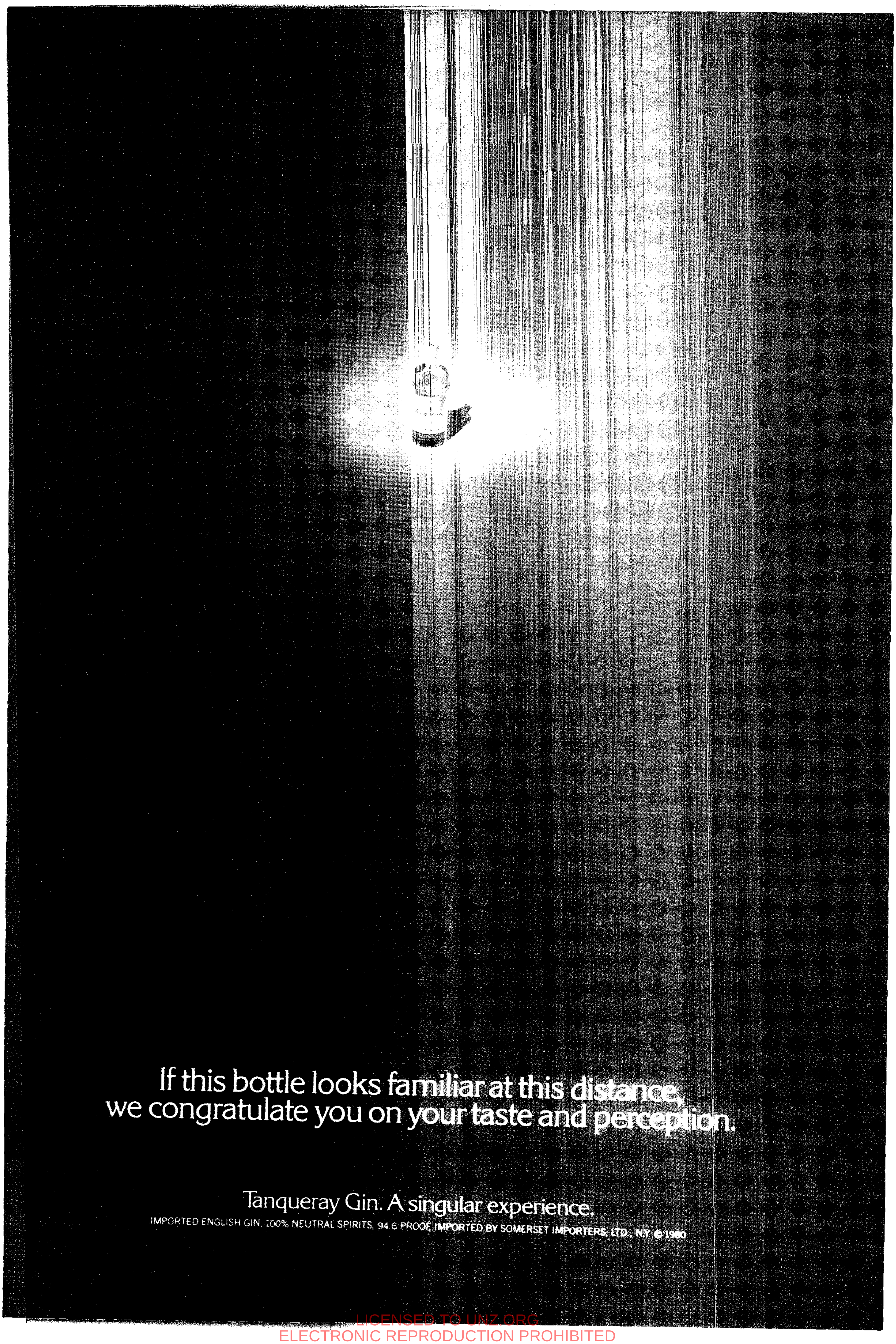

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